

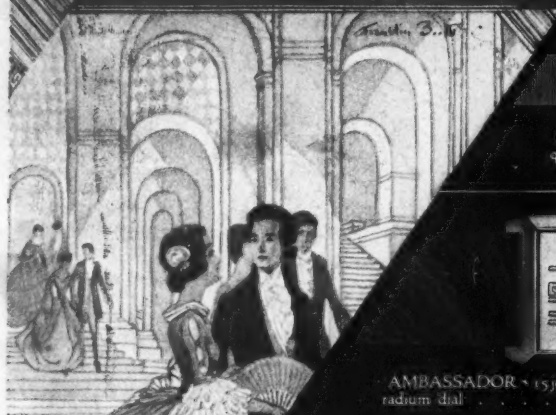
# Home International Cosmopolitan

December

A  
LIFE  
that was a  
SEARCH for LOVE  
by Emil Ludwig

Amelia  
Earhart's  
ANSWERS  
to Your Questions  
about FLYING

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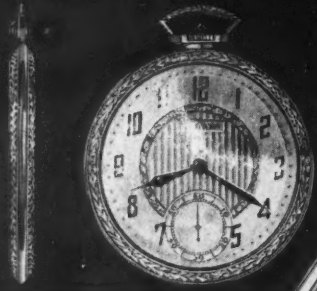
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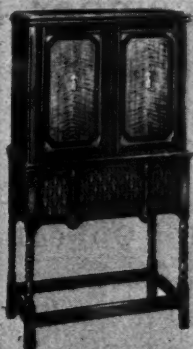
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# Hearst's International Contents of *Cosmopolitan* for December, 1928

## 4 Serials

Unknown Lands *by* Blasco Ibañez 38  
*Illustrations by* Walt Louderback

Son of the Gods *by* Rex Beach 60  
*Illustrations by* Rico Tomaso

Lily Christine *by* Michael Arlen 72  
*Illustrations by* H. R. Ballinger

Dr. Artz *by* Robert Hichens 96  
*Illustrations by* W. Smithson Broadhead

## 12 Short Stories

Gambler's Choice  
*by* E. Phillips Oppenheim 32  
*Illustrations by* Henry Raleigh

The 3rd Husband  
*by* Fannie Hurst 44  
*Illustrations by* Marshall Frantz

Four Dutchmen *by* W. S. Maugham 48  
*Illustration by* Herbert M. Stoops

## 1 Biography

Beethoven  
*by* Emil Ludwig 22  
*Illustrations by* Mead Schaeffer

## 9 Features

And What Was All the  
Shootin' For?  
*by* O. O. McIntyre 19  
*Illustration by* Richard V. Culter

In Need of a Change  
*by* C. D. Gibson 20

Vagabonding by Air  
*by* Amelia Earhart 28  
*with*

Answers to Some Ques-  
tions About Flying 30  
*Cartoons by* Herb Roth

Hoover's Favorite Stories  
*by* Bruce Barton 42

How Many Wives Are Worth Their Keep?  
*by* Diana Bourbon 64

Friday  
*by* Irvin S. Cobb 76  
*Illustrations by* Gordon Ross

Sleep  
*by* George A. Dorsey 82

In the Diner *by* Gluyas Williams 94

## NEXT MONTH

"*Flagrant  
Years*"

*by* SAMUEL  
HOPKINS  
ADAMS

*who wrote*

"REVELRY"

Minor Poetry  
*by* John Erskine 50  
*Illustrations by* R. F. Schabelitz

A Garret in Paris  
*by* Sir Philip Gibbs 54  
*Illustrations by* W. E. Heitland

Ether for Husbands, Too  
*by* Rube Goldberg 58  
*Illustrations by* The Author

The Eloquence of  
Papa Trentelivres  
*by* Forrest Wilson 66  
*Illustrations by* James Montgomery Flagg

He Loved Flowers  
*by* Lew Levenson 70  
*Illustrations by* Joseph M. Clement

On the Dotted Line  
*by* Nanette Kutner 79  
*Illustrations by* Oscar Frederick Howard

Devil Medicine *by* John Knittel 84  
*Illustrations by* Wilfred Jones

Luncheon for Two  
*by* Maurine Watkins 88  
*Illustration by* Harrison Fisher

The Mud-Lark *by* Peter B. Kyne 90  
*Illustrations by* Grattan Condon

Cover Design *by* Harrison Fisher

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DECEMBER,  
1928

Hearst's International  
Cosmopolitan

RAY LONG,  
Editor



By  
O. O.

## And What Was All the Shootin' For?

AS THIS is written we are going through the hullabaloo of a political campaign with election more than a month away. When this appears in print the election will be over.

And I'll wager a modest sum, say a dime, that as you pick up this magazine you will agree that whichever candidate has been elected, things are exactly as usual. A waggish world wags on.

Somewhere, a gentleman on the losing end of an election bet may be on his hands and knees rolling a peanut around the block with his nose, but "our glorious country" that the campaign orators warned us so throatily was in peril proceeds serenely on its unruffled way.

I have watched this campaign more assiduously than any other in my time, having been a ringside visitor wearing an important-looking badge at both Houston and Kansas City. I saw frock-coated gentlemen arise and whip a thunderous panegyric into a stazy whisper for this mighty statesman and that.

I napped on Will Rogers' comfortable shoulder while silly men stampeded in shirt-sleeves around convention hall, waving banners and bleating themselves hoarse for Mr. Hoover. And I played tit-tat-to with Sam Blythe while they whooped things for Mr. Smith in the same ridiculous fashion.

All of us two inches removed from complete imbecility knew who was going to be nominated the hour we arrived in Kansas City and Houston, and the fellow who could summon up an emotional frenzy of surprise over the results could cry out loud over a card trick.

Political campaigns used to have a glamor at least in a small town. There were torchlight parades, river-bank bonfires, perhaps a runaway team lickety-splitting down Main Street, fife and drum corps, free speeches in the public square and the removal of the gallant Major McWatters, leading orator of the day, to his home, feet up, on a shutter at sundown.

Campaigns are now shorn of such stirring enthusiasms. The passing of the saloon choked off many exciting debates and there are no rough-and-tumble street-corner brawls because someone "insulted the memory of Lincoln."

Aunt Elvira does not pack up her things and go to live with her mother because Uncle Elmer has "switched politics." Husbands and wives, sons and daughters vote as they please.

Mr. Hoover does not prod Mr. Smith with an ugly epithet

or vice versa. Instead, are dignified manifestoes, carefully type-written, referring to "the gentleman at Albany" or "the distinguished ex-member of the Cabinet." Pink tea and gentle zephyrs in place of whisky and wind.

Candidly, politics is no longer the important thing it used to be. Thirty years ago an election may have meant something extremely important to this nation. But today it doesn't mean a thing save possibly a few extra head-lines and a stifled yawn.

Even with a man like Harding in the White House, the country prospered. It will continue to prosper whoever sits in the Presidential chair for the next four years.

We used to be concerned deeply about Soandso's attitude toward the tariff, the Monroe Doctrine and other technical but seemingly important issues. Today we do not give a hang. The country is so overwhelmingly big and self-acting that about all we require of a Presidential candidate is that he be honest and fair in the decisions that require his august attention.

We are more interested in how many fish he catches on his vacation or in watching him, in the news-reel, greet an old man with a beard who rode a bicycle from Tacoma, than in what he thinks about this national or that international question.

WHAT we most need in future campaigns is a gag for those wild-eyed alarmists who sow seeds of distrust during a political campaign. They are the boys who create the panic and then soap their hands and cry: "I told you so!"

And they are not the hot gospellers haranguing the multitudes in a public square but business men who have enjoyed our unprecedented prosperity and protection, and then in an election crisis acquire a large flock of goose-pimples and hold up contracts. They clutter up the national machinery with the monkey-wrenches and are far more dangerous than the bewhiskered, misguided Bolshevik spewing his silly talk and waving his little red flag.

America has just proved again that a "Presidential year" is not a sabbatical year for business. We have the indisputable proof of box-office figures that the nation was never so prosperous and it will remain so if we turn a deaf ear to the pack of yapping and self-seeking politicians.

Summed up, the election is over, nothing of real consequence happened to our national well-being and most of us don't want to hear any more about it—well, at least, until the next one.



By CHARLES



"She's in Need

# DANA GIBSON



of a Change"



At the première of Beethoven's heroic opera "Fidelio" Napoleon's officers occupied nearly the entire house, which had a great deal to do with the work's poor reception—for this new music had a strange effect on French ears.



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# A New LIFE, By Emil Ludwig Beethoven

"I have never seen an artist more energetic, more spirited."—Goethe.

**A** CENTURY after death, posterity dares approach this man only with bowed head. It was he, the mighty comforter, the manliest of the renunciatory, who divined the pulse-beat of this century! No other mortal his equal in depth of emotion was ever born north of the Alps—and even the great Rembrandt can, at the most, be placed alongside him.

The source of his genius was not celestial, but earthly—yet stemming from the earth, it rose in ethereal founts towards the clouds. He was the great mediator between mankind and Heaven, creating for us a new language with which to address the Deity.

For unlike his Forerunner, he was not one of the sainted who brought down the message of the gods to earth. He was a fighter, a stormer, a wonder-worker who forged his dreams and disappointments into tones, wrought them into a precious substance which he raised above the waters, up to Heaven.

He, beyond all others, taught us freedom among men, pride among gods, and humility before fate. Yet he also developed his power to meet fate, and showed us how to do likewise. Posterity approaches his work only with bowed head. But it may follow his life with open eyes: Beethoven the inspired, the conqueror!

Two hundred years ago, in Flanders, there lived a poor tailor who went to Antwerp to improve his fortune. But twelve children were too many, nor could his cousin the wine-dealer be of assistance—so the tailor was glad that one of the boys, gifted with a good voice, was taken off his hands by joining the church choir at Louvain, the town near which they had lived formerly.

The boy, like all the others, bore a family name, for he was called Ludwig van Beethoven. After his voice had changed and his tenor had developed, this muscular little man with the handsome eyes began looking about in search of some prince who might pay him a better salary than he could expect from this small community. He crossed into Germany.

There the young foreigner met and married a girl from the



Portrait of Beethoven by J. H. Fekkes

## The Story of an Eternal Search for LOVE ∞

Illustrations by Mead Schaeffer

vicinity of Cologne. Like him, she came from the lower classes—and she was perhaps of even humbler birth, for neither her father nor her birthday can be ascertained, and nothing is known of her except that in later years she drank up whatever money she could lay hands on.

Meanwhile he distinguished himself as a musician, appeared on the little court stage, learned one instrument and another, and in time came to be the court chapelmaster. He watched for signs of a musical heredity in his children, and placed his son Johann in the church choir just as his own father had once done with him. He also early taught the boy the violin, and then decided that he was provided for. For despite his handsome title, with 300 thalers annually he was not doing much better than his father the tailor.

The father was angry when the son in his early twenties brought home a Rhenish wife whom the court chapelmaster found "beneath his station," since she was the daughter of a cook and the young widow of a valet.

The humble marriage began with financial worries, and within a few years the frail young wife suffered a breakdown; yet by thirty she had given birth to seven children, of whom only three sons remained living. The grandfather stood for the oldest, and thus the boy was called Ludwig. This was 1770; Mozart was fourteen years old, Goethe twenty-one, Napoleon was just born.

The father placed his hopes in Ludwig. Did not one hear everywhere the name of Mozart, the child prodigy? And he began seating the boy at three on a little bench before the piano. Soon he had also taught him how to hold the violin. When he was seven, his father represented him as six, and the child played trios and concertos on the pianoforte.

A year later he was to learn the art of correct composition. But the musician who was boarding and lodging in his father's house, and paid his bill in part by giving lessons, was pressed for time; also, he gave first preference to his amusements—and thus he would get the child out of bed at all hours of the night to teach him. At the same time his father sent him to the Franciscans

# Beethoven liked the tavern. He talked steadily.

where he learned from Pater Willibald how to assist at the organ. Soon he himself began to play.

At eleven years of age he was named the representative of the organist at the Elector's court.

The proletarian child now had access to the brilliance of the castle, which he had heretofore seen only from without as he slunk past its proud façade. In contrast to the penury to which he was accustomed, his senses were now assaulted by all this wealth, taste and joy of living.

He already knew his talent, for he had improvised on the piano since he was ten, and his father had him write a few variations on a theme and dedicate them to a countess on the Rhine. He had already been recognized by a teacher, who wrote concerning his thirteen-year-old pupil: "He plays the piano very powerfully and with fire . . . This young genius deserves support."

Since his mother was sick and his father thriftless, the eldest son took over the running of the house. At thirteen he addressed his first financial appeal to the court. Another time he obtained funds to buy clothes for his younger brothers and to pay his father's debts, with the stipulation that the father should not be given any of this money. Later on, things got into such straits that the father, whose salary was being reduced, wrote a petition to which he forged the son's signature. Often there was nothing in the house but what the little organist earned; at fourteen, with his 150 guilders a year, he was supporting his parents and his brothers.

At seventeen he lost his mother.

"Oh, who was happier than I, when I could still pronounce the sweet name of mother and it was heard; to whom can I say it now!" Meanwhile the father sold the clothes of the deceased at the rag-fair—and the son could hardly prevent him from being dismissed.

As a piano instructor he entered quiet, distinguished homes and now for the first time music-lovers recognized young Beethoven's intense energies. Here he found his first friends and admirers.

Only one, Wegeler, belonged to the middle class; all the others were of the nobility.

He learned readily, and since he was unparalleled in his ability to arouse emotion at the piano, the young man was often invited to stay for a time in the country.

Thus, the feelings of the Werther period became intermingled with his music. The beautiful Eleonore von Breuning was not the only one; on another occasion he felt a "Werther love for a spirited pupil"; and the next time it was "a beautiful, vivacious blonde" who turned his head; yet none of these charming girls seem to have shown any preference for the remarkable young man.

Was he not ugly? Little, squat, broad-shouldered, with a short neck, a big head, a blunt nose; his skin a blackish-brown, his hands hairy, his finger-nails broad.

His friend Wegeler looked quite different; and in the Breuning

house things came to a positive state of tension, with crises and confessions, finally causing the first break between Beethoven and his friends, an episode which was to be followed by many others like it.

For the present, the intimacy uniting Eleonore, her brother Stephan, Wegeler and Beethoven mounted to the point of ecstasy, and led to her rupture with Beethoven and her marriage to Wegeler. Later, however, this early friendship was renewed, and the three remained inseparable thereafter.

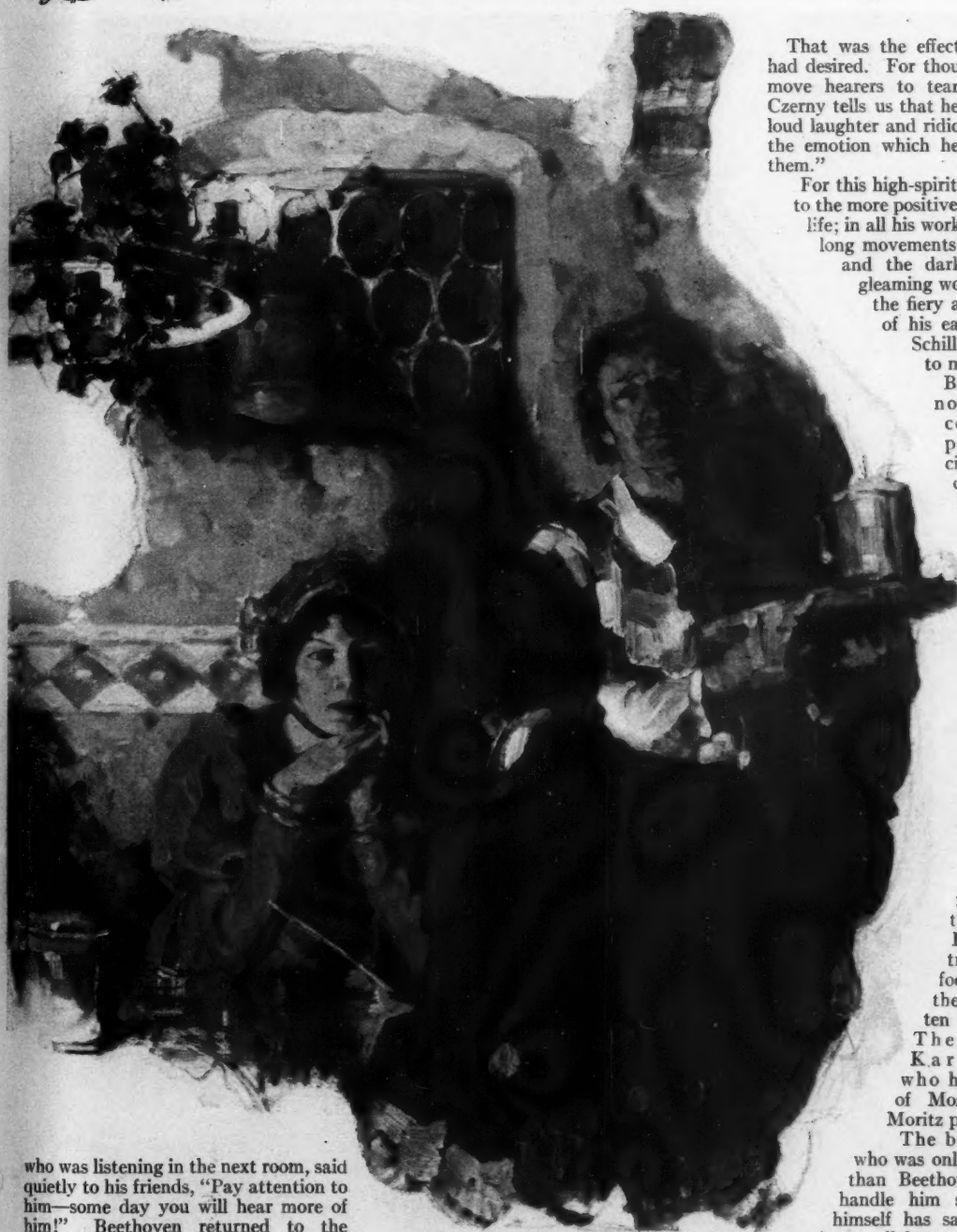
But no one understood him better or did more to help him than young Count Waldstein. He called the attention of the corpulent Elector to the young genius in his chapel, had him appointed organist while still a boy—and now he sent the youth to Vienna, where the master was to hear him.

Mozart, who was then twenty-eight



and at the height of his fame, was there, surrounded by his admirers. The dark young foreigner from the Rhine sat before him, looked up at him with burning fascinated eyes, waiting to be given a theme. When it was given, he began to play variations upon it, and then to depart from it; after soaring beyond it in ever higher spirals, he returned to it, only to abandon it anew. Mozart,

spicing his remarks with amusing conceits.



who was listening in the next room, said quietly to his friends, "Pay attention to him—some day you will hear more of him!" Beethoven returned to the Rhine; he had stood the test.

A few more years, and Mozart was gone. Beethoven was twenty-one when Count Waldstein again prevailed upon the Elector to send him to Vienna, this time to old master Haydn.

Viennese society was thronging the palace of the Prince Lichnowsky, where a tournament was to take place. The great Woelfl had been challenged to piano improvisation by a young virtuoso from the Rhine. The sympathies and expectations of the audience were divided, one group being adherents of the baron, who was Woelfl's patron, and the other siding with the prince, who claimed to have discovered in the stranger a new genius. The two patrons sat excitedly behind their protégés. The famous man came first, and the unknown one followed.

When Beethoven was through, his opponent himself said: "That is no man, that is a demon! He will play me and us all into the grave!" The guests shouted and applauded—and the patrons "shook hands with each other chivalrously."

That was the effect which Beethoven had desired. For though he did at times move hearers to tears with his music, Czerny tells us that he might "break into loud laughter and ridicule his auditors for the emotion which he had awakened in them."

For this high-spirited youth was allied to the more positive, joyous elements of life; in all his works of this time, after long movements of both the bright and the dark, he ends in the gleaming world of major and of the fiery allegro. It was one of his earliest plans to set Schiller's "Hymn to Joy" to music.

Beethoven was alone now in a strange country; he was prominent in this city of music which could not contain him much longer; he was free of the annoyances of the little house with father and brothers; he was a young conqueror, setting out alone in the world, inspired by the one wish to possess it, and he was confident of victory.

The society to which Count Waldstein in Bonn had commended the young man was more musical than any other in Europe. There patrons did not simply foot the bills; they themselves could often play like masters. There was Prince Karl Lichnowsky, who had been a pupil of Mozart. His brother Moritz played still better.

The beautiful princess, who was only a few years older than Beethoven, knew how to handle him so gently that he himself has said: "At times the princess all but put a glass jar over

me, so that no unworthy person might touch me or breathe on me." He lived under the prince's roof for several years, though with intervals of absence, for his nervousness made a frequent change of place imperative.

There was the lame, good-humored Prince Lobkowitz, a great basso and the organizer of brilliant concerts; there was Baroness Ertmann, who played Beethoven's new sonatas as no one else in Vienna could play them; or the Hungarian Baron von Zmeskall, who had the new pieces tried out privately at his home.

Beethoven's first works were subscribed to everywhere; for the first three trios the publisher paid him over 200 guilders in advance. Lichnowsky gave him an Amati and other splendid instruments. In return for a dedication, the King of Prussia sent him a diamond-studded snuff-box.

No one could overawe him—and least of all the nobility. At first he turned to this class purely in the interests of his musical education; and later he sought them because such connections



Always in flight, always an alien, Beethoven seemed



enabled him to disseminate his works more rapidly and to receive financial returns for dedications. He knew that all these brilliant names would sink into nothingness if his pen on the title-pages of his works did not carry them over into immortality. Thus he met the best of them with independence.

He had enemies, and liked "to make everyone feel his superiority." But with his intimates he liked to be jocular.

In the matter of women he cared only for the choicest of the nobility. With his intense emotionalism, he always sought the tenderer aspects of love, being in love with the idea of love in his youth, and later caring more for the state of matrimony than for any particular woman. Beethoven was seldom without some

attachment, hope or enthusiasm; and yet, however frequently he was in love with this woman or that, he loved not women but love in general; and the love dialogs in his quartets and sonatas are merely the recollection of events which never took place.

Among the various types of women whom he had adored despite his almost total lack of success, there was not a single girl of common birth who could attract this strong man of common birth. In matters of the heart he always sought for the refinements of breeding. But for this very reason he was soon to feel the aloofness of these classes, since princesses and countesses, out of both pride and reserve, distinguished between the man and his genius.

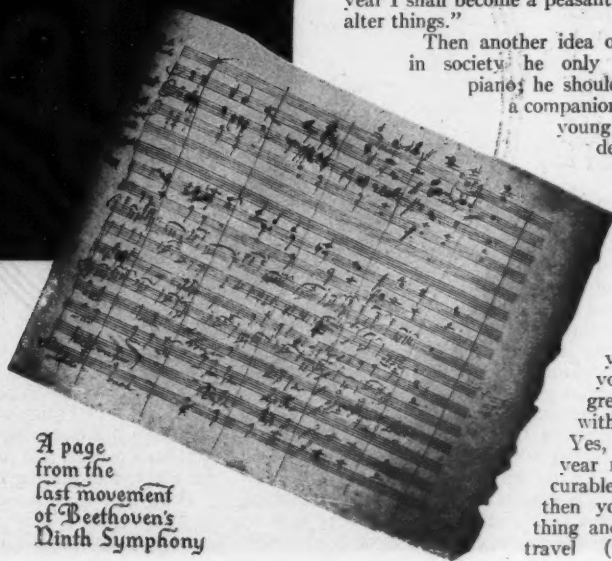
Back home, his father was dead and his brothers were starving.

to be avoiding mankind. ~



They now set out to follow the eldest born. If he did make money, then he must be making it in a marvelous way! So Karl and Johann van Beethoven came to Vienna; the genius was pursued by the shadows of his troubled childhood, and soon they would again darken his life.

Aimless, and in a foreign country, they clung to their brother's purse. The one became an apothecary, and a dandy to boot. The other



A page from the last movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony

gave music lessons. Both took his money, time and love; neither gave the recluse anything in exchange.

During his first years here he spent his summers in the Vienna forest. He was not driven by misanthropy. For him the will to work was also the will to health; and in the country when he wanted to relax, the gregarious man sought friends and conversation. He would do anything, however drastic, to protect his sound body and his broad breast from the depredations of vibrant nerves.

Though he was rheumatic, perhaps due to the cold rooms in the poor parental house in the north, a pupil reports that "when he had been sitting at his table composing for some time, and felt his head heated from this, he would rush to the wash-stand, pour pitchers of water over his heated head, and after getting cool in this manner, while still only partially dried, he would return to work or even go outdoors for a walk. All this was done abruptly, in order that he might not lose the force of his inspiration."

This practise, which derived from genius and character alike, had a frightful result; apparently because of it, he lost his hearing.

Beethoven first noticed the decline of his hearing when he was twenty-five, though his aural sensitivity had until then seemed unique. Frightful moment! At first he attributed the disorder to a cold, and the physicians thought it the result of an intestinal complaint for which they were treating him.

Occasionally his hearing improved; and when he could detect the pianissimo of the violin, his dejection turned to hope—it all seemed a mere dream. But then the ailment returned, more strongly and more disturbingly than ever.

He had spoken so often of the enmity of his colleagues; both his genius and his plain-speaking soon made him unpopular with his competitors in Vienna—and should he, a musician, now admit that he could not hear? Who would have any faith in his inner ear, when his works were already being described as incomprehensible? So he kept the secret of his distress from his acquaintances for years, fleeing the society of those whom he loved, who wanted him and demanded him, suddenly becoming almost a hermit.

Eventually he unbosomed himself to two intimates. Insisting upon the deepest silence, he wrote to the friend of his youth in Bonn: "I am living in misery. For two years I have been avoiding people almost entirely, because it is not possible for me to tell them that I am deaf. If I had any other profession it would not be so bad . . . In whatever way possible I will defy my fate, but there will be moments in my life when I will be the most unhappy of God's creatures . . . Should my condition continue, the following spring I shall come to you . . . and then for half a year I shall become a peasant, and perhaps that will alter things."

Then another idea occurred to him; when in society he only needed to play the piano; he should have some friend as a companion. Had not Amenda, a

young enthusiast who was as delicate and ingenuous as his name, been near him for two years, admiring and helping? Now, after years of silence, he suddenly wrote him a long, impetuous letter:

"How often I wish you were near me, for your Beethoven lives in great unhappiness, at odds with nature and Creator . . . Yes, Amenda, if after half a year my illness remains incurable, then I look to you, then you must leave everything and come to me! I will travel (Continued on page 128)

# What MISS EARHART

*An Intimate Article Written While*

*She Was Vagabonding by Air*

**V**AGABONDING means change. One of its greatest charms is the excitement of moving from place to place, meeting new people, encountering unexpected situations. Whatever the means of travel—hobos usually aren't particular—the effect is the same.

One may tramp afoot, horseback it, or pilgrimage modernly by automobile. Most of America seems to elect the last-named method, at least in that wide segment of the continent which I have looked down upon this autumn. The white and gray ribbons that are roads everywhere are pockmarked with cars, appearing from the air like flat-topped beetles crawling so slowly across the landscape. (That lack of speed, as viewed from aloft, is remarkable; even swift railroad-trains seem sluggish.)

As I write this I am a hobo of the air, sojourning briefly in a tiny town of western Texas, midway—and more—on a transcontinental venture in aviation vagabondage. A hobo of sorts, and enjoying it hugely.

This for me is vacation, a relaxation from writers' cramp, if you will. For my first flight across the Atlantic in the *Friendship* was followed by my first book. The latter concerned the former. The hop, I think, was rather easier than the writing. At least crossing the Atlantic consumed only "20 hrs. and 40 min." (which I used for the title of the book), while the manuscript required a strenuous month and more.

With authorship behind, I took to the air. The journey started from a polo field at Rye, casually enough. As a matter of fact, there are many pilots today, flying for sport alone, who hop about the country as they choose. In some ways that sort of air touring is no more arduous than a long train or automobile journey, especially if undertaken in leisurely fashion.

The extent of my own air vagabondage developed as I flew westward in my little sport biplane, the one, by the way, in which Lady Heath "soloed" from London to Cape Town and back. It seemed to me an entertaining addition to the little *Avian's* record to add America's continental crossing to its end-to-ending of Africa.

The first stage of the journey took me to Pittsburgh, Dayton, Terre Haute, St. Louis, Muskogee, and on into New Mexico. After straying from the course, I finally landed at Pecos, Texas, 187 miles from El Paso. And there I stayed for several days writing this for *Cosmopolitan* and waiting while parts of a misbehaving motor were repaired at El Paso and returned to me at Pecos.

In this cross-country flying I have learned from experience something of the difficulties which daily face air-mail pilots, and those who have to fly, on schedule, routes across country.

Automobilists universally complain about the lack of parking space. For the cars of the air the dearth of parking space—that is to say, landing-fields—is even more serious. When a

plane's motor is disabled the pilot must make a landing. True, the machine can be controlled in the air and glide gently down, but it must have a smooth open space for alighting.

As there is always the possibility of some failure in any man-made, so even with well-behaved motors today occasional descents are inevitable. And when they come, "parking space" is essential—often a matter of life-saving. The field need not be elaborate, although naturally the pilot turns with delight to the air-port offering hangar service and complete equipment. But where air travel does not warrant great expenditures, after all only a smooth marked space is needed.

It is sometimes wise for a plane to stop for some minor adjustment which the pilot cannot make in the air. The automobile on the highroad, if the engine knocks or the brake band binds, can halt at a garage. But in the air there are no garages. The pilot must find a place to come down safely if he is to avoid serious trouble later.

And oh, for a country-wide campaign of sign-painting! Every community abreast of the times should have a display in large white or chrome yellow letters painted on some flat roof announcing its name to the world which flies. An arrow pointing the direction to the nearest landing-field is also desirable.

Imagine automobiling without signs! Imagine trying to recognize a town the way fliers do—a hundred-mile-an-hour look at a checker-board of streets and roofs, trees and fields, with highways and railroads radiating and crisscrossing and perhaps a river or two to complicate—or simplify—the geography lesson.

The transcontinental air derby of this autumn focused fresh interest upon the importance of naming towns.

All the places selected for control stops—that is, official "station-stops" on the route—were compelled to paint both the name of the town and directional arrows for guidance from aloft. This air honor-roll included New York, Harrisburg, McKeesport, Columbus, Terre Haute, St. Louis, Kansas City, Wichita, Oklahoma City, Fort Worth, Abilene, Midland, Pecos, El Paso, Lordsburg, Tucson, Yuma and Los Angeles.

On my own transcontinental air-gipsying, I saw few towns properly named until California was reached. Some of the community "sign-boards" had been so neglected that the lettering was dirty and almost illegible. A city which once has had the spirit to paint its name for air travelers should maintain it properly.

Flying low to make out street signs is dangerous, yet often this has to be done. I dare say that in time legislation will take care of this problem. Possibly a uniform method will be adopted of placing names near a railroad or close to a main highway for easy recognition. Once names are looked for in a definite location, they are more easily picked up from the air.

"My compass reads due west. I have (Continued on page 195)





# Thinks *When SHE'S* Flying



# MISS EARHART

IN YOUR opinion what can individual communities do to be most helpful to the general development of aviation?

OWEN WHITE  
El Paso, Texas

1. Create landing-fields, if the terrain permits and the town can afford it.

2. Paint the name of the town on some building or tank, so it can be read and recognized easily from the air. That's easy and inexpensive. Doing this generally will greatly reduce the difficulties and dangers sometimes encountered in cross-country flying.

## Country Clubs of the Future

I AM glad that you are to be associated with Cosmopolitan in the development of aviation, a subject which is of rapidly increasing importance to all of us.

Just now some of my friends are particularly interested in aviation country clubs. Do you think that these country clubs can become really practicable and popular?

MRS. Z. G. SIMMONS, JR.  
Greenwich, Connecticut

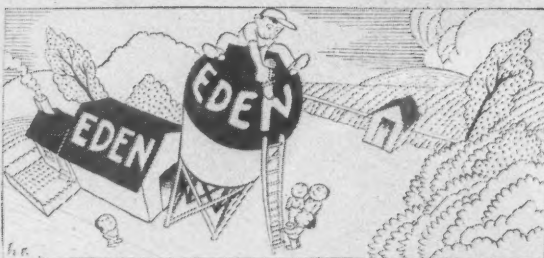
The answer to that question is emphatically affirmative.

In my article in Cosmopolitan last month I told of flying from a polo field of a country club at Rye where "various members are accustomed to dropping in by plane."

This is going on increasingly all over the country—particularly perhaps in the West. I mean the use of planes in connection with country clubs. And it seems to me that country clubs designed primarily for aviation are an inevitable development in our social life.

In England a great many people own light sport planes. More and more they are coming to the fore in America. In a few years, I think, owning them will be about as usual as having better-class cars.

Increasingly, then, landing-fields will be necessary and groups interested in aviation will be forming country clubs for which the landing-field will be the primary factor of equipment, just as the golf-links or a polo field is today. And such clubs won't necessarily be restricted to aviation. Tennis, swimming, riding, golfing and polo will be built up around the landing-field. Or,



## WINGS

Lord God, Whose very silence sings  
Through earth and sea and starlit space,  
The brooding shadow of Thy wings  
Shall hold their hearts in its embrace—  
Those hearts who dare to climb the free  
Far heights of Thine infinity!

Nor weariness, nor death, nor tears  
Shall swerve them from the course  
they plan:

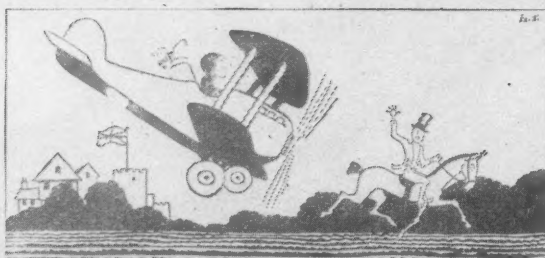
They see beyond the waiting years  
The triumph of the dreams of man.  
Through all the splendor of their flight,  
Lord God, remember them tonight!

Miraculous their swift ascent!  
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,  
The chasm of the firmament  
Shall echo to their motors' roar,  
And trails of peace shall sweep the skies:  
The harvest of their sacrifice!

On clean, blue roads that time has stilled  
Their argosies awake the air:  
The utmost prophecy fulfilled!  
A vision that the least may share!  
The strength of human courage hurled  
Against the confines of the world!

Lord God, Whose pulsing glory flings  
A flame across the dawn-swept sky,  
The shadow of Thy greater wings  
Shall guard the wings of those who fly—  
Of those who dare to climb the free  
Far heights of Thine infinity!

CATHERINE PARMENTER



conversely, landing-fields will come to be part of already established country clubs.

Already aviation country clubs are being organized by a responsible group; and in a somewhat different form are being sponsored by the National Aeronautical Association.

The entire subject, and the general utilization of the light sport plane, is so interesting I hope to devote more space to it shortly.

## The West Beats the East

IT is my impression that the Pacific Coast is much more air-minded than the Atlantic Coast.

During a recent visit I was surprised to find that many business men use the established airways because of the comfort in traveling and the great saving in time.

We of the East still view a plane with a certain amount of awe and talk of what it will mean to business in the future.

On the Pacific Coast business is using the air increasingly. It is an ordinary occurrence for a man to hop from San Francisco to Los Angeles in the late afternoon, sleep in a hotel, have the next day for business and be back with his family that night.

Or they fly to Seattle in about nine hours from Los Angeles, a trip that takes nearly forty-eight hours on the fastest train.

I have never had a ride in a plane, partly because I didn't want to void

my insurance in case of accident.

But out there, they tell you that you are perfectly safe, that it is a pleasant journey and that if you fly with a government licensed pilot your insurance covers you in case anything should happen.

I will have to admit that I am pretty nearly sold. I recently made a two weeks' trip in the West, Los Angeles to Seattle to Chicago to New York, with in-between stops. I spent nine nights on sleepers in the hottest weather. When I think that I might have slept in a hotel each night and had more time in each city for business, I am rather sorry that I am an old-fashioned Easterner.

FRANK HUBBARD  
New York City

# ANSWERS

## Some Questions About FLYING



Twenty-five hundred feet in the air, Amelia Earhart and Mrs. George Palmer Putnam sign the guest-book of James H. Rand's airplane.

### BYRD ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

September 7, 1928.

THE EDITOR,  
COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

I have just learned that Miss Amelia Earhart has become Associate Editor of Aviation of the COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE. Because I think this is such a progressive step on your part, I venture this letter to congratulate you.

Miss Earhart's influence is extensive. Her record is fine and constructive. I am sure that she can do much, through your columns, to arouse and sustain intelligent interest in aviation throughout America.

*Re Byrd*

### Seasick?

I HAVE never flown. Friends who have, say you are apt to get seasick. I wish you would tell me about it.

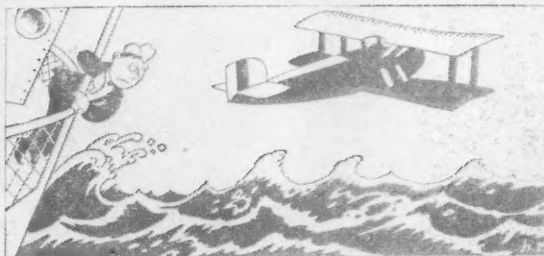
MARIE HENCHEL  
Chicago, Illinois

There is no reason to suppose, if one isn't susceptible to seasickness or car-sickness, that air travel will prove different.

"Bumpy" air gives something of the same effect as a rough sea, but if the plane isn't "stunting," the larger ones, at least, are generally steady.

And in the open planes the atmosphere is so exhilarating that even a novice isn't apt to worry about air-sickness.

I think often the air-sickness that some people experience when they are flying is due to lack of proper ventilation in cabin planes.



Note the license number of the offending plane (it's painted large on the lower side of the wing) and report it to your police and see that they take action. The pilot can be punished promptly. He may be "grounded" for a time, or he may lose his license. He should be disciplined if he is a nuisance, or a danger. Everyone interested in aviation realizes that, and welcomes help along just such lines as Mr. Gallishaw indicates.

Later I hope to take up in some detail the entire matter of etiquette in the air and the development of air laws and regulations.

### Safety First

Dear MISS EARTHART:  
I'm proud of you  
Because you flew,  
Achieving fame and honor;  
But I'll stay here  
Because I fear  
I'd start and be a goner!

When'er I brave  
The ocean wave  
'Twill be aboard a liner.

A trip to Spain,  
Or fair Lorraine—  
Could anything be finer?

But via plane  
A trip to Spain  
'Stoo dangerous for me!  
I'll take a boat,  
The best afloat,  
When I put out to sea!  
MRS. HAZEL DANNECKER

### From a Crabbed Golfer

TODAY there are more people playing golf than there are flying so perhaps you fliers won't resent a query from a crabbed golfer.

What can be done to make aviators behave themselves when flying near or over golf-links—or elsewhere for that matter? At some clubs planes are becoming the world's worst nuisance. If they would keep a respectable distance aloft there would be no complaint. But often they don't. Just as you are trying to sink that decisive putt, some mad wag of the air zooms down with roaring motor—and a score more of implacable enemies of aviation are created.

JOHN GALLISHAW  
Plymouth, Vermont

Justified criticism and a fair query. Bad manners in the air are as reprehensible as bad manners elsewhere. We all loathe the road-hog and the thoughtless automobile driver. On the highways there are traffic regulations and police to enforce them. There are also regulations for flying—sensible and enforceable.





# By E. PHILLIPS

FIRST  
of his  
New Stories  
from  
*M*ONTE  
*C*ARLO



## Gambler's

AT A corner table of the architecturally superb, but grotesquely decorated restaurant of the Hôtel de Paris, at Monte Carlo, four very distinguished local notabilities were enjoying a carefully chosen, almost Lucullan midday banquet. They were indeed men of consequence.

Monsieur Robert, the director of the hotel, was host, white-haired but vigorous, with keen dark eyes and a presence immortalized by the leading cartoonists of Europe.

On his right sat Monsieur le Général de St. Hilaire, from the barracks at Nice, a rather short, rotund, but soldierly-looking person, with fierce gray mustaches, who wore his imposing row of ribbons with the air of one who has earned them. He was in

command of the troops in the district, and with the continual frontier scares and graver outbursts of political discontent, suppressed in the local papers, but known well enough to the world at large, his post was surely no sinecure.

On the left of his host was Monsieur Desrolles, the Chef de Sûreté of Monaco, a man of mysteries if ever there was one, tall, dark and hatchet-faced, severe of deportment, as befitted the custodian of many secrets. The fourth man at the table was Gustave Sordel, the leading spirit in the Société des Bains de Mer, that vast organization responsible primarily for the gambling rooms, and in a minor degree for such less important institutions as the Baths, the Tir aux Pigeons, the Café de Paris and the golf course.

He was the youngest of the party, and he had the air of a man

S

## O P P E N H E I M



This is the  
Story of  
*the Lady*  
*of*  
Angoulême

Illustrations by  
Henry Raleigh

who welcomes responsibility with both hands, deals with it summarily, and if he makes mistakes stands by them. He was clean-shaven, with hard features, a rapid tongue, and he spoke with the tone of authority. A gathering this, indeed, of people of note—the rulers of the place, men with whom it would have been ill-advised, even dangerous, to quarrel.

The conversation was of food and its glorious corollary, wine. Monsieur Robert was engaged in the pleasing task of making the mouths of his guests water. He spoke of news that morning, over the telephone from Prunier's, of caviar, gray and small-grained, a limited shipment, alas, and at a price unmentionable—but already southward bound.

Fortunately, in Monte Carlo, the visitor's sense of money values is curiously disturbed and extravagance becomes a cult.

He spoke of prawns brought in that day from the River Vesubie, large and luscious, the shells of which were soon to lie upon their plates; a consignment of woodcock from Corsica, fat with their feast of insects under the cork trees of Corte; a crate of quails from the rice-fields of Mena; some Norfolk pheasants, landed that morning at Nice from a fast aeroplane. The General, who more than any of them loved good food, and better still good wine, listened with glistening eyes.

"With the woodcock, my friends," he exclaimed, "some priceless Burgundy! Not warmed, mind, but with the chill off. A Chambertin of 1911 perhaps."

"I could accommodate you," Monsieur Robert boasted. "I have seventeen bottles in the cellar. Ah, it is our friend the General indeed who knows what is good! The Chambertin or a

Clos Vougeot, eh? A perfume like violets, wine to stir the blood!"

"The General is a great connoisseur," Monsieur Desrolles declared, "but I claim to be the one who made the discovery that we were drinking the veritable vodka with our caviar."

"Ah, spirits! I have no palate for them," the General acknowledged. "The Fin? Yes, the Fin perhaps, but no others, and of that there is little now that enchants. I looked at your wine list a few days ago, Robert. Your 1812, your 1815, your 1830, they have disappeared, alas!"

Monsieur Robert smiled the smile of a wise man who knows a thing or two.

"From the wine list? Why, yes, from the wine list, perhaps, my friend. But wait! . . . Now with the prawns I shall give you a dry Pouilly, a fine and delicate wine. This to prepare your palate for what comes. I have not forgotten your Clicquot either, Gustave. When the champagne arrives, there is a little surprise for you . . . What is this?"

He broke off with a frown. His duties with regard to the hotel were things now almost of the past. He had an excellent manager, an excellent staff of clerks, and his own advice was seldom sought save in cases of extreme necessity. Yet here at his elbow stood Henri of the reception bureau, with a paper in his hand.

"What is this, Henri?" he demanded. "Monsieur Grammont is in his office. You see that I lunch with friends? An occasion, this! Why am I disturbed?"

Henri, very correctly dressed, becomingly pale, worthy, to all appearance, of his post of senior reception clerk of the Hôtel de Paris, was overweighted with apologies.

"It is Monsieur Grammont who thought that you should see this, without delay," he confided. "It is a thing incomprehensible. One does not know whether to allot the room."

Monsieur Robert produced a horn-rimmed eye-glass, and adjusted it with irritation. "The allotment of the rooms is no concern of mine," he grumbled.

"You will permit a word of explanation, Monsieur," the young man begged eagerly. "From the Blue Train there arrived, a quarter of an hour ago, this gentleman, Monsieur Andrew Tresholm, an Englishman. He had engaged by correspondence a room looking over the gardens with bath and small salon. Monsieur Grammont suggested Suite 39. I took him to it upon his arrival.

"He was satisfied with the apartments and the price, which was none too small. All goes well, you perceive. I hand him the papers from the Bureau of Police, and invite him to sign them. He fills in his name—you see it there—Tresholm, *prénom* Andrew. His age, thirty-six. His place of birth, a county in England. He arrives at 'profession.' He leaves that blank. Monsieur Desrolles," the young man added, "will remember his recent injunction."

"Certainly," the Chef de Sûreté assented. "We wish in all cases to have this profession stated. There has been a certain slackness in this respect."

Henri bowed his grateful acknowledgments across the table. "I desire to carry out the official request," he continued, "and I press Monsieur Tresholm to fill in the space. He protests mildly. Gently but firmly I insist. He takes up the pen and

hesitates. Then he smiles. He is of that type—he smiles to himself. Then he writes. Behold, Monsieur Robert, what he writes."

The great man took the paper into his hand and stared

*"I congratulate you upon your profitable evening, Mr. Tresholm," said Norah. Before him lay a check for five thousand pounds which Norah's brother had just signed.*



at it for a moment as though bewildered. "Occupation," he read out, "professional gambler."

"Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?" the Chef de Sûreté gasped.

"Professional gambler," Monsieur Robert repeated, reading from the paper.

They all exchanged bewildered glances.

"A joke perhaps?" the General suggested.

The young man shook his head.



"This Monsieur Tresholm seemed perfectly serious," he declared. "I asked him if he were in earnest, and he replied, 'Certainly . . . It is the only profession I have,' he assured me, 'and it keeps me fully occupied.' Those were his words. 'Am I to

too, show this eccentric every attention. Stop, though! His luggage!"

"He has a great deal of very superior quality," Henri confided. "There is also a motor-car of expensive make which arrived this morning by road."

"*Ma foi!* He makes it pay!" Monsieur Robert grunted. "But that is very good. Excellent!"

Henri took his leave, and they all began to talk at once.

"An imbecile without a doubt."

"Perhaps a humorist."

"Stop, stop, my friends!" Gustave Sordel begged. "There have been others who have arrived here with equal confidence. We have heard before—we of the Casino—of the invincible system. Our visitor may be very much in earnest. All I can say is, he is welcome."

The young man from the reception bureau once more approached their table.

"I thought it would interest you, sir," he announced, addressing his chief, "to see this gentleman. He has asked for a corner table for luncheon. He arrives now, in the doorway."

They looked at him with very genuine curiosity. A slim but well-built young man, of a little over medium height, carefully but not foppishly dressed in gray tweeds, with admirably chosen tie, collar and shirt. He was fair, and his hair had a slight tendency towards curliness. His complexion was sunburnt, his eyes blue, his features good, and there was a quizzical curve at the corners of his lips and faint lines by his eyes which might have denoted a humorous outlook.

"*Un jeune homme très chic,*" was Monsieur Robert's criticism.

Gustave Sordel looked at his

victim with the eyes of the shearer who has opened his gates to the sheep. "He is of the type," he decided. "They believe in themselves, these young Englishmen with systems. We shall see."

Monsieur Robert grunted once more. "All very well, Gustave, *mon vieux*," he declared, "that man is no fool. Discoveries are being made now which have startled the world—things that were declared impossible. Why should it not have arrived at last—the perfect system?"

Gustave Sordel watched the champagne poured into his glass with a placid smile. "The gambler with inspiration," he observed, "sometimes gives temporary inconvenience, but it is upon the world with systems that we thrive. I will drink to the health of this brave man."

They raised their glasses. All unconscious of their speculations, the subject of their conversation was ordering his luncheon.

ANDREW TRESHOLM, an hour or so later, quite unaware of the interest which his passing through the lounge had excited, stood upon the steps of the hotel, looking out upon the gay little scene. A small boy, posted there for that purpose, rushed to the telephone to announce to the *chefs de partie* and officials of the Casino the impending arrival of this menace to their prosperity. There was a little stir in the hall, and everyone neglected his coffee to lean forward and stare. The Senegalese porter approached with a low bow and a smile.

"The Casino, sir," he announced, pointing to the stucco building across the way.

"I see it," was the somewhat surprised reply. "Darned ugly place, too!"

The man, who spoke only French, let it go at that. Tresholm pointed to a quaint little building perched on the side of the mountain overhead.

"What place is that?" he asked in French.

"The Vistaero Restaurant, sir," the man replied. "The

send this in to the police?" I asked him. "Certainly," he assented. "If they must know my profession, there it is."

Humor is without doubt a subtle quality. Here were four men of entirely different outlook upon life, who simultaneously recovered from a fit of astonishment and simultaneously realized that the reception clerk's announcement was very funny indeed. In his own way each laughed to the limit of his capacity. Monsieur Sordel, when he had finished, found it necessary to remove the tears from his eyes.

"You find it funny, Gustave?"

his host chaffed him, as soon as he had recovered his own breath. "Yet here, per-

haps, is the end of the world for us. A professional gambler, mark you. He may know something. A defeating system may have arrived. Soon you may have to close your doors, Gustave, and I my hotel."

There was a second outburst not quite so prolonged.

Henri waited patiently by. "What am I to do about the gentleman's room, Monsieur Robert?" he inquired.

"Give it to him, by all means," was the prompt reply. "See that Madame Grund adorns it with flowers, that the servants



Salles Privées have been open since two o'clock. The Sporting Club will be open at four."

Tresholm showed no particular sign of interest in either announcement. A moment later he descended the steps, and the four very prosperous-looking Frenchmen seated in the lounge, enjoying their coffee and cigars, rose to their feet to watch him.

"The battle commences," Gustave Sordel exclaimed, with a chuckle.

But apparently the battle was not going to commence, for to the surprise of the four, of the Senegalese hall porter, of the attendants who had all gathered to see this bold stranger depart upon his mission, Tresholm stepped into a very handsome two-seated car which a chauffeur had just brought round, took his place at the wheel, and, skirting the gardens, mounted the hill.

"Ha, ha!" Monsieur Robert joked. "Your victim escapes, Gustave."

"On the contrary," was the complacent reply, "he mounts to the bank."

IN LESS than half an hour, instead of dealing out his packets of mille notes to the ghouls of the Casino according to plan, Andrew Tresholm was leaning over the crazy balcony of the most picturesquely situated restaurant in Europe looking down at what seemed to be a collection of toy buildings out of a child's play-box. Even the Casino, its crudity effaced by distance, might have been the somewhat fanciful palace of a kingdom of dwarfs and the peaceful little port beyond, with its twin lighthouses, fitting harborage for a Lilliputian squadron. His eyes wandered appreciatively but without enthusiasm over the somewhat artificial and too much advertised beauties of the principality, to rest upon the sparkling blue of the sea with its flushes of mauve and purple, its thousand scintillations where the sunlight caught the breaking waves . . .

A waiter at his elbow coughed suggestively, and Tresholm ordered coffee and Grand Marnier. He stretched himself out in a wicker chair, and for a professional gambler removed from the scene of his activities he seemed singularly content. The afternoon was warm, and Tresholm, who had ill endured the lack of ventilation in his so-called train de luxe the night before, dozed peacefully in his chair. He awoke to the sound of familiar voices—a woman's musical and pleading, a man's dogged and irritable.

"Can't you understand the common sense of the thing, Norah?" the latter was arguing. "The luck must turn. It's got to turn. Take my case. I've lost for four nights. Tonight, therefore, I am all the more likely to win. What's the good of going home with the paltry sum we have left? Much better try to get the whole lot back."

"Five thousand pounds isn't a paltry sum by any means," the girl protested. "It would make things much more comfortable for us even though you still had to go on at the bank."

"Darn the bank!" was the vicious rejoinder.

Tresholm, who was now quite awake, rose deliberately to his feet and moved across to them.

"Darn the bank by all means," he acquiesced, "so long as it isn't the one in which my poor savings are invested. Do I, by any chance, come across my young friends of Angoulême once more in some slight trouble? Can I be of any assistance?"

The youth, good-looking but morose, glanced across at him and scowled. The girl swung round in her chair, and a little cry of pleasure broke from her lips.

"Mr. Tresholm!" she exclaimed. "Fancy your being here! Aren't we terrible people, squabbling at the top of our voices in such a beautiful place?"

Tresholm sank into the chair which the young man, with an ungracious greeting, had pushed towards him.

"I seem fated to come up against you two in moments of tribulation," he remarked, speaking languidly, almost with a drawl, as

though to give them time to recover. "At Angoulême, I think I really was of some assistance. You would never have reached the place but for my chauffeur, who fortunately knows more about cars than I do. A little pathetic you looked, Miss Norah—forgive me, but I never heard your other name—leaning against



C. "Will you shake hands?" said

the wall by the side of that exquisite mountain road, wondering whether any good-natured person would stop and ask if you were in trouble."

She smiled at the recollection. "And you did stop," she reminded him gratefully. "You helped us wonderfully."

"It was my good fortune," he said lightly, but with a faint note of sincerity in his tone. "And this time? What about it? May I be told the trouble again? A discussion about gambling

apparently. Well, I know more about gambling than I do about motor-cars. Let me be your adviser."

"Much obliged. It's no one else's trouble except our own," the young man intervened.

"Or business, I suppose you would like to add," Tresholt



*Tresholt. Directly Norah's eyes met his she gave in.*

observed equably. "Perhaps your sister will be more communicative.

"I told you that night at the hotel at Angoulême of my reputation. I am a meddler in other people's affairs. I like giving advice, and the advice I give is pretty sound stuff too. You young people have been disputing about something. I can see it in your faces. I felt it in the atmosphere round me when I awoke. Let me settle the matter for you."

"Why not?" the girl agreed with enthusiasm. "Let me tell him, Jack."

"You can do as you jolly well please," was the surly rejoinder.

The girl leaned across the little round table towards Tresholt.

She would have been very good-looking indeed if she had not been so pale, and if there had not been dark lines under her violet eyes. Nevertheless, even as she was, Tresholt decided that this further glimpse of her was quite worth the abandonment of his motor tour and the uncomfortable train journey.

"We told you a little about ourselves at Angoulême during the evening of the day when you had been so kind to us," she reminded him. "We are orphans and we have been living together at Norwich, just on the salary Jack gets from the bank where he is junior cashier. Our name, by the by, is Bartlett. Our father was a poor clergyman and we hadn't a penny in the world except what Jack earned.

"Then two months ago, quite unexpectedly, a distant relative, whom we had scarcely ever heard of, died and left us five thousand pounds each. We decided to pool the money, have a holiday—Jack's vacation was almost due—and, for once in our lives, have a thoroughly good time."

"A very sound idea," Tresholt murmured.

"The place we both wanted to come to," she went on, "was Monte Carlo. We bought a little motor-car—you know something about that—and we reached here a few days ago. It was lots of fun, but, alas, ever since we arrived Jack and I have disagreed. His point of view—"

"I'll tell him that myself," her brother interrupted. "Ten thousand pounds our legacy was—nine thousand we reckoned when our holiday's paid for, and the car. Well, supposing I invested it, what would it mean? Four hundred and fifty a year. Neither one thing nor the other. It's just about what I'm getting from the bank. It wouldn't have helped me to escape. I should have had to go on there just the same and I hate the work like poison."

"Four hundred and fifty a year would have made life very much easier for us, even though you had to go on working," she remarked wistfully.

"Thinking of yourself as usual," he growled. "Well, anyhow, you agreed at first."

"Agreed to what?" Tresholt inquired.

"To taking our chance of making a bit whilst we were here," he explained. "We decided to risk a couple of thousand pounds and see if we could make enough to chuck the bank and live quietly somewhere in the country where there was golf and a bit of shooting."

"It wasn't my idea," she ventured.

"Of course it wasn't," he scoffed. "You're like all women. You're too frightened of losing to make a good sportsman."

"Well, we have lost," she rejoined drily—"not two thousand but four."

"That seems unfortunate," was Tresholt's grave comment. "What is the present subject of your dispute?"

"Simply this," the young man confided. "We have spent, or shall have spent by the time we get home, a thousand pounds of the legacy. We have lost at the tables four thousand, and sold the little car we bought for half what we gave for it. We have five thousand left. Norah wants me to promise not to go into the Casino again, and to leave for home at once with five thousand pounds in the bank. I want to go neck or nothing—win back at least our five thousand—perhaps a good bit more. The luck must turn."

"Quite so," Tresholt agreed. "There's a certain amount of reason in what your brother says, Miss Norah."

She looked at him almost in horror. "You don't mean to say that you're going to advise him to risk the whole of the rest of our legacy!" she exclaimed.

Tresholt made no direct reply. He passed around his case and lighted a cigaret himself.

"Well," he pronounced, "I have a certain amount of sympathy for your brother's point of view. If I were in his position and had lost as much as you say, I think I should (Continued on page 108)



# UNKNOWN



## *The Story So Far:*

**M**ANY important events transpired in Spain in the year 1492. One Cristobal Colón, a poverty-stricken soldier of fortune who had been known as "Don Out-at-Elbows," was appointed admiral of a fleet to seek a new route to the spice marts of India. Sundry Jewish subjects of their Majesties Ferdinand and Isabella who refused to accept baptism were ordered into exile. Doctor de Acosta, a rich and popular physician of Cordoba, woke to a tardy sense of responsibility for Lucero, the child born of a youthful flirtation with the wife of Rabbi Isaac Cohen of Andujar, and sent the scheming former butler of the royal household, Pero Gonzalez, to look after her. And Fernando Cuevas, son of a widow of Andujar, eloped with Lucero, his childhood sweetheart, supposed daughter of the orthodox Don Isaac who preferred taking her with him into exile to consenting to her marriage with a Christian.

One day, then, in that eventful year, Don Cristobal met on the road two starving and weary young people, both in boys' clothes, who told him they were brothers, en route to seek service in Cordoba. Rendered generous by his own good fortune, he employed both as his personal servants, promising to take them with him on his voyage of discovery.

Arriving in Cordoba, the three put up at the Inn of the Three Wise Men, Don Cristobal preoccupied with his own affairs, the lovers thankful for this hope of escape from the menace of Gonzalez who, having seen Lucero and coveting her as his own, had set the constabulary on their trail.

In the morning, while Lucero slept heavily after the fatigue of her journey, Fernando went down to the inn door. Here he met Don Alonso de Ojeda, a soldier newly returned from the siege of Granada, and accepted from him a commission to deliver a note to Isabel Herboso, whom her father kept under close surveillance in his great house at the end of the street. When he returned to the inn he was sent by his master on another romantic errand—that of delivering a note to Beatrice de Arana, the woman with whom Don Cristobal had shared a home in Cordoba, although popular report had it that the adventurer already had a wife and child in Portugal. As he left the inn and began searching for the



**C**"No, Beatrice," said Don Cristobal, man of the neighborhood. You are a

address, Cuevas narrowly escaped colliding with two gentlemen who were passing. He turned aside just in time, his heart in his mouth. One of the two was Gonzalez!

**E**VENTUALLY Cuevas chanced upon some women who were able to direct him straight to the house he was looking for—a cheap dwelling of a single story, the black eaves and gables extending far out over the street, the floor within of bare earth tamped hard with irons. There he found Beatrice Enriquez de Arana, a young woman, unquestionably beautiful in spite of tangled hair which showed she had just arisen from bed, and in spite of a frayed wrapper which bespoke relative poverty. She seemed to be busy setting her house in order for the day, trying meanwhile to attend to a child a few years old who was seated on the floor playing with a cat.

The news that the young man's master, Don Cristobal, was in Cordoba, and that he was expecting her at the sign of the Three Wise Men, was a joyous shock to the young woman; and as Cuevas withdrew he could see her standing silent and erect

# LANDS

By  
*Blasco*  
*Ibañez*



*"we are dreaming. You will marry some good mere child, I, an old man. We met too late."*

in the door of the cottage looking after him as though she could hardly believe it true.

In that brief moment, in fact, Beatrice Enriquez lived over again in memory the most interesting period of her humble life. She saw herself as she had been seven years before, a girl not yet twenty but adding to the natural charms of youth the rare distinction of being one of the few blue-eyed blondes in that land of Andalusia where most women have black hair and black eyes.

Though she used the name of her mother's family by preference, Beatrice was actually a member of the Arana clan, which had come down from the north some generations before to make war on the Moors. The branches of the Arana family had encountered varied fortunes. There were Aranas of wealth and titled nobility; there were Aranas who had declined to very lowly station. Beatrice was one of the latter. Her parents were both dead, and her only brother, one Pedro de Arana, had become a plain seaman in the royal navy, sailing the Mediterranean in the service of their Highnesses against the Moors.

Buenosvinos, the innkeeper, had been a friend of Beatrice's father; and now that the latter was dead, he looked after the girl,

in a way, employing her as waitress and maid at the tavern on days of heavy patronage. Beatrice was an asset to the tavern. Gay, light-hearted, witty, attractive in appearance, graceful in movement, she was a favorite with all the customers of the inn, laughing and joking with everyone though protecting her dignity as a woman with a certain aggressive and combative good nature if anyone ventured to go too far with word or gesture.

It may have been the misfortunes of her own family which created in Beatrice Enriquez de Arana an instinctive sympathy for the dignified reserve and the respectable poverty of Master Cristobal, the least pretentious of all the guests.

Toward Beatrice, "Señor" Cristobal, as she called him, was ever kind and courteous of speech. His tranquil smile reminded her of an expression she had often noticed in the pictures of saints in the churches. She was fascinated also by certain work he did in his room. Master Cristobal was an expert draftsman and supplemented what he made by peddling printed books with the sale of maps and marine



*Illustrations by*  
Walt Louderback

charts which he drew himself. Meantime for his own amusement he was making a "Map of All the Known World" on a great piece of canvas.

Beatrice was the only person in the tavern who took an interest in this creation, and she would often go up to Master Cristobal's room to watch him as he worked on this mysterious diagram which was to serve as a guide to mariners lost on the great moving plane of the Sea of Darkness. Like most girls of her station, Beatrice could read but slowly and write with even greater difficulty; but this did not prevent a whole fantastic

world from opening up before her hungry eyes as she watched the strong but delicate fingers of the map-maker in their movements over the canvas.

The names which she could spell out, letter by letter, brought before her mind all the poetry of distant countries, all the majesty of unknown seas, all the multicolored splendors of Far Eastern cities, and they would sing a strange mysterious music in her ears as she would stand there at Master Cristobal's side, one knee on a stool, her elbows on the table, her chin in her hands, while her eyes attentively followed the lines that flowed from the pen of the draftsman.

In the middle of the Great Ocean Señor Cristobal had drawn a many-pointed star to indicate the directions of the various winds. The circle where its arms united was to contain a miniature of the Virgin holding the infant Jesus in her arms. The figure had been drawn in outline, though the face of the Celestial Lady was left vague and vapory—the features would be filled in at the last moment, when the artist had completed his work.

To the left of the ocean came a confusion of islands, some of them close together, others standing all by themselves, pieces that the storms might have broken off from the continent sketched behind them. The "captain" must have been inventing this part of the map—he was continually changing it, making new islands and different ones.

Sometimes Beatrice would take her eyes from the map to gaze at its maker and compare his almost white hair with his strong sunburned face, the skin somewhat wrinkled about the eyes but still fresh and youthful on the cheeks. At such times he would seem to her much younger than at other hours of the day, and in truth there would be a new light gleaming in the pupils of the mariner's eyes surrounded by irises that were blue like hers.

The silent admiration of this girl was balm to the lonely spirit of the adventurer. In his poverty and solitude Beatrice brought just that spark of faith and enthusiasm which it is a woman's privilege to furnish to a man; and it would not have been difficult for anyone to see that love was making his way into this universe of Delirious Geography!

ONE day the cartographer set to work completing the face of the Virgin in the star of the winds, and Beatrice observed that she had blond hair and blue eyes—a crude portrait of Beatrice herself, such as a designer who was not a painter might draw. Señor Cristobal began, also, to have faith in the future, the rosy optimism of every man who falls in love. He was young again—everything was possible, everything was easy!

The time was fast approaching when the royal commission appointed to examine Master Cristobal's project was to meet in Cordoba, and the enamored mariner was talking of the lands of the Grand Khan as though he had already reached and conquered them. Beatrice, the only person in the world with a sympathetic ear, saw herself transformed into a great lady, richer than any of the dames of Queen Isabella's court. Yes, she would be "Doña Beatrice," sitting in a golden templet on the back of an elephant, covered with pearls from head to foot, with little bronze-skinned dwarfs to carry the train of her robe and others to walk before her waving feathery fans!

But then again his imaginative eloquence would break off suddenly, and after a pause he would conclude sadly:

"No, Beatrice, we are dreaming. You will remain here in Cordoba and marry some good young man of the neighborhood. For each his own! You are a mere child, I, an old man! We met too late!"

On the day when the commission assembled and Doctor Acosta, with the approval of other learned scientists, demonstrated the absurdity of believing that Asia was as close to the coast of Europe as the Genoese promoter believed, Beatrice restrained herself from going to the tavern in the afternoon, fearing that she might learn the unhappy truth. At the



Lucero lost her composure under the gaze of Beatrice,





*who was not so readily deceived by her disguise as men had been.*

same time she needed to know, to free herself from her anxiety, which would give her no rest.

It was dark when she reached the sign of the Three Wise Men, and on learning that the "captain" was already in his room, she darted hastily up the stairs. She halted on a wooden balcony that opened on the inner court near the door of Señor Cristobal's miserable room. Through the rectangular space that marked the entrance came the flickering light of a wax taper set in a plain tin candlestick. Inside, at one end of the table, rolled up and tossed aside, was the great map of the world which she admired so much; at the other end, the top of a man's head, the forehead resting in an opened hand, the latter girt at the wrist by the frayed hem of a coat-sleeve.

MASTER-CRISTOBAL raised his eyes on becoming aware of the girl's presence. They were filled with an expression of humility and discouragement. There was a crystal-like glitter about the pupils. Tears!

The girl stepped resolutely into the room, throwing about the poor man's shoulders a pair of soft youthful arms, wrapping him tenderly about in a violent burst of protecting affection.

"Oh, my poor captain! My poor little boy!"

And she kissed him on the lips.

Thereafter, the life of this indefatigable searcher after new paths across the ocean, of this strange and complex person made up of many different individualities, took on a new aspect. Master Cristobal continued still to think of the realms of the Grand Khan; but his enthusiasms as a discoverer yielded a little to other thoughts, giving more room to the sensuous spirit in him, to the personality which delighted in all the beauties and enjoyments of nature.

This man of the sea had been a pirate along the shores of Portugal and a slave-trader on the coasts of Guinea—so at least Doctor Acosta and others asserted. At the same time he had a woman's passion for flowers, jewels, perfumes. His affable and contained exterior really concealed a harsh and wrathful temper. Here now, youth and love were coming forward to meet him along his path at a time when he thought such encounters had passed forever.

It was a chaste love for a long time. Beatrice stoutly resisted the advances of a sailor accustomed to all the waywardness of the great ports. But finally a friar known as Father Deza who was very influential at court—he was later to become a bishop—called Master Cristobal away to Salamanca, where the sovereigns were in residence at the time. The months of separation and loneliness which followed filled the girl of Cordoba with an intenser passion; and when her lover returned, she had no restraints for him, coming even, after a few weeks of absorbing intimacy, to conceive the desire of all women in love, a house for herself apart from others, a refuge which would have no other memories than those of her love.

Beatrice and Master Cristobal went to live in a cottage which belonged to one of the girl's aunts, known as Señora Mayor-Enriquez, furnishing its two rooms with articles borrowed from various individuals of the Arana clan. The Genoese mariner had promised to marry Beatrice, and all her relatives closed their eyes to the irregular situation in which she was now placed. She, the woman in the partnership, was the real purveyor of the house and its equipment; and the Aranas even contributed money for the maintenance of the new household, since the sailor lover obtained but a scanty allowance from court and this at very uncertain intervals.

When Beatrice had a son—he was baptized as Hernando—the Aranas lost their temper.

"When are you going to get married?" asked the aunt, Señora Mayor-Enriquez, angrily. "Here now you have been living in mortal sin for three years and more!"

Master Cristobal replied that he was waiting for the papers necessary for the ceremony. The papers never came! Beatrice began to (Continued on page 145)

# H BRUCE BARTON *here tells you* Hoover's *favorite stories*

Which include One about a Red-headed  
Captain and Another about a Young  
Lieutenant who Settled a War.

WHEN he was feeding most of Europe, Herbert Hoover had to cross the English Channel about as casually as the average man crosses the street. The little Dutch boats were not molested by submarines but they had to take their chances with floating mines, and many boats went down with all their passengers. Hoover was accustomed to have breakfast, luncheon and dinner on board and to pay the steward for all three meals at once.

On one of his very last trips, after two years of this travel, he asked the steward as usual to keep the account in mind and collect before the boat landed. The man stood first on one foot and then on the other, and finally blurted out: "I'm sorry, sir, but we may be sunk at any moment; I must collect after each meal."

"Every time I remember that," says Hoover, "it seems funnier."

One day the officials of the British Foreign Office sent him a massive memorandum, pointing out that the Commission for Relief in Belgium was being conducted without due deference to the sacred traditions of red tape. It was a communication which must have taken hours to prepare, and the officials waited expectantly for the dignified missive which would come back.

Hoover wrote a single sentence:

It strikes me that trying to feed the Belgians is like trying to feed a hungry kitten by means of a forty-foot bamboo pole, said kitten confined in a barred cage occupied by two hungry lions.

There was apoplexy in the Foreign Office when that note arrived, but never again did they try to dictate the procedure of the C. R. B.

Both good war stories, but they are not his favorites. It is not easy to persuade him to tell stories in which he figures as the main character, but ask him about the American youngsters who served with him over there and all reserve vanishes. Here are the two tales he likes best:

Peace had come, and the armies of the big nations were preparing to disband. But not so in little Montenegro. There, since every adult male found himself supplied with a modern rifle and plenty of ammunition, it was deemed a fitting time to settle an ancient feud. The men who had been united against the Central Empires promptly divided into two camps, and a miniature war went merrily on.

The only neutral was the young American lieutenant who represented the United States Food Administration. He wired to his chief in Brussels that the country was starving, and Hoover replied with a vessel of food. The difficulty was to arrange with the warring Montenegrins to unload it. The youngster called a conference of the opposing generals. After long discussion it was agreed that Army A should unload during the day, then there should be one hour's truce during which Army A should withdraw; whereupon Army B would come on as the night shift.

In the course of the conference the youngster pointed out the folly of the war. "You ought to be plowing and getting in your crops!" he exclaimed. "This food will soon be exhausted, and if you don't raise enough this summer to carry you through next winter then God help you. The United States won't."

They agreed with him, but they said there was no hope.

"Why?"

"Because a war can end only when one side has been defeated."

"Why not a compromise?" the lieutenant argued. "Both sides can quit by agreement."

They held up their hands in horror. That would be contrary

to all precedent in Montenegrin history. One side must be defeated, and neither side proposed to accept that disgrace.

When the ship had been unloaded there was another parley, and this time the leader of Army A advanced a brilliant proposal.

"We could both surrender to the United States. That would end the war and save our honor."

The other general applauded the suggestion, and the young lieutenant indorsed it. He agreed that at four o'clock on the following day both armies should be drawn up on either side of Main Street, and he would accept their surrender on behalf of the United States.

It seemed a happy solution, and he went to bed with a soothing sense of duty well done. But shortly after midnight he was awakened by a horrid thought. "I am only a lieutenant," he said to himself. "What right have I to accept the surrender of two armies? Suppose that Pershing hears about it; how do I know that I shan't be shot?"

For a long time he tossed about sleepless, and then a happy solution came to him. With a guileless smile he turned over and slept soundly the rest of the night.

At four o'clock on the next afternoon the rival forces stood in scowling formation. At the head of each column was its general, a beautiful ivory-handled sword in one hand, an ivory-handled dagger in the other. Between the two ranks strode the slender lieutenant. He reached out his hands and took the two swords and the two daggers, and in a voice that echoed from the mountain peaks, he cried:

"I accept the surrender of these armies in the name of the United States Food Administration."

The band played. The soldiers threw down their arms. The women rushed crying and laughing into the ranks.

So peace came, and the first time that Hoover heard how two armies had surrendered to his Food Administration was when the lieutenant showed up in Brussels with the daggers and swords. Hoover gave him one set and kept the other, and it was because I happened to pick up the ivory-handled dagger in his house in Washington that I heard this story.

THE other tale belongs also to the hectic days that followed the armistice. No nation in Europe would trust another, but they had to trust Hoover or starve, so they allowed him to operate the only telegraph system connecting the various capitals. This permission was given on condition that no messages would be sent in code.

Hoover issued the order to his buck private operators. They obeyed; they used no known code, but what they sent over the wire was a mixture of jazz, slang and Yankee humor which was perfectly clear to them but left the censors in a state of complete annihilation.

The Big Four were in continuous session, and each hour brought its grist of bad news. They sent for Hoover one day right after luncheon. The devil was at work in Hungary; the Archduke Ferdinand had slipped back into the palace at Budapest and set himself up as Emperor. All Central Europe was trembling. Did it mean the return of the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns? Would the Big Four stand for it? What would they do? What *could* they do?

They wondered themselves, and they put it up to Hoover.

"Tell him you won't recognize him," he advised. "Make it stiff enough, and I think he'll get out. Say that if he doesn't you will instruct me to cut off the food supplies and the city will starve."

They approved the idea, and asked him to draft the ultimatum.



©Paul Thompson

"But how will you get it to the archduke?" they demanded. "I have a wire to Budapest," Hoover answered, "and at the other end is Captain T. C. Gregory, representing the Food Administration. He's not afraid of archdukes."

It was about two-thirty when Hoover stepped over to the telegraph office and sent Gregory a telegram, in language which

even an archduke could not fail to understand. It instructed Gregory to take the message to the palace in person, read it aloud to the archduke, and *get an answer*.

In less than an hour the following telegram was laid on Hoover's desk:

Archie on the carpet three-five; through the hoop three-ten.



By FANNIE

# The 3rd Husband



A SMALL legend hung over the tremulous little person of Mrs. Tutwiler, to the effect that as a girl she had all but completed her novitiate in a convent when she left it for Tutwiler.

That was true.

There was further legend which stated that, the rigid impeccability of the present Mrs. Tutwiler to the contrary notwithstanding, Maravene had been born too few months after their eventual marriage. The truth of that is not important to this telling.

If ever there was a life that had settled itself along lines of conformity, that life resided in the person of Leila Tutwiler. Leila was said not to have been her given name, but the one under which she had chosen to take her vows in the convent. Probably. There was something about her smooth and unrelaxing face that made it easy to conceive of it as the face of Sister Leila, set in pallor into the fluted linen of the order she had forsaken.

Maravene had that same pallor and twice that immobility. Once, when she had been sent home from school for not only pilfering the gold bangle off a little girl's bracelet, but scratching a long ribbon of flesh off her face when apprehended, she had actually, so it seemed to Mrs. Tutwiler, walked into the house with the face of an angel. A small angel with finger-nails that had drawn blood.

There was nothing impulsively naughty about Maravene. She was a thoughtful child who could perform a vicious act with the same careful profundity she bestowed upon the many really lovely ones of which she was capable.

It might be said of Maravene that she thought thrice before she leaped. That was what made her a little terrifying to her mother. To her sister. To Owen Stopes, who had lived in the same house with her and had seen her grow from rompers, in which she never romped, to the inscrutable repose of her nineteenth year.

Which is how Mrs. Tutwiler would have preferred to state the fact that Stopes was a boarder. He had come to live in her home after an indiscreet investment of Mrs. Tutwiler's insurance money had made the upkeep of the small house bought and almost paid for by the late Herbert Tutwiler, prohibitive.

Mrs. Tutwiler's slightly ambiguous advertisement had read something like this: (It would have read something like this, being Mrs. Tutwiler's.)

Eminently respectable widow with two small children wishes to rent one floor of her tastefully furnished home, consisting of two rooms and bath, to business or professional gentleman. Highest references offered and requested.

For sixteen years, Stopes, who was thirty-five when Maravene was little over half that, and who looked like a mastiff dog, had occupied the second-floor living-room, bedroom and bath of the small house situated in one of those streets within distant shadow of Columbia University.

Stopes' square mastiff ugliness had appalled Mrs. Tutwiler, who was a person of small prettiness, small features, small gestures, smiles and amiabilities. But his had been bank-and-church references, and even back in the days when he was salesman in the concern of which he was eventually to become president, there was something eminently respectable about his connections.

ACME OFFICE FURNITURE CO.  
23 Nassau Street,  
New York.

Mr. Owen Stopes

*Illustrations by*  
Marshall Frantz



Mrs. Tutwiler was well entitled to feel that a benign star had been shining over the small house near Morningside Heights, the evening that Stopes called after business hours with the newspaper that carried her advertisement protruding from his side coat pocket.

The first month in the new household, Mr. Stopes had presented Mrs. Tutwiler with a green leather chair. An office piece, to be sure, but it filled an empty niche in the entrance-hall that Mrs. Tutwiler had been planning to fill just before the untimely death of Mr. Tutwiler. Many a niche besides was Stopes destined to fill in that home.

**A** GODSEND was what the coming of Stopes practically amounted to in the home of Mrs. Tutwiler and her two little girls. She never could bring herself to put it just that way. There seemed sacrilege in associating anything so casual as the coming of Stopes in response to a newspaper advertisement, with divine intervention.

Phrase it as she would, or rather as she would not, the coming of Stopes was nothing short of some sort of benign intervention.

Dear Stopes. He was like nothing so much as the mastiff he resembled. Heavy-shouldered, square, flat-faced, with strong short black hair which stood like the bristles of a firm brush, he soon took on such habits as bolting the doors of the house at night, sending up the porter from his own office to repair screens or mend a boiler, and frequently, of a Saturday afternoon, tinkering himself at the hardware of a broken window or a door lock.

Before he had been in the house two years, he had averted another bad investment of Mrs. Tutwiler's limited capital, gouged with his strong short forefinger for a safety-pin which had lodged in the throat of the rapidly purpling Genevieve, weather-stripped the entire front of the house, and unearthed the unsavory fact that little Maravene kept a small lozenge box in which she collected the wings of house-flies which she was fond of dismembering.

And if Mrs. Tutwiler, who was no less grateful than gracious, realized all this, to say nothing of Genevieve, who at sixteen already had reached a nice, average, in fact quite pretty development, what must Maravene, who seemed to come cautiously, thoughtfully and a little piously into her early maturity, have

thought of the largesse of this man whose rôle in her mother's house so transcended that of a mere lodger.

To do Maravene justice, which is difficult because she was always receiving either too much or too little of it, she was fully aware, long before she was conscious of being aware, that in the person of Stopes resided sanctuary.

To what extent, not even Mrs. Tutwiler, who had shed her quota of tears over Maravene, both of joy and of despair, could realize. Nor could Genevieve for that matter, who knew her Stopes as well as, in her opinion, he could be known, but who had never seen him turn a pale jade-green of anger or beheld his gimlet eyes flood suddenly with the tears of a kind of adoration.

Maravene had! She had seen him cry once, or rather had seen his eyes smeared with a moist kind of pain. The occasion was too shameful to bear frequent recalling, even in the innermost places of her mind.

When Maravene was in business college, just a year after

across his eyes had seemed ludicrous, almost, before they had flayed her with their pathos.

Stopes' face, crying, had been something to remember, even under the horrible stress of that day of furtive trips to the offices of furtive doctors. The trip home half fainting in a taxicab with Stopes. The subsequent furtive lies of the illness that had overtaken her at the business school. Stopes, who hated lying, hated lies, lying . . .

The tears of his kind of adoration were another matter. They were not tears, really. But a sort of shine. Maravene knew the shine. Genevieve suspected it. Usually it came over trivialities.

On the stairs of a Fifth Avenue bus when Maravene had paused in the jerky climb to smile down at him over a shoulder. Easter when she tucked a blue egg under his breakfast napkin. Frequently at table, when she lied and then squirmed into telling the truth, because his mastiff's face, little-eyed, four-cornered, homely as salt, was opposite her.

Yes, from the day he had apprehended her pulling the gauze wings off house-flies, on through a series of secret and sometimes startling ordeals of her curiously idyllic and sinister little girlhood, Maravene Tutwiler had reason to regard Owen Stopes as a godsend.

Sometimes Mrs. Tutwiler, simple soul, wondered just how much Stopes suspected of the secret fears, tribulations and heartache that were part of being the mother of Maravene.

Simple soul, indeed! As if she, who only knew half of what Stopes knew, realized one-third as much as he.

Stopes knew Maravene like a book. Mrs. Tutwiler was fond of twittering when her sense of bewilderment was strong upon her over this daughter of hers who, with the face of a Madonna, had committed the incredible act of banging an insolent delivery boy over the cheek with her bare palm, and with that same beauty more relevantly out over her, had



*"I've done it this time, Stopes.  
I never took anything before.  
Please put it back for me."*

Genevieve had finished and obtained her position with the Hargrave Vaccine Company of Brooklyn, the wretched affair had occurred.

There had been a boy in the bookkeeping course, a dribble of a fellow with no particular face and the habit of twitching it, but that is neither here nor there. There had been this boy, with Mrs. Tutwiler's faint chirrupings of dissent for background, and Maravene's walks with him of a Sunday along the Palisades, and then suddenly, out of what was a clear enough sky, Maravene, with purpling pools under her eyes, seeking out Stopes in the furniture concern in Nassau Street.

It was in the days of the lifetime of old Mr. Clark, and therefore before Stopes had his own private office. On an iron spiral staircase that led to the basement, she had told him. Quietly, as she did everything, and the tears that had squirted





brought home a park derelict to tuck into her own white bed. Stopes knew Maravene like a book, nothing of the sort! He knew her with the tormented clairvoyance of secret and consuming love. He knew her with strange tentacles of intuition that reached out to touch her little atrocities with tenderness.

He knew her with his tired hungry-looking eyes that were bored back into his head as if gimlets had ground them there. He knew when she lied, not because any shadow flitted across her immaculate face, but because it must have flitted across his intuition.

The year that Maravene was eighteen and stenographer for a firm of wholesale jewelers in Maiden Lane, there came along something like a crisis in the special affairs where she and Stopes were concerned.

Or at least where Stopes was concerned. It could scarcely be said that Maravene was so much concerned, as involved.

She came up to his room, a somewhat rare but by no means unprecedented performance, one rainy evening after

they had both returned home from business. Stopes took breakfast, served on a card-table in his sitting-room, and his evening meal downstairs with the Tutwiler family. Since Genevieve, employed by a Brooklyn firm, was the last to return home of an evening, dinner was seldom served before seven.

In the hour before, Stopes usually read, beside an electric lamp that stood on the desk of his comfortable sitting-room. He had a steadfast and an appallingly conservative liking for certain good books. Once a year he reread practically all of Dickens, and his Carlyle's "French Revolution" was so thumbed that the pages containing the description of the "A" formation were held together with transparent adhesive tape.

He could recite long stretches of "Kublai Khan" and a section of "Il Penseroso" which dated back to school-day memory tests. Burke's Conciliation Speech, "The Ancient Mariner" and "The Idylls of the King," required reading in his limited school-days, had by now developed into desired reading.

Stopes was one of those business men within whom certain natural proclivities had not quite been smothered.

This particular evening, Maravene, knocking at his door, could tell by the color of the light which showed beneath that he was seated beside the reading-lamp.

She was a slim girl, of light fleet step and not given to preamble.

"I've done it this time," she said and stood suddenly before him there in the pool of light that flowed from his lamp onto the carpet and made a circle.

He never could look up from a page and find Maravene standing there without his throat giving a click, like a gate closing.

"What have you done?" he said, in the tone of what-have-you-done-now, and laid "Nicholas Nickleby" face downward.



"You're sick, Maravene, or crazy. You'd better have been born dead."

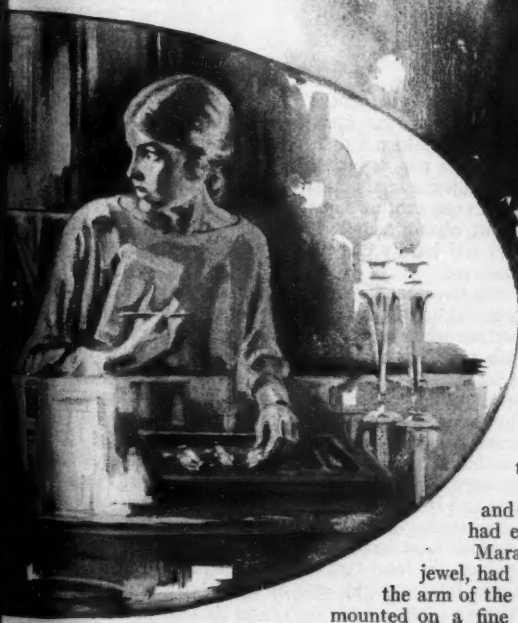
She had a beatitude of face that to him was breath-taking. A face seldom lighted by a smile; a face never to turn to glance upon in a crowd; a face that if ever it was to dawn upon you, came slowly, like a pale moonrise.

"I did it without thinking, Stopes," she said, and laid something that glittered on the arm of his chair. "I've been crazy-afraid for days."

She had been crazy-afraid for days! Her eyes were like lily-pads in the calm pond of her face.

Uncanny, though, in what flash he knew, because in all the tortured and teasing years of his propinquity to her, nothing as monstrous as this had ever crept out of the ivory placidity of her.

Maravene, who knew her subtle beauty too subtly ever to adorn it with a jewel, had stolen from the firm that employed her the oblong brooch that lay on the arm of the chair. There was a square emerald and a square diamond in its center, mounted on a fine web of platinum and diamond lace, the (Continued on page 175)



# Four Dutchmen

THE Van Dordt Hotel at Singapore was far from grand. The bedrooms were dingy and the mosquito-nets patched and darned; the bathrooms, all in a row and detached from the bedrooms, were dank and smelly. But it had character. The people who stayed there, masters of tramps whose round ended at Singapore, mining engineers out of a job and planters taking a few days' holiday, to my mind bore a more romantic air than the smart folk, globe-trotters, government officials and their wives, who gave luncheon parties at the Europe and played golf and danced and were fashionable.

The Van Dordt had a billiard room, with a table with a threadbare cloth, where ships' engineers and clerks in insurance offices played snooker. The dining-room was large and bare and silent.

On two days a week there was *reis-tafel* and then a few residents of Singapore who had a fancy for this dish came for *tiffin*. It should have been depressing, but somehow it was not; its quaintness saved it. It had an aroma of something strange and half forgotten.

Then there was a scrap of garden, facing the street, where you could sit in the shade of trees and drink cold beer. In that crowded and busy city, though motors whizzed past and rickshaws passed continuously, the coolies' feet pattering on the road and their bells ringing, it had the remote peacefulness of a corner of Holland.

It was the third time I had stayed at the Van Dordt. I had been told about it first by the skipper of a Dutch tramp, the S. S. Utrecht, on which I had traveled from Merauke in New Guinea to Macassar.

The journey took the best part of a month, since the ship stopped at innumerable islands in the Malay Archipelago, sometimes for an hour or two, sometimes for a day, to take on and discharge cargo. It was a charming, monotonous and diverting trip. When we dropped anchor the agent came out in his launch, and generally the Dutch resident, and we gathered on deck under the awning and the captain ordered beer. The news of the island was exchanged for the news of the world. We brought papers and mail.

If we were staying long enough the resident asked us to dinner, and leaving the ship in charge of the second officer, we all (the captain, the chief officer, the chief engineer, the supercargo and I) went ashore where we spent a merry evening.

These little islands, one so like another, allured my fancy just because I knew that I never should see them again. It made them strangely unreal, and as we sailed away and they vanished into the sea and sky it was only by an effort of the imagination that I could persuade myself that they did not with my last glimpse of them cease to exist.

But there was nothing illusive, mysterious or fantastic about the captain, the chief officer, the chief engineer and the supercargo. Their solidity was amazing. They were the four fattest men I ever saw.

At first I had great difficulty in telling them apart, for though one, the supercargo, was dark and the others were fair, they looked astonishingly alike. They were all big, with large, round, bare, red faces, with large fat arms and large fat stomachs.

When they went ashore they buttoned up their stengah-shifters, and then their great double chins bulged over the collars and they looked as though they would choke. They perspired freely and wiped their shiny faces with bandanna handkerchiefs and fanned themselves vigorously.

Their appetites were enormous. They had *reis-tafel* every day and each seemed to vie with the other in seeing how high he could pile his plate. They loved it hot and strong.

"In dis gountry you can't eat a ting onless it's tasty," said the skipper.

"De only way to keep yourself up in dis gountry is to eat hearty," said the chief.

They were the greatest friends, all four of them; they were like schoolboys together, playing absurd little pranks with one another. They knew each other's jokes by heart and no sooner did one of them start the familiar lines than he would splutter

with laughter so violently that he could not go on, and then the others began to laugh too.

They had been on this run together for five years and when, a little time before, the chief officer had been offered a ship of his own he would not leave his companions. They had made up their minds that when the first one of them retired they would all retire. "All friends and a good ship. Good grub and good beer. Vot can a sensible man vant more?"

At first they were a little stand-offish with me. Although the ship had accommodation for half a dozen passengers, they did not often get any, and never one whom they did not know. I was a



stranger and a foreigner. They liked their bit of fun and did not want anyone to interfere with it. But they were all of them

very fond of bridge, and on occasion the chief or the engineer had duties which prevented one or the other from playing. They were ready to put up with me when they discovered that I was willing to make a fourth whenever I was wanted.

Their bridge was as incredibly fantastic as they were. They played for infinitesimal stakes, five cents a hundred; they didn't want to win one another's money, they said; it was the game they liked. But what a game! Each was wildly determined to play the hand and hardly one passed without a small slam at least being declared.

The rule was that if you could get a peep at somebody else's cards you did and if you could get away with a revoke you told your partner when there was no danger it could be claimed, and you both roared with laughter till the tears rolled down your fat cheeks.

I never could remember their difficult Dutch names, but knowing them anonymously as it were, only by the duties they performed, as one knows the characters Pantaloon, Harlequin and Punchinello of the old Italian comedy, added grotesquely to their drollery. The mere sight of them, all four together, set you laughing, and I think they got a good deal of amusement from the astonishment they caused in strangers. They boasted that they were the four most famous Dutchmen in the East Indies.

To me not the least comic part of them was their serious side. Sometimes late at night, one or another of them would grow sentimental.

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# Good News! We Have SIX New Very Short Stories by W. Somerset Maugham

The chief engineer was meditating marriage with a widow whom he had met when last he was home and when he retired spending the rest of his life in a little town with old red-brick houses on the shores of the Zuyder Zee. But the captain was very susceptible to the charms of the native girls.

One of these days he would buy himself a house on the hills in Java and marry a pretty little Javanese girl. They were so small and so gentle and they made no noise, and he would dress her in silk sarongs and give her gold chains to wear round her neck and gold bangles to put on her arms. But the chief mocked him.

"Silly, all dat is. Silly. She goes with all your friends and de house boys and everybody. By de time you retire, my dear, vot you'll vant will be a nurse, not a vife."

"Me?" cried the skipper. "I shall vant a vife ven I'm eighty."

He had picked up a little thing last time the ship was at Macassar and as we approached that port he began to be all of a flutter. The captain was always losing his head over one brazen

No details were given in this paragraph; it was only a brief announcement that after the judges had considered the speeches of the prosecution and of the defense their verdict was as stated. I was astounded. It was incredible that the men I knew had committed a murder. I could not find out who had been killed.

I got up and went to the manager of the hotel, and showed him the paragraph. "That's the ship I sailed on. I was on her for nearly a month. Surely these fellows aren't the ones I knew. The men I knew were enormously fat."

"Yes, that's right," he answered. "They were celebrated all through the Dutch East Indies, the four fattest men in the service. It's been a terrible thing. It made a great sensation. And they were friends. I knew them all. The best fellows in the world."

"But what happened?"

He told me the story and he answered my horrified questions. But there were things I wanted to know that he couldn't tell me. It was all confused. It was unbelievable. What actually had happened was only conjecture. I was strangely shattered.

It appeared that on one of the trips the captain took with him a Malay girl that he had been carrying on with and I wondered if it had been the one he was so eager to see when I was on the ship. The other three had been against her coming—what did they want with a woman on board; it would spoil everything—but the captain insisted and she came. I think they were all jealous of her.

On that journey they didn't have the fun they generally had. When they wanted to play bridge the captain was dallying with the girl in his cabin. It was the end of all their larks.

The chief officer was more bitter against her than anybody. He was the captain's particular chum, they had been shipmates ever since they first came out from Holland; more than once high words passed between them on the subject of the captain's infatuation. Presently these old friends spoke only when their duties demanded it. It was the end of the good-fellowship that had so long obtained between the fat men.

THINGS went from bad to worse. There was a feeling among the junior officers that something untoward was pending. Uneasiness. Tension. Then one night the ship was roused by the sound of a shot and the screams of the Malay girl. The supercargo and the chief engineer tumbled out of their bunks and they found the captain, a revolver in his hand, at the door of the chief officer's cabin. He pushed past them and went on deck.

They entered and found the chief officer dead and the girl cowering behind the door. The captain had found them together and had killed the chief. How he had discovered what was going on did not seem to be known, nor what was the meaning of the intrigue. Had the chief induced the girl to come into his cabin in order to get back at the captain or had she, knowing his ill will and anxious to placate him, lured him to become her lover? It was a mystery that never would be solved.

While the engineer and the supercargo were in the cabin, horror-stricken at the sight before them, another shot was heard. They knew at once what had happened. They rushed up the companion. The captain had blown his brains out.

Then the story grew dark and enigmatic. Next morning the Malay girl was nowhere to be found and when the second officer who had taken charge of the ship reported this to the supercargo, the supercargo said: "She probably jumped overboard. It's the best thing she could have done. Good riddance to bad rubbish."

But one of the sailors on the watch, just before the dawn, had seen the supercargo and the chief engineer carry something up on deck, a bulky package, about the size of a native woman, and drop it overboard. And it was said all over the ship that these two, to avenge their friends, had sought the girl out in her cabin and strangled her and flung her body into the sea.

When the ship arrived at Macassar they were arrested and taken to Batavia to be tried for the murder. The evidence was flimsy and they were acquitted. But all through the East Indies it was known that the supercargo and the chief engineer had executed justice on the trollop who had caused the death of the two men they loved.

And thus ended the comic and celebrated fellowship of the Four Fat Dutchmen.



huzzy after the other, but his passion never survived the interval between one stop at a port and the next, and then the chief was called in to smooth out the difficulties that ensued. And so it would be this time.

"De old man suffers from fatty degeneration of de heart. But so long as I'm dere to look after him not much harm comes of it. He

vastes his money and dat's a pity; but so long as he's got it to vaste, vy shouldn't he?"

At Macassar I disembarked and bade farewell to my four fat friends. "Make another journey with us," they said. "Come back next year or the year after. You'll find us all here just the same as ever."

A good many months had passed since then and I had wandered through more than one strange land. And now, feeling as though I were home again, I sat in the garden of the Van Dordt Hotel, looking at back numbers of the Straits Times to find out what had been happening in the world since last I had been within reach of papers. Nothing very much.

Suddenly my eyes caught a head-line: The Utrecht Tragedy. Supercargo and Chief Engineer Not Guilty. I read the paragraph carelessly, and then I sat up. The Utrecht was the ship of my four fat Dutchmen and apparently the supercargo and the chief engineer had been on trial for murder. It couldn't be my two fat friends! The names were given, but the names meant nothing to me. The trial had taken place in Batavia.



# JOHN ERSKINE *has written of* Helen of Troy and Eve. Here he writes of a Modern Wife and her Very *Minor* Poetry

UNTIL her husband eloped with the red-headed woman, Laura Skelton was a poet. From then on she was nothing to speak of. The case excited more than passing sympathy. It is mentioned by students of our modern world to illustrate the possible effect of poetry on the home, and vice versa.

Of the three involved, only Laura was important. The other woman was red-headed, little more. A person without gifts and with no sense of property. The husband was the merest kind of man, who, having fallen in love, found himself out of his element. These two are remembered not for their merits but for their fate.

Laura, however, had talent. Even in college days, when she produced her first slight but poignant stanzas, her best friends agreed that she was a born singer. With practise she acquired polish, yet in her maturity, when she met her husband, her verse was still the up-gushing of a sincere heart.

Its charm lay in direct and simple access to profound emotion. The directness and the simplicity of genius. It was a tribute to her as an artist that no one asked how she knew so much about her subject. Not after they had seen her. Her frail appearance indicated spiritual aptitudes. As one of her classmates finely said, "Laura Skelton is a soul."

Or, in the words of a noted critic, "It is of the essence of her gift that through the very purity of her imagination she apprehends passion, and by means of homely words and fastidious images she gets results positively volcanic."

Her economy of materials was extreme. She would sing of an early love or lover, now dead, departed or mislaid. The effect upon you was of intolerable loss, unutterable heartache. Or she would begin by expressing a present felicity, really all that a normal woman ought to ask, and then she'd indicate what would happen if she should casually meet again the mislaid, the departed or the dead. It made you feel how little the wisest of us know our own hearts, and how insecure might prove the beatitude we now confide in. Or she would indicate what would happen if she encountered a still truer mate than her present true mate. It made you feel unsettled but hopeful.

Keith Witherby gave this last theme a too personal application, and married her. The general run of poetry meant nothing to him, but here was a girl who saw straight, felt deeply and spoke right out. How the devil could she guess the sort of life he had led, or would lead if he had a chance? But there it was, in black and white.

Her more vehement things he memorized, and repeated to intimate friends at late hours, when sentiment becomes voluble. Not expecting poetry from him, they feared that too strenuous labors on the Exchange were telling at last.

Once he had met her, he ceased to quote. He began to read in her verse implications for himself alone. Boiled down to plain terms, it all meant that she had a premonition, she was on the brink, she was eligible for ultimate ecstasy. Well, so was he. A coincidence! He was glad he had arrived in time.

So was Laura. His honest admiration would have pleased a less sensitive heart. From the first she liked him; after due reticence she admitted she loved him. She knew he thought he was that destined affinity she had sung of. She didn't say he was, she didn't say he wasn't; he could believe what he chose. What held her back was the prospect of a companion who never wrote a poem or read any except hers. But she put the doubt aside, as springing from conceit of her talents; the gifts of heaven

were not intended to make matrimony more difficult than it is.

She resolved, however, on a poetic wedding, a ceremony original and distinctive. Keith felt better when he knew they were to be married like other folks, in June, with roses and bridesmaids. He missed the point that the bridesmaids were poets, select poets, every one of them—except his own sister, who had never written a line but who had charm. At the wedding she monopolized the ushers and the best man. Discord, Laura felt, in otherwise complete harmony. Later she recognized a portent.

The honeymoon, on the whole, was a success. At one moment Keith did suspect in his bride condescension or patience, as though she curbed her flight for his sake, but he realized he must be mistaken. The passing thought, however, made him urge her to take an hour off, every day or so, and write a few poems, just to keep her hand in. He didn't wish her happiness, he said, to interfere with her art; if it did, he'd never forgive himself. She flattered him by her decision to let the verse rest for a while.

Home again and installed in their new apartment, she resumed the habit of daily inspiration. Indeed, she composed only on the typewriter, an instrument serviceable to art but too humble for honeymoons. Keith was much relieved. He knew that as soon as he was on his way to the office, the busy keys would be sounding in her cozy study, and line by line the lyrics would emerge. The dear girl! In the evening he greeted her as one toiler to another: "Well, how's the muse been behaving? A profitable day?"

"Excellent, Keith—most satisfactory."

"That's the talk! I wasn't wasting time myself. You noticed how the market went?"

As a matter of fact, she hadn't noticed—ever.

Or he would try a vein more suitable to a poet-wife.

"I'm glad you're hard at work, Laura. Now's the moment, isn't it, while the bloom is on?"

BUT the reference to the early stage of matrimony went as wide as the mention of stocks. She would kiss him dutifully and remark that dinner was ready and he mustn't delay the cook.

The new poems were not submitted for his criticism. When he called attention to the fact, she would brighten, obviously pleased.

"They aren't ready, Keith—nothing but first drafts. Some day I'll show them all together."

"Well, whenever you say. I'm your most impatient public, remember. These new ones will be a lot better."

She caught the slight. "What was the matter with the others?"

He pulled comfortably at his pipe. "You're happier now, aren't you?"

"Conceited man! I was completely happy before!"

He grinned with lazy satisfaction.

"Don't tell me you're not happier now—I know you are. And it's bound to show."

She was accomplishing more than she confessed. Certain of her best poems had been bought by magazines and were awaiting space of the right length at the bottom of pages. Keith would be surprised. Several of them had been read anonymously and immediately recognized at the Poetry Society, but Keith hadn't been present. The sessions of that academy did not appeal to him, and she really had a better time there when he wasn't on her mind.

But of course he must be made familiar with her work. She chose the evening of their wedding anniversary. He had wished



**U**ntil her husband eloped with the red-headed woman, Laura Skelton was a poet. From then on she was nothing to speak of.

*Illustrations by*  
R. F. Schabelitz

for a note of gaiety in the celebration, but she preferred an intimate conferring of soul—they two, no one else. The dinner she arranged was exquisite. Afterwards she got him into his favorite chair and found his pipe. Disguised in a silk cover, her manuscripts were ready under the lamp.

"Haven't we had a splendid year, Keith!" she exclaimed.

"Well, I'll say!" He was lighting the pipe, and he answered with eyes glued on the match. She waited for his attention.

"Keith, I've done some of my best work this year."

"Good! I've wondered how it's been coming on."

"Would you like to hear?"

The pipe was balky. He pulled two or three times, to make sure of it, then settled back.

"Fine! Read away!"

She took out the slender sheaf of pages. Off his guard, he calculated the quantity.

"Is that all?"

"All what, Keith?"

"I was stupid—these are just the pick, of course! Let's hear them."

She wasn't offended—he had simply reminded her of their lack of contact. She regretted her impulse to read. He intended well, poor old Keith, but he never would get the subtleties.

After the first poem, and the second, he said nothing. Hurt and a little angry, she read on. After the third, she put down the manuscript and faced him.

He was pale, frightened.

"Laura! Was our marriage a mistake?"

So he too saw his insufficiency! Magnanimous, she smiled at him.

"Not so long as you love me, Keith—shortcomings are of no account if you still care."

"If I care? I never wrote the darn things!"

Now she was offended—without the least notion what he meant.

"Laura, on each of those three pages you say—well, you say you are grieving as you did before we were married!"

She came over and sat on the arm of his chair.

"Did you think I was grieving? And did you marry me to

improve my condition? How sweet of you!" Her laugh tried to be amused, but even he could hear the note of irritation.

"Laura, I married you because I loved you, and you were willing to take the risk! In your poems then you used to emphasize the possibility of a love which hadn't arrived. So far so good; you hadn't yet met me. But now, as my wife, you still yearn for a better fate. In that third poem you say right out that if a real man should ever emerge from the clouded future, you'd lose no time in eloping with him!"

"Poor Keith!"

"I'm an object of pity, am I?"

To escape a caressing hand, he rose. Their living-room wasn't large, but he did his best to stride up and down.

"You are an object of pity. You know nothing about art!"

"I understand the English language!"

"Do you really? Are you sure you can tell a poem from a timetable? You think I write to inform the world of my personal experience!"

"Well, don't you?"

"Sit down here, you stupid boy."

He wasn't ready to surrender, but she drew him into the chair.





"Understand once for all, Keith, a poet doesn't sing about herself."

"Don't you mean anything you write?" Keith asked her.

"Of course, but not literally."

He considered this distinction.

"You'd better not publish these verses, Laura. A number of my friends aren't poets. I'd have a lot to explain."

She gathered the pages back into their cover, walked to her desk and put them away. When she turned he saw she was crying. In a second he had an arm around her.

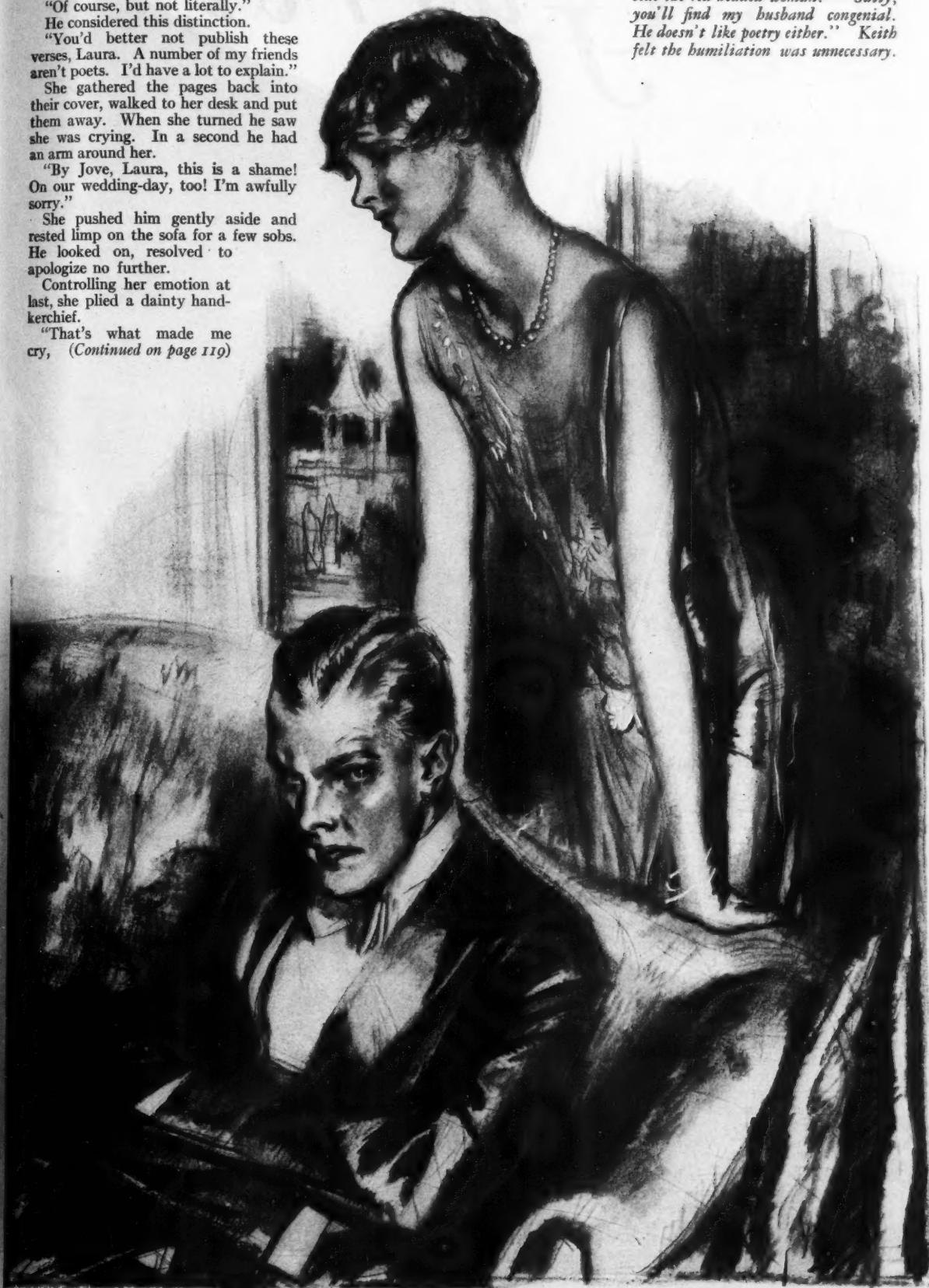
"By Jove, Laura, this is a shame! On our wedding-day, too! I'm awfully sorry."

She pushed him gently aside and rested limp on the sofa for a few sobs. He looked on, resolved to apologize no further.

Controlling her emotion at last, she plied a dainty handkerchief.

"That's what made me cry, (Continued on page 119)

*Laura found a place for Keith beside the red-headed woman. "Sally, you'll find my husband congenial. He doesn't like poetry either." Keith felt the humiliation was unnecessary.*



# A Garret

Illustrations by  
W. E. Heitland

IT WAS only after his mother's death in a slum lodging-house near the markets of Paris that Sacha became aware, with a kind of shyness in his soul, that he loved Vera with more than a brother's love. It was something different from brotherly love; something rather frightening in a way because it stirred strange and unknown emotions in him and made things difficult with this girl who didn't understand his moodiness, and a change in his manner to her, and that new shyness of his which he hid by a kind of grumpiness. He was eighteen now, and she was a year younger but old enough to know what was the matter with him, though he funk'd telling her.

There they were living together like brother and sister in two rooms on the fifth floor of that foul lodging-house in the Rue Danton, inhabited by vicious women and rat-eyed Communists (who had a printing-press in the cellar) and porters from the markets with their querulous wives and squalling brats, and a man blinded in the war who sold newspapers outside Notre Dame, and young men who lay abed till late and emerged at night, smartly dressed, on their way to the Grands Boulevards or the cabarets of Montmartre where they had some sort of work as birds of prey.

Sacha and Vera had very little to do with the life around them. They went out to their own work and were glad to get back again to these two rooms where they spoke Russian sometimes—though they were more used to French now—and were alone with each other in this great city of Paris whose roar of traffic with its ceaseless honking of motor-horns came always through the cracked window-panes.

These rooms had been the end of a journey which had lasted eight years. Moscow to the Black Sea . . . The Island of Prinkipo, where they had lived for a year with Sacha's mother and a swarm of Russian refugees, like Gipsies or people shipwrecked on a desert island . . . Constantinople . . . Budapest . . . Vienna . . . Berlin . . . At last Paris.

Thinking back to those days Sacha remembered the stench of people in sheepskins, verminous rooms, days when he went hungry, nights when he woke up to hear his mother coughing or weeping, though always she told him to be brave and tried to make a game of life and was gay sometimes when she could get some work to do as a singer in one of the cabarets of those big cities.

Vera slept in the same bed with him in those days, and he remembered the warmth of her body cuddled up to him and



*Sacha's music filled the little room with his newly awakened passion. "What's*

# in PARIS

By SIR  
PHILIP GIBBS



the tickling of her hair against his face when they had slept sometimes in railway stations or under the trucks on their way from Moscow. That was when he was nine years old and she was eight. She called him "little brother" and he called her "little sister," though one day he learned with a faint surprise, not bothering much, that she was not his real sister but the daughter of one of his mother's friends—a Russian lady who had died of typhus after she had fled from Moscow where her husband had been shot on the same day as Sacha's father.

They had been in Paris now for two years and when his mother fell ill so that she could no longer sing in a cabaret up in Montmartre, Sacha had found a job as a potboy and junior chucker-out in a *bistro* or wine-shop called the *Rat Mort* (the Dead Rat) at the corner of the markets. Vera had also gone to work and was a *midinette* in a drapery shop in the Rue Montmartre where on fine days she stood outside selling cheap stockings and chemises to women of the poorer classes or to boys who came to buy them for their girls. Between them they earned enough to pay for the two rooms on the fifth floor in the Rue Danton, their sanctuary, and to buy food and medicines for Sacha's "little mother" who lay in bed all day, getting weaker. So weak that, one night, when Sacha sat by her side holding her hand—very thin and transparent—he could hardly hear her when she spoke to him.

"I think I shall see your father soon," she said, and he saw that there were tears in her eyes, though she was smiling and staring towards the window where Vera had pinned up a bit of lace across the cracked panes.

"You'll soon get well, Little Mother," said Sacha—"now the spring is coming."

She did not answer him but spoke again, very faintly.

"Be kind to Vera. Keep her from harm, Sacha. Paris is so full of danger for young girls."

"Vera knows how to look after herself," said Sacha, smiling and pretending to talk cheerfully, though there was something in his mother's face that frightened him.

She stroked his hand for a little while, and then put her fingers through his hair as he stooped down to kiss her.

"A long way from Moscow!" she whispered.

She gave a deep-drawn sigh, but it was several minutes before he knew that she lay dead in his arms.

Vera found him weeping loudly with great harsh sobs, on his knees with his head down upon the bed, when she came home from selling those cheap stockings in the Rue Montmartre. That

the cry of love in his heart, with his dream, with that you're playing, big bear?" asked Vera.



night Sacha and Vera wept in each other's arms and it was the boy, that big Russian boy with fair tousled hair and blue eyes like an Englishman's, who needed comfort most. Vera was braver.

Women are like that sometimes, in hours of tragedy. This girl Vera, so childish sometimes, so dependent on Sacha, so gay and wilful, was the comforter in that room where death had come.

After the funeral when they walked alone behind the hearse through the slum streets of Paris on a day of rain they came back to their rooms, and gradually, being young, and because life is like that, the sense of loss was not so sharp, and Vera laughed again, and Sacha was grumpy with her, and sunshine came through the cracked window-panes on spring days, calling to the youth in them.

Perhaps the spring had something to do with it. But more likely it was because Sacha was beginning to think of his manhood and the meaning of life, and to look at Vera with changed eyes now that she was changing a little and was no longer a child.

It was on their way to the Bois de Boulogne on a Sunday afternoon that he knew for the first time that this girl meant everything in life to him. They had trudged down from the Rue Danton towards Notre Dame, and then along the river, and across the Place de la Concorde where Sacha had grabbed her just in time to save her from a skidding automobile.

"*Espère de saligaudi!*" (which means something in the nature

Sir Philip



LET'S see, there are five Gibbsses writing these days—Sir Philip Gibbs, Hamilton Gibbs, Cosmo Hamilton, Mrs. Hamilton Gibbs, and Sir Philip's son, Anthony. That makes the Irwins—Will, Wallace, and Inez Haynes Irwin—seem like amateurs in getting the family name on book covers.

For long Sir Philip Gibbs has been one of my favorite authors. He not only tells me a good story, but he describes for me places and people who interest me. I always finish one of his stories feeling that I've learned something. This

of "a dirty dog") cried Vera, shaking her little fist at the chauffeur who grinned back at her over his wheel.

Sacha turned white and felt rather sick. "For heaven's sake look where you're going, can't you?" he shouted angrily.

It occurred to him that if he hadn't grabbed her just then he would have had to go back alone to those rooms at the top of the Rue Danton. That was an awful thought which kept him silent for quite a long time. If anything happened to Vera he would be without a reason for life. She was the one creature for whom he lived. He knew that now. All his plans were for her. All his ambitions were for her—that fiddle he was learning, his dreams of the future. Curse that automobile, and all the devils who run down those who walk!

They strolled slowly up the Champs Élysées towards the gates of the Bois, a long and tiring walk, so that Vera hung on to his arm before the end of it, and limped a little on one foot because the heel of her shoe was worn down. But she was merry in her mind because of the warmth of the sun on this day in spring,



It was certainly love that had got hold of him for this girl who had been like his sister, thought

story, for instance; I've been in Paris many times, but I didn't know the Paris about which he writes.

So, too, Anthony has told me in his story, "The Debt of Honor," a lot I didn't know about a certain type of Englishman.

And yet he writes as differently from his father as it is possible to imagine. To show you how different, we shall publish "The Provençal Dancers" by Sir Philip, alongside "The Debt of Honor" in next month's *Cosmopolitan*—a father-and-son match, as it were. R. L.

Anthony Gibbs



traffic swirling towards the Bois. "War profiteers and parvenus. You and I are the only aristocrats, Sacha!"

She often spoke like that, with pretended arrogance, as a joke against their poverty.

"Yes," answered Sacha with dark irony. "Aristocrats of the Rue Danton. Fifth floor, and mind the garbage can!"

"I can remember things before the Rue Danton," said Vera after they had walked a little farther. "I remember before we started wandering—unless it's something that came to me in a dream. A long room—miles long, I think—with polished boards and rows and rows of pictures and painted ceilings and millions of candles burning in things made of glass."

"Candelabra," explained Sacha. "Like those at Versailles. But you exaggerate as usual. There couldn't have been millions of candles."

"Hundreds of millions!" insisted Vera, pinching his arm. "And my mother was in a white dress and I held on to her hand. And my father was in uniform with a big star on his stomach."

"On his breast," corrected Sacha, laughing gruffly.

"I'm sure it was on his stomach," she said wilfully. "That's how it seemed to me as a child. Anyhow, that's the sort of place I lived in once upon a time. And somebody held me up one day to be kissed by a man with a beard. I can remember its softness against my cheek, and I know now (though I can't think how) that it was the Czar who kissed me. He (Continued on page 162)

and the glint and sparkle of the automobiles, and the well-dressed people streaming towards the Bois.

Some of them glanced as they passed at this boy and girl arm in arm, so shabby, so obviously poverty-stricken, and yet, because of their youth, attractive. Young lovers! thought the middle-aged. Oh, to be young again! thought the old ones. Or perhaps they noticed something distinguished about Sacha as he slouched on with a long stride and his head up and a gloomy look in his eyes (because of those thoughts of loneliness), in an old jacket too short at the wrists and trousers too short above his boots.

Vera was not so shabby. She had a wonderful way of looking neat and almost elegant in that frock which she had turned twice and mended at the hem. With a touch of white chiffon round the throat, and a funny little hat she had made herself from a bit of felt she had bought for a few sous, she looked very *chic*, as Sacha had noticed shyly that morning, though he hadn't told her so. It was only that broken-down heel which spoiled her elegance.

"The rich *bourgeoisie*!" she said presently, staring at the endless line of



Sacha. But she would only laugh and jeer at him if he said he loved her. She wouldn't understand.

# I, Rube Goldberg, Hereby Plead for



IT WAS not until recently that I came to the shocking realization of the fact that women were unjustly taking all the glory for their own operations. They became suddenly renowned when they entered the hospital, and during the period of recuperation, which generally was stretched into a ripe old age, they acquired a spiritual glow that enshrined them in a niche alongside Joan of Arc, Edith Cavell and Carrie Nation.

I am here to plead the case of the unsung husband who endures a sympathetic pain for every one of his wife's agonies and alone suffers the full burden of the terrific blow that comes with the doctor's final bill.

My own case is probably mild compared to those of other male martyrs of female operations. But it will serve, I hope, as a document of emancipation for obscure husband bystanders who have not received one single little flower or one soft isolated grape to console them during their period of mental travail and financial torment.

It was I who suggested that my wife see a specialist. I claim this distinction so I justly can take the credit for all the suffering which I subsequently endured. Suggesting that your wife visit a specialist means nothing more or less than a positive operation.

If a woman book-agent or a solicitor of funds for the hoarse yodlers of the Alps drifts innocently into the consulting-room of a great surgeon he will immediately order her to the hospital to be operated on for oophitis, which does not have to mean anything at all.

An anatomical consultant need only look at a woman and she is under the ether. When my wife walked into the consulting-room of a famous diagnostician he said, without looking up from his newspaper which was open at the financial page, "Madam, you need an operation."

"But doctor," my wife protested, "you don't even know who I am and you haven't even examined me yet."

"My good woman," he answered, as his eye rested on the latest quotation for General Motors, "you are very well dressed and that is sufficient reason why you need an operation. As far as your identity is concerned I am not the least bit interested. I only want to know who your husband is."

I call your attention to the important part I played in the transaction to counteract future evidence which seemed to point to the contrary. When she came home she told me of the interview and, with mixed emotion, both scrambled and soft-boiled, I called up the great man of medicine and gave him my bank balance.

When I reached his office the next day by appointment, I said, "Now, doctor, while I earn a nice living and am in fairly comfortable circumstances, I am not what you would call a—"

That was as far as I got. He seized me and took my temperature, pulse and blood pressure.

"Say, doctor," I protested, "my wife is the one to be operated on, not I."

"I know it," he answered unemotionally, all the while seemingly engrossed in mental calculations. "I merely wanted to see how much of a shock you could stand."

To my great disappointment he found me to be perfectly normal and thoroughly capable of taking it on the chin. He said quickly, "Have your wife at the hospital Sunday night and I will operate Monday morning at nine-thirty."

A nurse escorted me to the door in a daze and that was the beginning of a period of silent suffering for which, up to this moment, I have been unable to let out one single squawk of complaint. I ask for no sympathy now. All I want is the glory to which I am entitled.

Sunday night I took my wife to the hospital and met the two nurses who were to sit around for the next three weeks reading the latest novels and tabloids at eight dollars apiece a day. I said good night to the prospective patient, told her not to worry about the children, paid the bill for two weeks in advance, and then ceased to exist as far as the hospital authorities were concerned. After a sleepless night, I reached the hospital at nine and was told I could not enter the sick-room. They were wrapping the patient for mailing to the operating-room.

I stood outside the door hoping I could get a glimpse of the bundle that was once my wife as it passed by en route to its uncertain destination. I stood helplessly by a window overlooking an apartment-house across the street.

I saw a man shaving and a woman cooking corned beef and cabbage. I saw a baby eating clothes-pins, two bootleggers counting bottles and a night-watchman just going to bed. I saw a blonde in a beautiful green kimono lying in bed crying over the telephone.

All the while, men and women, clad completely in white, kept rushing past me like ghosts in a Shakespearian tragedy. Once or twice I accosted one of them and asked, "Is everything going all right?"

But to them I was just another ghost. I wanted to be just some small part of the proceedings, but they would have none of me. I talked aloud to myself hoping to attract a little attention. If someone had only said, "That guy is nuts," I would have felt relieved. My unimportance was overwhelming.

Finally I was almost run over by an individual who looked like a street-sweeper. The only thing he lacked was the helmet. He went by so fast I only caught a fleeting glimpse of the vehicle he was wheeling, and mistook it for one of those portable ash-cans.

Had they given up hope already? Had they called in the street-cleaning department to cart my wife away? He pushed his scooter into the room and I was the prey to all sorts of mingled



# Either for Husbands, Too

And I Have Drawn These  
Pictures To Defend My Cause

phantasmagoria. I imagined what I didn't see and misjudged what I did see.

Soon the wheeled affair reappeared and was rolled down the hall accompanied by a Ku Klux parade. They all marched in perfect order, their heads incased in spotless white flour sacks. My wife was queen of the carnival and rode aloft in the wheeled chariot. But she vouchsafed no sign of recognition to the assembled crowd of one, which happened to be me.

I remembered dimly the doctor had told me the operation might take an hour and a half. I looked at my watch and figured it would be over by eleven at the very latest. I was struck with a brilliant idea. My car was waiting downstairs. I would drive around town with my chauffeur for an hour and get my mind off the operation. That ride was like one of those futuristic novels the technique of which alone can convey any idea of my state of mind.

"Well, Joe, they've got her up there at last. Suppose the surgeon forgets which case it is and takes out the wrong thing! Gee, look at that fellow's whiskers. Wonder what he does when he goes to the dentist. Let's go and take a look at the new span they put in High Bridge. Suppose something happens, who will run the house? I could hire somebody to do the ordering all right, but I don't even know what size stockings the children wear . . .

"An operation is an ordinary thing these days, but, after all, when you are dealing with human life there is always a certain element of danger.

"Darn my tailor. He's altered this coat three times and it's still tight under the arms . . . The poor kid, lying up there with a lot of strange butchers practising new carving strokes on her. Maybe she didn't need the operation after all. It's all my fault, anyway.

"Do I send flowers the first day? Does a husband put in a card? I've got a little pain in my right side myself. Maybe the doctor would have given me a wholesale rate for two operations . . . I wonder what General Electric is doing today. It wouldn't look right for me to call up my broker now. Still, I'd like to know . . .

"Gee, they're wearing their skirts short. The one that just passed is a beaut. There's a lot of room in the car, too . . . I had a friend whose wife was operated on. The doctors got into a discussion about a bridge hand and forgot to sew her up.

"Gosh, I wonder what they're doing to her now! Will she

come out of the ether all right?

"Sure, Joe, I'd love to see your new apartment. It will use up a little time. Only forty-five a month. That includes taking away the garbage. Go ahead, I'm not listening to a word you're saying. You certainly keep the kitchen clean, Mrs. Joe . . . No, I didn't mind walking up the six flights of stairs . . . It nearly killed me and I didn't want to see the apartment in the first place . . .

"I must get back to the hospital now. Maybe something's happened. Gee, the car is crawling. That's a good picture of Johnny Farrel on that sign-board. 'I find that a drink of Gulpo gives me the proper zip when I hit the ball.' Boloney! Look at that cop, standing there arguing with a guy for passing an empty trolley-car and six murders probably being committed half a block away . . .

"Maybe I should have put in an order to sell my General Electric, anyway. I wish that couple in the car ahead would stop necking. It makes me nervous. Still, maybe it's the only chance he gets. His wife won't let him get out nights . . .

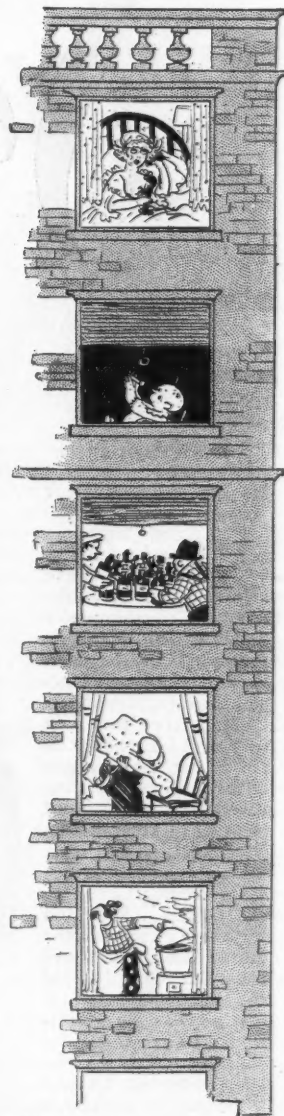
"A doctor can't work with a steady hand every day. Maybe this is one of the days when he's not in form. More speed, Joe.

"One hundred and tenth . . . One hundred and ninth . . . One hundred and eighth . . . One hun— Ah, thank heaven, the hospital is still here, anyway. Wait!"

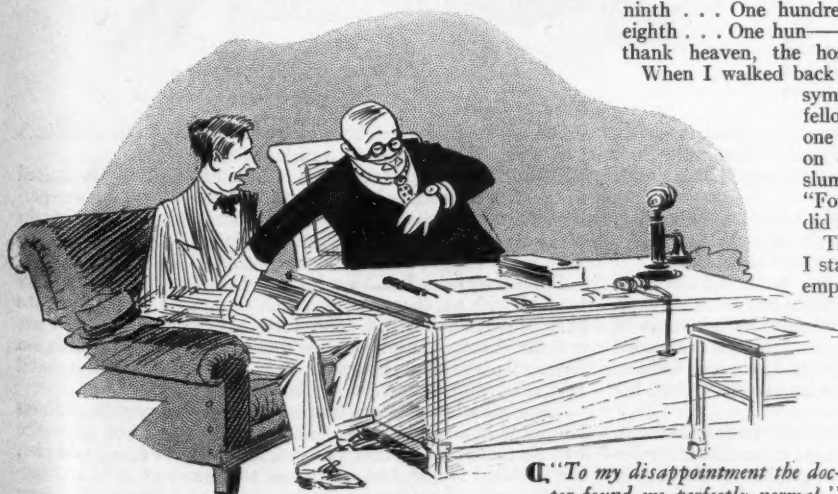
When I walked back into the hospital no one looked at me sympathetically and said, "That is the poor fellow whose wife is being operated on." No one even noticed me. The girl clerks went on checking up tonsils and adenoids. I slumped into the elevator, whispered, "Fourth floor, please," and the elevator boy did nothing but take me to the fourth floor.

The fourth floor was as silent as a tomb. I staggered to my wife's room. It was still empty. Her hat and bag were lying on a chair. I thought, "Will she ever use them again?" I picked up a paper lying on the floor and read, "Man kills wife in drunken rage." Between booze and doctors, wives had no chance at all. I waited and listened.

There was an electric loud-speaker in the hall that was apparently out (Continued on page 172)



"The apartment-house across the street."



"To my disappointment the doctor found me perfectly normal."

# By REX BEACH *Son of the Gods*

## *The Story So Far:*

WHEN Officer Dunne of the San Francisco police force brought an abandoned infant to the home of Lee Ying, the wealthy Chinese importer and Pan Yi, his wife, recognized in the child the answer to their long-continued prayers for offspring. They took him into their hearts as their son in very truth, a gift of the gods. And fearing to offend the beneficent powers, they refused to adopt him.

Daily the couple became more attached to the sturdy infant and little Sam grew up in the atmosphere of love and tranquillity that pervaded the luxurious home of Lee Ying, and his education proceeded in the orthodox Oriental fashion under a Chinese tutor until he was eleven years old. Then, with the death of Pan Yi and their subsequent journey to New York, a new life began for Sam and his father. There Sam learned to speak a pedantic book English and to wear American clothes. At fourteen he was an owlish youth, crammed with a learning far beyond his years. And it was at this time that he had his first fight and found his first real friend, Eileen Cassidy, the daughter of an assemblyman known to Lee Ying.

To complete his education, Sam went to Eastern University, where he encountered unreasoning prejudice on every hand. He won honors in the lecture-rooms and on the athletic field, and his purse was always open to those in need, but in spite of these things he felt himself to be an alien, friendless and alone. Therefore he welcomed the more eagerly the friendly advances of Alice Hart, a struggling art student whose ambitious desires led her to seek the friendship of the wealthy and generous Chinese youth. Sam showered the girl with gifts and finally invited her to New York to meet his father.

Lee Ying took the girl's measure accurately, as Sam had not, and proffered his financial aid that she might continue her studies abroad. Alice accepted his offer and betrayed her real feelings in her instant recoil when Sam asked her to marry him before she

*"I've learned about that Stevens girl, Mr. Lee. She and her mother are nothing but a pair of grafters. There must be a way to prove she's faking."*



sailed. Cut to the heart, he left her and two days later Lee Ying's lawyers made arrangements for her sailing.

Completely disillusioned, Sam returned to Eastern determined to conquer the conflicting emotions that raged within him—particularly the sense that he was more in tune with Western thought and ways than with those of his own people. But Western women were again to prove themselves unworthy of his trust.

Some time later Lee Ying learned that Sam had become entangled with another girl—one who demanded marriage as the price of his indiscretions. The story that came to the father was one that brought dismay to his soul, and he summoned his son from college to learn the truth. Sam, confronted with the sordid tale, cried: "This is extortion, blackmail!"

The girl had forced herself upon him and on a pretext of illness had lured him to her home. There, with a hard-luck story, she had obtained money from him and, according to a well-laid plot, her so-called mother had entered at that moment and a moving-picture scene of recriminations had followed. The unsuspecting

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Illustrations by  
Rico Tomaso

Sam had walked into a trap and, ashamed of his stupidity, had kept the unsavory episode to himself.

"I rejoice that you have not defiled yourself," Lee Ying told him, then. "My heart is warmed . . ."

NATURALLY Sam told his father all there was to tell about the Stevens affair, which in truth was not much, and of course Lee Ying was indignant. His indignation was the greater because he did not hold women, as a whole, in high esteem and considered them unimportant creatures, except from a biological standpoint. Like all Chinese he revered maternity, but he was distrustful and mildly contemptuous of women as individuals. The effrontery, the wickedness of this pair in presuming to capitalize their only worth-while function and the one thing about them which he held sacred, strengthened his feeling of contempt and argued, in their particular case, an irreverence, a moral depravity inexpressibly shocking.

The act of which Sam was accused did not in itself concern him; to the Oriental mind it was nothing, but the alleged result concerned him deeply. The pollution of his strain, the mixing of his blood was a thing Lee Ying could not tolerate.

The elder man's native piety had been almost wholly unaffected by his contacts with the Christian faith, hence his vindictive anger at the outrage done him, but with the younger it was different. Sam was quite as angry as his father and he smarted equally at the attempted wrong against him, nevertheless he

# A Novel of WHITE WOMEN and a MAN they made a RENEGADE

saw nothing sacrilegious in it. Nor could he think of Mona and her mother as typical representatives of their sex.

Western training had bred in him a quixotic reverence for woman. Respect is perhaps a better word. Women, that is to say, white women, intrigued him; they were a pleasing and an exciting mystery with which his mind was ceaselessly employed. Common sense argued that this experience, coupled with his others, should have shattered his faith in them, and that it should have rendered him proud, joyous to be Chinese but—somehow it failed to do so. And that fact depressed him.

What ailed him? he wondered. Almost every American he knew had treated him as an enemy and yet he excused them. In spite of their disregard, their scorn, he found them companionable, understand-

able, likable; in looks, in customs, in characteristics, in mental traits they were not as antipathetic to him as his own people.

Here was a reaction in that complicated chemistry of race impossible to explain. Inheritance, blood, tradition are supposed to count for everything and yet in him they counted for little or nothing. It was damnable. Where were the old theories? Was this racial difference a thing physical or psychological, a thing real or imaginary? Why, in his case, were reason and impulse always in conflict with each other?

Behaviorism! That was a new word and it covered a new trend of psychological investigation. Is a man's behavior—that is to say, the workings of his mind, his likes, his dislikes, his appetites and his revulsions—inherited or acquired?

According to this latest *ism* there is no such thing as inheritance: mental traits, dispositions, capabilities, tendencies are the result of nurture not nature. The human being at birth is a bit of unformed protoplasm, wholly lacking in so-called instincts, which squirms in answer only to physical stimuli. Its complex development is the result of "conditioning" by the attacks of outside influences.

Well, his case bore out the heretical doctrine: he was less a product of nature than of nurture. But after all, what did it matter? What good did it do to ask a thousand questions of himself when there was no answer to any one of them? He was no psychologist. He was merely an unhappy and bewildered young man who somehow could not find himself.

Lee Ying's faith in Sam's rectitude was firm, nevertheless he did not trust overmuch in the comfortable belief that evil will work its own undoing, nor did he shut his eyes to the possible results of the charge laid against his son. On the following morning, therefore, he took the boy down to his lawyers and put the matter unreservedly into their hands with instructions that





**C** "Go forth on your pilgrimage, my son," said Lee Ying. "Promise to write often, with a

they should spare no expense in protecting the good name of Lee.

There, for the first time in several months, Sam and Eileen met and he learned about her position with Carter and Pelz. Eileen, by now, had made herself more than a mere ornament, she had mastered the switchboard, she was the fastest typist the firm had and was becoming an actual force in the outer office. Her shorthand, too, was getting better.

Sam's coming threw her into something of a panic, especially as he treated her, for once, like a grown-up lady. He had always charmed her with his pretty attentions; he complimented her today so sincerely and so feelingly that she blushed and sparkled. He flattered her doubly by stopping to talk with her a second time when the interview with Mr. Carter was over.

A half-hour after Lee Ying and his son had gone, Mr. Carter was disturbed by loud and angry voices outside his sanctum, followed by a slamming and a crashing accompanied by cries, protests, exclamations, shrieks. In alarm the attorney poked his head out of his door, then hurriedly withdrew it in time to dodge a soaring law book.

A tornado was raging and it was wreaking havoc in the place. Eileen Cassidy had run amuck and the three other girls had sought refuge in separate quarters. Mr. Carter's own secretary, the oldest and the most settled member of the force, was crouched in the shelter of her desk and was weakly defending herself against a storm of pamphlets, stenographers' notebooks, bound volumes, waste-baskets and light articles of office equipment, the which Eileen was sending her way as fast as she could gather them up.

The room was a sight, the scene was a disgrace; nothing like it had ever occurred here and both Mr. Carter and Mr. Pelz were momentarily paralyzed. Fortunately, there were no clients in the anteroom, or if there had been they had fled.

Eileen was defiantly crying: "Sure, I took him into the vault, and I showed him the filing system. Now—file *this*, in *your*—system."

"This" was a woven-wire letter tray filled with correspondence. The tray struck with a crash; its contents scattered. The object of the attack uttered a thin shriek and tried to crawl into the lowest drawer of her desk.



*brush, for my eyes will be dim with tears."*

Mr. Carter bounded to the rescue, and seized Eileen. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "Good heavens! What's this? Here, Pelz, help me—hold her. Or—call a policeman."

"Make it an ambulance," Eileen shrieked. "I'll lay her on a hospital cot if it's the last— Say, boss! You needn't get rough. Pick a guy your own size."

Mr. Carter lifted the speaker and bore her from the immediate scene of action. Mr. Pelz, meanwhile, ran to the assistance of the weeping secretary, then lent his aid to the two other girls.

It took a while to get at the truth of the affair, for none of the four combatants was in condition to talk coherently. Oddly enough, the first one to recover her power of speech was Eileen, and the loudest if not the clearest explanation of the affray came from her albeit her remarks were directed at her fellow hirelings, and they were elliptical in meaning.

Call him a greasy Chinaman, would they? All right, one against three was ordinary fighting odds for the Irish. She'd stand for sassy remarks and insulting giggles but dirty cracks were out. She had warned that long drink of soup to lay off her. It was

time there was a head to the office, anyhow. Call a copper, eh? Hooey! Underscore hooey, and put it in quotes. She knew every cop in the city.

Sam Lee was a friend of hers and he was a gentleman and if any limber-fingered copy cat thought she could ride a friend of hers, and a good client of the firm, she was all wet. Period. Paragraph. Discharged? Not at all. What the dickens had she done to be fired? Interrogation-point. If there was any firing to be done, she'd tell Mr. Carter where to begin. Stop.

Order, of a sort, was finally restored but Mr. Carter's secretary was completely unnerved, she was through for the day. She was ill, she was trembling like a leaf, and of course she would refuse—oh, positively!—to step her foot in the office again as long as this common little mick remained in it.

"Mick!" The Rose of Erin quivered, her small hand groped for another missile, but as Mr. Carter's grip on her tightened she retorted derisively that if the former speaker never came back it would be too soon. Perhaps it would then be possible to get something done in the office. She, Eileen, had been doing most of the other's work, anyhow, and she could do it all, standing on her head in a tomato can. This from the daughter of Irish kings!

When Mr. Carter had finally reached the bottom of the affair and had weighed the evidence he permitted his secretary to go home and, being a just man, he did not insist unduly upon her returning. He admired spunk and he treasured loyalty; he had been thinking, anyhow, of promoting Eileen. That night he laughed heartily when he told his wife about the disgraceful affair.

"SO YOU'VE been putting up my salary. Well, I want to pay it back." It was Eileen speaking. Several weeks had passed; she had stopped in at Lee Ying's on her way home. The merchant murmured something about not understanding but Eileen frowned at him.

"Oh, yes, you do! I'm Mr. Carter's secretary now. I'm self-supporting and I'm beholden to nobody."

"He promised to keep it a secret," the old man complained weakly.

"Pshaw! How can a man keep a secret from a good secretary? It was safe with that dud he used to have, but I've got something to wear a hat on besides hair. Come clean, Mr. Lee, the Cassidys can't owe anything to anybody."

"You accused me of being Irish one day when I complimented you," Lee Ying said with a smile. "May I compliment you again by saying you are more Chinese than Irish?"

"Is that a compliment?"

"I consider it so. You abhor debt; you are sensitive of your honor and loyal to your friends. Oh, Mr. Carter told me about that brawl. He called it a typhoon and it amused him, but it stirred me deeply and I did not laugh. You are Chinese, also, in your love of the beautiful. See, you wear one small single bloom upon your coat. Why not a bunch?"

"Economy!"

Lee Ying shook his head.

"Well, isn't one spray just as pretty as a whole bouquet?"

"Prettier! Lovelier! You see? . . . A Chinese criminal on his way to execution will stop and buy or beg a single honey-suckle bloom and inhale its fragrance, worship its beauty . . . You also possess another trait that is peculiarly Chinese: you know how to be alone. Solitude, the leisure to know ourselves and to meditate upon the truth is a necessity to us."

"I don't see very much difference in people, Mr. Lee."

"There isn't much and it is mostly superficial—a matter of pigmentation and bone structure. Spiritual differences are largely the result of background and racial history. My people have acquired a repose, a philosophy, a reverence for age and a tenderness for youth which is peculiar to ourselves."

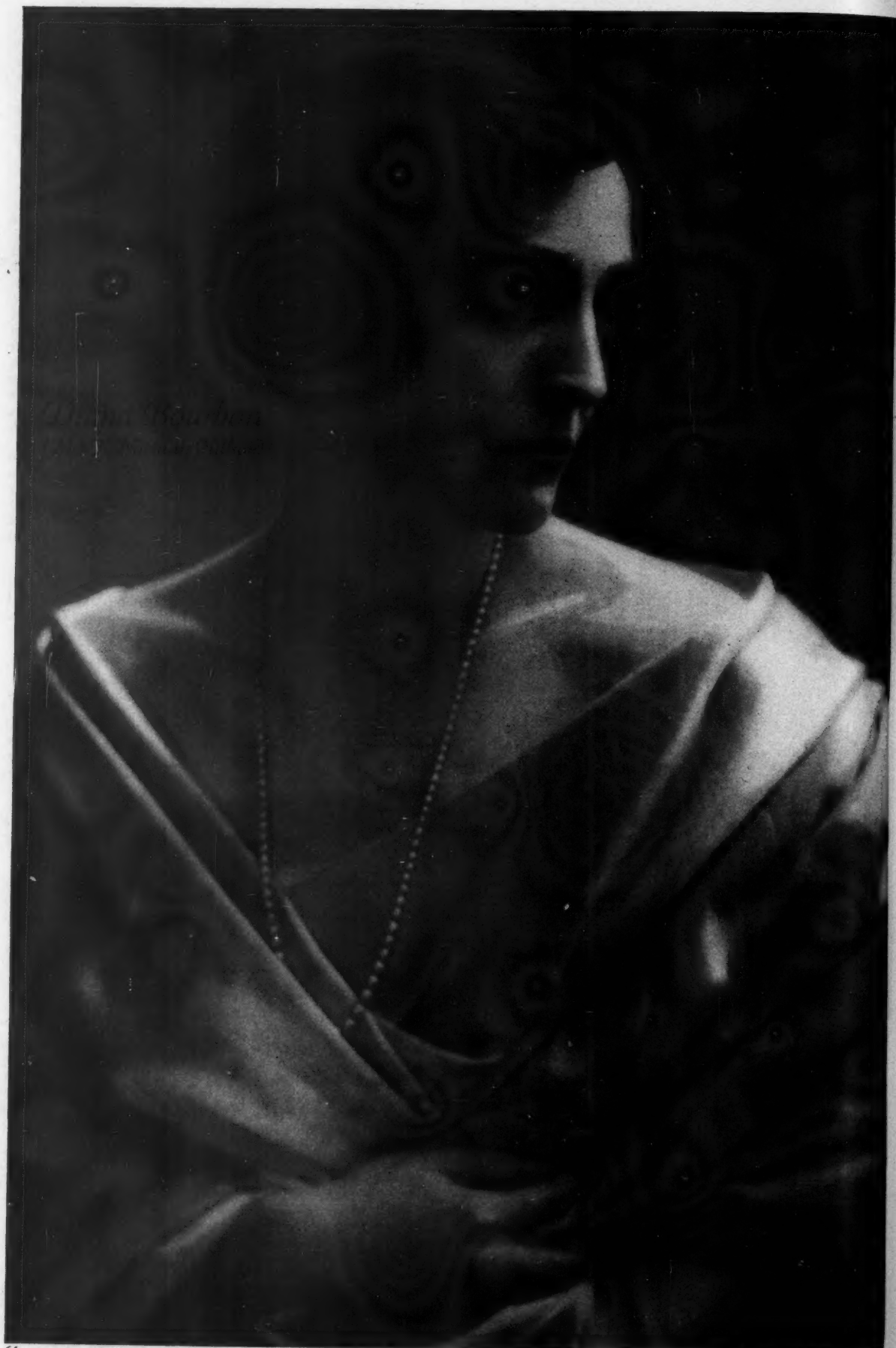
"It certainly isn't peculiar to mine. Peace troubles the Irish mind. Gee! It was good to have a nice fight."

"It will please Sam to learn that you stood up for him."

"Well, didn't he use to stand up for me?"

"He meets nothing, nowadays, except scorn and prejudice—a reasonless and sorry prejudice, by the way. He has no friends."

"I'm sorry for that. Now that we understand each other about those wages of mine, this gives (Continued on page 182)



*Diana Vreba  
1911-1912*



By Diana Bourbon

"THE INCOMPETENT STENOGRAPHER is  
liable to Unsentimental Dismissal—  
but a WIFE may be as Incompetent as she likes."

# How Many Wives Are Worth Their Keep?

**F**EW professions are higher paid than that of matrimony—for a woman. Few are, as a general rule, more inefficiently bungled.

This is especially true of America—where I honestly think that *the majority of wives do absolutely nothing to earn their keep!*

Exceptions there are, of course. Wives who, even in these days, approximate to unpaid, unappreciated general servants, baby nurses, governesses, official companions, and fulfillers of other, more intimate duties. There still are and I suppose always will be the wrong men who get the best wives in the good old prehistoric way.

But for once let us take a look at all the right men who get the worst wives—and at the wives they get! They are a more modern social phenomenon. And we hear less about them.

Taking it by and large, I think wives are at their best in the lowest and poorest grades of society, and in all cases when tremendous demands are made of them. Definitely at their worst when, living overeasily, they are given everything and give nothing (not even companionship, not even themselves—graciously) in return.

Ask yourselves the question—and answer it honestly: How many of those wives do *you* know? Honestly, mind!

Remember that in almost every case—nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand at any rate—the wife is paid a top-of-the-market wage. In other words, whether her husband is a navy or a millionaire she is—literally—endowed with the equivalent of his worldly goods. She lives just as well as his position can possibly enable her to live. Better—in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand!—than she could by her own unaided efforts.

Besides which she is saved a lot. How much, only the woman who has actually got out and striven to keep herself, has any idea. Granted, the sensation of economic independence is one of the sweetest in the world. But it is also one of the most costly to experience—and it is all cant to pretend otherwise.

The truth about earning a living (whether a man does it, or a woman) is that it is a beastly unpleasant business—and very few people would do it if they didn't have to! Not that they would be idle. But they would, certainly, find more congenial occupations than pounding the keys of a typewriter, persuading people who don't want them to buy adding-machines, writing advertisements for face creams—and all the other disagreeable things people get paid for doing!

The point is, though, that the woman who is kept has much the best of it on all material sides of the bargain. It is up to her to make adequate return.

Well—does she? What, for instance, does she do?

Keep house for her husband? Even in these days a housekeeper is still cheaper than a wife—and in a good many cases less trouble.

Bear his children? Accidental maternity is greatly on the decrease. Deliberate maternity is more often eagerly sought by the woman herself, than by the man *for* the woman. While of course the army of married women who carefully shirk this aspect of physical life is at any rate not on the down grade.

Continue to be his lover? How many of them do? I can't count many in a very extensive acquaintanceship. That is really quite hard work. Lots of women are too lazy to make the effort. And among those that do—that side of marriage is, surely, the one thing in the world that has no commercial value. If it is at all, it is above the dollar rate. If not we must at once revise all social standards and accord honor to the Mary Dugans of this world—relegating wives to contumely and ostracism. For in that case only the gold-diggers have had the common decency to be honest about it!

Very well. Review our conclusions. A wife receives a salary—and a substantial salary:

- (a) *for something that has no tangible valuation and would be defiled by one,*
- (b) *for something that she wants to do herself (and otherwise doesn't do at all),*
- (c) *for something that a domestic servant could do more cheaply,*
- (d) *and—for-what-else?*

That, of course, is where the cheating begins. For most of the moderns simply don't deliver any other goods.

**T**HE result is a noisy wave of married unhappiness—confession of failure in the first and most important human relationship by the nation that first elevated failure into the position of the eighth deadly sin! A failure all the more tragic because it is utterly unnecessary. Consider it for a moment. Any human institution that has lasted as long as marriage has must of necessity have proved successful—or at least acceptable—in the majority of cases. Otherwise it never would have survived.

Wives are not wholly—but they are certainly mostly—to blame. Mostly, because practically always since the quest of male for female first began—women have got the men they demanded. In a generation or two we can make over our types of men by working on our sons. Making over our types of women, our types of wives, is a subtler, harder business.

We need to take a look at ourselves without rose-colored spectacles. To discard that sanctified halo that used to go with wifehood in the generations when it had sterling value and was unappreciated. Halos have no place about the heads of the wives of today, who expend rather less care upon the business of matrimony than a stenographer would upon a shorthand note of an employer's letter.

There is a reason, of course. The incompetent stenographer is liable to unsentimental dismissal at any moment when it becomes apparent that she is "lying down on her job." A wife—who seldom stands up to hers—may be as incompetent as she likes. Practically speaking there is no remedy.

Divorce, of course. But divorce is a heroic expedient; and there again some man has offered womanhood the final insult of making it legal to claim financial compensation from a man who no longer wants to live with one! What an indignity! And what a point of view that has made so contemptible an arrangement acceptable to the woman without the excuse of children to be provided for. But the road to divorce (Continued on page 108)

# The Eloquence of Papa

**M**AÎTRE HENRI TRENTÉLIVRES, home early from his law office, had retired with determined step to the secret study which he maintained in his house in the Rue St. Louis-en-l'Île, and over that ancient mansion had fallen a stricken hush such as might pervade a household facing suddenly some shameful calamity.

In the smaller salon, a room of aristocratic air despite its threadbareness, sat the women of Maître Trentélivres' family—his entire family, in fact—clinging together spiritually in this dark hour, as if obeying the herd instinct to huddle before a gathering storm.

"*Hélas!* one might have known that he would return himself to it again!" moaned blond, stout Maman Trentélivres drearily. "Always in the end he cedes to the temptation."

"Never to buy a hat!" exclaimed Béatrice, the rebellious twin, looking up tragically through the dark locks that were everlastingly getting down over her eyes in moments of emotional stress. "I have eighteen years already, and in every one have I had the envy to buy a hat—that is to say, a veritable hat of mark, and not the bad-fagoted specimens from the department stores. And now this autumn, just when one had gained the consent and made plans—"

"That poor papa!" breathed Monique, the cuddly, tractable other twin. "But he loves his hobby of fashioning hats!"

"Chut, Mimi!" Maman Trentélivres chided her daughter in alarm. "Someone might hear thee!"

"To be obliged to wear always the home-made creation, like a Bastille girl!" went on the monotonous despair of Béatrice.

"I have the idea, my Bi, that the hats of Papa merit better definition," remarked Anne-Marie, the eldest daughter, who was tall, slender, brunette, cool. "At least, it appears that they cost me my friends. Rosalie Vilembert has not spoken to me since six months because I would not inform her where I found my hat of last spring."

"How to tell anyone that one's papa designed one's hat!" cried Bi.

"After all, it makes the economy," Monique put in for her papa. "The economy?" Anne-Marie spoke with sudden feeling. "Mimi cherished, there are some things which the means of this family do not permit, but"—her lips quivered—"hats are not among them."

The other three regarded her sympathetically, conscious of Anne-Marie's special heartache.

"Thou hast reason, my daughter," Madame Trentélivres hastened to assure Anne-Marie. "But evidently one is always going to have to endure it. My poor infants, it must be our grand secret—never the half-word even about it. If the world knew that your papa, Maître Trentélivres, fabricated the hats of his daughters . . . An advocate with such a leaning? It would rest to him nothing of clients after three months!"

66



The women of Maître Trentélivres' family clung together in this dark hour.

Pierre, the man servant, appeared at the door. "Monsieur demands Mademoiselle," he said, looking at Anne-Marie.

The girl followed him out and then went on upstairs alone. At the door of the lawyer's study, the bluish light showing through the crack would have told her, if nothing else had, that her papa had forgotten the half-promise which his daughters had been able to extract from him some weeks earlier and had returned to his regrettable passion.

She tapped and went in, to find her parent fussing ponderously around a long work-table which was the principal piece of furniture in as strange a room as any man of the law ever maintained for himself as a study. The table itself, covered with a scorched, frayed and work-soiled piece of sheeting, was crowded with curious objects—millinery pedestals, wooden head-forms, electric pressing appliances, an electric stitching-machine, brushes, bowls, trays of giant pins, an opened tin of sizing smelling of gasoline, a box of thread, an adjustable table mirror.

A shelf nailed to the wall displayed similar plant, including a wooden hat-stretcher equipped with a turn-screw, and a stack or nest of insulated wire hat-brims. A cabinet at one end contained some tall costume books and lateral shelves crammed with a *bouillabaisse* of odd pieces of silk, ribbons, artificial flowers, straw tape and other detritus of millinery. The room was harsh and brilliant with light from two powerful blue-glass globes which provided the counterfeit of hue-revealing daylight.

With scarcely a glance for this familiar setting, Anne-Marie seated herself dutifully before the mirror.

"Well, my cherished," announced her papa, in his great courtroom voice, "after all I have decided to make the hats of winter."

"Yes, Papa; I know," said Anne-Marie submissively.

"But how couldst thou?" asked Maître Trentélivres. "I had not made the announcement."

"The capelines have arrived today," explained the girl.

She looked momentarily at the table. Littered as it was, there had still been room upon it for a pile of limp felt hat-blanks of various shades, each pressed into a flaring semicircle.

"To be sure," growled Papa Trentélivres in some embarrassment. "Thou hast seen them arrive, without doubt. Eh, well,



# T by Forrest Wilson rentelivres

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

that imports nothing. Attend, my little one; one is going to commence."

He lumbered to the cabinet and drew from the shelf a narrow bolt of stiff material made of straw-cloth faced with white muslin. From this he cut a piece and, returning heavily and drawing up a chair, began shaping the stubborn fabric to his daughter's head.

"It's the classic technique, my infant, to make the trial first in the sparterie," mumbled Papa Trentelivres, his mouth full of long millinery pins, which he kept drawing forth one by one as needed from among the hairs of the great mustache that fell down over his lips. "In these decadent times," he went on indistinctly, "the upstarts fashion directly in the final material, thus immortalizing their faults, which are many. The authentic craftsman still works in trial stuff, that he may amend and balance until he arrives at his own degree of perfection."

"Yes, Papa," said Anne-Marie, who had heard this discourse before.

"I have often thought," rumbled the advocate musingly, as he twisted, pinned, snipped and glued the harsh esparto, "that I should have had more of success as practitioner in the assizes, if instead of my clients' arguments I could have made their hats."

"Yes, Papa?"

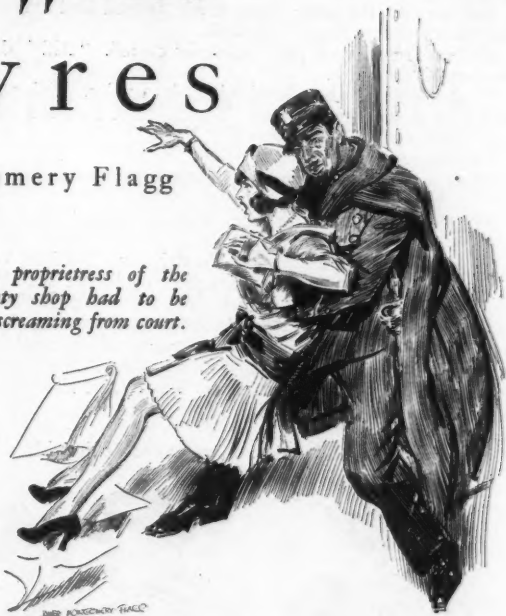
"But yes," boomed Maître Trentelivres with fervent conviction. "I could give thee a pretty thesis upon that point, if it would not bore thee."

"I pray you, do, Papa."

"Well, then, my cherished," he began, "let it be that I have a woman client, technically culpable. If she is not to suffer, her crime must have the circumstances attenuating. When one is as familiar as I am, my dear, with the processes of justice, one knows that when a woman accused happens to be beautiful, there are always the circumstances attenuating."

"It arrives then," he continued, "that one is obliged to make one's client pretty, if unfortunately she lacks that aid to a

**C** The proprietress of the beauty shop had to be led screaming from court.



verdict of non-culpability. How to do? Two methods. The one actually universal is by the plea of the advocate, which tries to flatter the jury into seeing what it does not see. *Blandis orationibus*. The other method has never yet been tried, save in my proper imagination. But I conceive it to be by the hat."

"By the hat, Papa!"

"That element, my dear daughter, in the habiliment of women the most important! Studied carefully to the visage of the wearer, however ugly that visage may be, the hat casts about the entire woman a mantle of the spirit—of youth, of mystery—and lends her for the moment a personality of its own. How often one sees a beautiful woman, hatted, who in bare head becomes familiar and even repellent! But I will preach to thee by example."

He arose ponderously from a protecting chair, for he was a man of towering height and great girth, and took the new roughly molded form from his daughter's head. He fitted this snugly upon one of the wooden types on the table, and then came back, bringing a felt capeline.

"Regard attentively into the mirror, my infant," he bade Anne-Marie, placing the blank on her head, "while I demonstrate my argument by the hat. Two things must I do before the jury: *primus*, gain its interest in my client; *secundus*, its sympathy. For interest, I make this fold, all simple. That, my cherished, when caught by a pin sufficiently glittering, is worth any two hours of my strongest oratory."

"It is marvelous, Papa."

"Attend! It rests still to gain the sympathy. So I fashion the brim closely on this side, thus, and then bring it down over the cheek on the other side—the jury side, my dear—in this touching curve. Let the client make adroit use of lip rouge, and there! The Procureur of the Republic may harangue for a day, a week—it is indifferent to me."

"Truly, it is wonderful, Papa," said Anne-Marie listlessly.

"But yes, something that ought to be tried," pronounced her papa, not noticing that Anne-Marie was not playing up in her usual daughtery manner to his peculiar enthusiasms. "I will work out thy hat for thee, my dear, tomorrow."

**C** "I am a failure," said Maître Trentelivres. "No, no, Papa!" cried Anne-Marie.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



And now, if thou wilt send me one of thy sisters—"

Half-way to the door, Anne-Marie paused and turned. "I saw Marcel today, Papa," she said.

Maitre Trentelvires' glow suddenly cooled. "Ah?" He did not face his daughter.

"It is hopeless," she told him in a dead voice. "His papa insists upon that other marriage. There is to be a *dot* of a million."

"But Marcel still loves thee?"

"Ah, yes, as I him."

"And no objection of family? Only that thou hast not a million?"

"But naturally."

"I should have had it for thee. I am a failure."

"No, no, Papa!"

"A failure," repeated Maitre Trentelvires. He fumbled with objects on the table, and his daughter could not see the tears blurring his eyes. "Sometimes I think my father deceived himself," he went on, "when he chose the profession of rights for me. A question of my adaptation to it. Even at the first I tasted little of success with my oral pleadings. Now I find myself briefed only in causes without hope. But if I could have made my arguments in hats . . ."

Advocate Henri Trentelvires was approaching his offices in



JAMES HOGGINS, PLATE

"And it was thee who betrayed me, Anne-Marie?" asked Papa Trentelvires.

the lower end of the Rue de Rivoli when he encountered Solicitor Dupont.

"How goes that, master?" inquired Monsieur Dupont, looking quizzically up at the looming figure of the advocate.

"Like this, like that," boomed down Maitre Trentelvires mildly. "And you, Monsieur?"

"Well enough," replied the office lawyer. "You are occupied at the moment, Monsieur?"

"Well, no," confessed Maitre Trentelvires. "You have something?"

"Perhaps." Monsieur Dupont outlined a case.

"Culpable, then?" pronounced Maitre Trentelvires, at the end.

"One might say so," responded Solicitor Dupont. "Without doubt she has stolen that money from her employer. But master—the fragility of women—the temptations."

"But yes," agreed Maitre Trentelvires wearily. "Naturally, Monsieur, you have already submitted this brief to other advocates?"

"Master!" exclaimed the shocked Solicitor Dupont.

"And they have refused?"

"Since you press me, yes. But you, master, have the reputation for taking such causes."

"Those without hope, it is true," amplified Maitre Trentelvires, with some acerbity. "And therefore those that pay little. Well, it arrives today that I also have the envy to refuse such a brief.

I have the envy—" He paused, a sudden light of interest coming into his eyes. "Tell me, Monsieur," he went on with more fervor; "your client, she is young?"

"Sufficiently."

"Ugly, of course? It is not worth the pain to ask that, since those others have refused her brief."

"A little hard in type, one might say," admitted Monsieur Dupont. "A type, perhaps, lacking a certain sympathy."

"I accept the brief," said Maitre Trentelvires decisively. "But listen well, my colleague; send your client to me at my house in the Rue St. Louis-en-l'Île, not at my office. Tomorrow afternoon at three hours."

"Understood," agreed the relieved solicitor.

Scarcely had Maitre Trentelvires gained his private office when his daughter, Mademoiselle Anne-Marie, was announced.

"Oh, Papa," she exclaimed breathlessly, "something has arrived! The arrangement for Marcel is adjourned for yet another year."

"So much the worse for thee!" was her papa's prompt comment.

"But why, Papa?"

"One year or one day—what difference? That family of Marcel's demands a *dot* of one million."

"Much can arrive in a year, Papa."

"A million is more than simply much."

"Eh, well, it was upon another commission that I came," explained Anne-Marie, dropping the painful subject. "In effect, it was to ask you, Papa, if you would wish well to make me another hat."

"My little end of cabbage!" exclaimed Maitre Trentelvires in incredulous joy. "Thou meanest that truly? Another hat this season?"

"But yes, Papa. My new one is a grand success. All the world admires it. And so—I wish another."

"Thou shalt have it, my dear," Maitre Trentelvires gave warm consent, "and not more late than tomorrow."

"We have the impression, my sisters and I," confessed Anne-Marie, "that we have not in times past made sufficiently great case of your creations, Papa. Now we grow older and more sage. In one word, Béatrice and Monique have prayed me to demand if you will make new hats for them also."

Maitre Trentelvires was a glowing mountain of happiness.

"The twins, too!" He made the gesture of drawing those absent ones to his bosom. "What success! Never before in the life have

you infants demanded me for some creations. Well, my cherished, you are going to have all the pretty hats of which you have the envy—a new one each day, if you desire. This is an affair not to be adjourned. Hasten thyself, Anne-Marie; one must go to search the materials."

As Maitre Trentelvires struggled into his overcoat, he recalled the legal enterprise which he had also set for himself for the next day.

"It is very to the purpose, this visit, my daughter," he said. "By hazard it finds itself that I am going to receive a client tomorrow afternoon at our house. I would wish well that thou be there, too."

"Yes, Papa?" asked Anne-Marie in some surprise.

"A woman client," explained the advocate. "I will receive her in the studio."

"Papa!" cried Anne-Marie, horrified. "She will see that you make creations!"

"Precisely. In effect, I am going to make one for her. I have already told thee, little one, of my theory in the practise of rights—my argument by the hat. Well, I am going to put it to the proof."

"What," thought Maitre Trentelvires one dark January afternoon, as his huge form loomed along among the lights and shadows of the Rue St. Honoré—"what if the good God had judged

it convenient to give me a family of boys instead of girls!"

He could not bring himself to contemplate such a fate, even though Providence had mercifully averted it from him. For now at last his precious family of girls was according to its papa's clandestine and once-despised talent a meed of appreciation pressed down and overflowing. Like the daughters of the horse-leech, those of Trentelivres had for nearly three months been crying, Give, give; and Papa Trentelivres might have made each of them a new hat every day without satisfying them. When the sheer cost of capelines became a factor in the family economy, the girls brought back their old hats—hats that they had owned sometimes for as long as a month—and Papa Trentelivres steamed out the creases and designed new shapes in these used materials.

Simultaneously had come an expansion of the legal side of his secret avocation. To the astonishment of everybody concerned, except Maître Trentelivres himself, that advocate had secured the acquittal of Monsieur Dupont's unpromising client, thus scoring his first court victory in several years. But Maître Trentelivres had remained serene in the conviction that he possessed at his fingers' ends an eloquence such as had never lain on the tip of his tongue.

He slighted the evidence, searched no authorities, polished no periods of oratory, but, instead, prepared an argument in felt, ribbons and baubles designed to soften the client's countenance and to endow her with that tender appearance so necessary in cases of technical guilt. When finally he inspected the finished plea, he knew that the case was as good as won. He had achieved a creation which wrapped the client in a veritable aura of circumstances attenuating.

And so the event itself proved. The attacks of the Procureur of the Republic lacked fire in the trial. The confrontations of the judge adopted a paternal tone. The jury voted non-culpability without leaving its benches; and the prosecuting witness—the proprietress of a beauty shop who, between parentheses, had been economical in her own choice of millinery—had to be led from court, screaming that at least the defendress should have been mulcted of the money she had taken from the till.

Within a week thereafter Maître Trentelivres was briefed in another affair equally delicate. He won it, too, with equal ease. After that the causes of distressed but difficult women showered down upon him. His victories became the sensation of the law courts. Every solicitor with a new client now thought first of Maître Trentelivres as the one to present the defense to the jury.

That former notorious depository of briefs no other advocate



"I am vanquished," he boomed. "Vale, Trentelivres, advocate! Ave, Henri, modiste!"

would accept, seemed suddenly to have discovered some magic to bring into the court-room; and to the legal brethren who marveled, the inexplicable part was that the vast Trentelivres, who had once made walls shudder with the thunder of his perorations, would say little at all. Professionally, he was mildness itself.

"Hélas!" privately mourned Maître Trentelivres, thinking of Anne-Marie's thwarted love. "Why have I not commenced this species of pleading one year more early?"

On this January afternoon the advocate was returning on foot to his office after an interview in the St. Lazare prison with the lady who at the moment had all Paris talking about her. In fact, Maître Trentelivres could now tell himself that he had reached the pinnacle of success, for he had just been briefed in a cause both celebrated and easy, a cause of the type that he had always before seen go to advocates more famous than himself.

The client was a young woman technically guilty of no worse an indiscretion than that of having filled her faithless lover full of bullets in front of one of the boulevard cafés. So understandable was such a slip that there was some murmur against the police that the impulsive girl should have been detained at all, especially after the newspapers had published her photograph; for she proved to be abundantly blessed by nature with those circumstances attenuating which are so effective with juries and, indeed, with public opinion. She was young, she was slender, she was *chic*, her eyes were gray and startled, her mouth expressed only childish innocence, her . . . In short, any callow law student could have gained an acquittal for her.

As the big advocate made his impressive but absent-minded passage through the crowd flowing under the lights of the Rue St. Honoré, considering what a triumph for his theory of persuasion it would be, if he should secure an acquittal for this new client by means of a hat and no other defense whatsoever, his eye was caught by an electric sign winking in the gloom ahead of him. It consisted of two words arranged in the form of a T. He spelled them out:

H E N R I

M  
O  
D  
E  
S

Henri—Modes! Maître Trentelivres realized how sadly, what with the pressure of hat-making, domestic and professional, upon him, he had been neglecting the field-work of his chosen hobby during the past weeks. Ordinarily he would have known (Continued on page 155)



"It is wonderful, Papa," said Anne-Marie listlessly.



By Lew Levenson

A writer new to  
these pages

# He Loved Flowers

I SELDOM have anything to do with cops or detectives. They're not in my line. As you know, I'm in the good old show business, right off Broadway, where the Regal Theater keeps putting on one musical show after the other.

My electrical booth is right next door to Drummond's office, and that's how I happened to meet Inspector Slayton. He's known Drummond ever since the boss started out as a treasurer. Now Drummond owns his own theater, Slayton pops in now and then, and that's how I came across the story of Lubie Becker.

Go back about fifteen years or so and you'll remember when airplanes was miracles flying up in the sky. Those was the days of the Wright brothers, and Dayton, Ohio, was the airship capital of the whole world. It was just about that time that Hickey Doane was building his airplane factory outside of Dayton and it was just about then—1913—that Luther Sonderson opened the Gem Plane Company plant.

The war did the rest. By 1919, Doane and Sonderson were

multimillionaires. They had combined their plants—the greatest in America. Four thousand men worked there then.

Lubie Becker went to work for Doane in 1913. He quit after a few months and Sonderson hired him. He was a sorta down-at-the-heels cheap workman then who somehow had got out of his class.

He should 'a' been a day-laborer. If he'd been born twenty years sooner, that's what he'd 'a' been. But in 1914 he believed, like a lot of others, that there ain't no such a thing as a white-collar working man. He wanted to be a boss. That's why he quit Doane in Doane's first year. That's why Sonderson took him on—a whip-cracker was needed to keep the mill men quiet.

No one'd take Lubie for a whip-cracker. He was too small, too shabby, too meek. He was sandy-haired, five foot six, hazel eyes, not exactly round-shouldered, yet with a sorta stoop, as if he'd had a weight across his neck. That's what Inspector Slayton says.

He made thirty-five per in 1914. By 1919, what with the war and high prices and being a faithful whip-cracker, he was worth eighty bucks a week.

Well, the war ended. Lubie was naturally one of them that was held over. He had to take a ten-dollar cut, though. Everybody did, when business slumped. He felt the slash pretty bad, because he had a funny craze. I'd like to know what one of them medicos would call it. He was crazy about flowers.

Seems he lived in a sorta flat in one of the older streets of Dayton. He just had a room all that while. He never bothered much about girls. He drank a little and sometimes went to shows. But he'd spend all his extra money on flowers. He kept a beautiful window-box filled with 'em all spring and summer. He had plants in his room, rose plants especially.

Once he got a cactus. It was his pride and joy. On another occasion he purchased, during a weekend trip to Cincinnati, a rare Japanese *araki*, a miniature tree, imported from Japan. It had long, silky, gray-green leaves which drooped weepily. It could not live in Lubie's room. It needed too much sunshine and daily dousings of rain. It died within a few weeks and lay, a dead stalk, for which Lubie had spent a week's salary.

As his pay went up, Lubie tried tricks with flowers. He tried to transplant outdoor flowers to his room, buying electric heaters to keep the temperature high. The landlady kicked. Said he was bringing bugs into the house. So he rented a garden patch in somebody's back yard down the street and seeded it and bulbed it until the soil was packed with struggling green things. They usually died. But failure

couldn't ruin his faith in 'em. He loved 'em so much he wanted 'em to grow, and grow he'd make 'em.

The war ended. His pay was cut. He got sick of the job and often spoke of quitting. But he couldn't go nowhere. Airplane factories are not to be found on every street-corner. So he had to stick it out.

He was now about thirty years old. He didn't play around the



*Lubie'd rather watch tulips grow up than children of his own. He wasn't no catch of the season, you might say.*

Illustrations by  
Joseph M. Clement





**C** "Your man Izzy's double-crossing you," said Ricca. "But you've got to pay. We've got to have ours." "Go get it," Lubie said.

women much. He'd rather watch tulips grow up beneath the hot sun down there in southern Ohio than children of his own. And the girls didn't play around with him. He wasn't no catch of the season, you might say.

Along about 1920 or so he lost another love. One thing Lubie Becker liked to do was to pull on a bottle. He was no drinking man, not at all. But he liked his beer for lunch and supper and a shot of whisky in the evening. Prohibition came along and took everything away from him. Bootleggers were scarce in those first days. The old saloons still did a pretty good business under cover. It took all of a year before Lubie was really hard-pressed for a drink.

**T**HEN he found out if he had the jack he could get liquor, but in no other way. Prices started rising. There was a lot of Kentucky booze, but bootleggers wanted five bucks a quart for it. Then it started to fade out too and Lubie had to drink bum stuff. Pretty soon he found that drinking cost him ten dollars a week more than before prohibition. And mind you, he was no drinking man.

Well, another year passed out and Lubie began to deal with one bootlegger only. This was a tall Southern fellow called Winston, a North Carolinian, ex-moonshiner, and a good fellow. Winston got good booze somehow. He charged more for it, six for rye and five for Scotch. One day he come to Lubie and tilted his prices.

"What's the big idea?" Lubie asked.

"I'm going up soon," the bootlegger said. "I can't get much

of a stretch. If I make a hundred bucks a week, that's big for me. And I got to put away a roll for my shelf in Atlanta, see?"

"Where do you get it from?" Lubie asked.

"Oh, lotsa places," said this Winston.

"Can you get all you want?"

"Sure's you know, I can get a hundred times as much as I got on hand, if I only knew where to sell it. People won't pay so much for liquor. I sell only to private people like you. I'm not taking so much of a chance as if I peddled to speak-easies. They'd take my six-dollar stuff and cut it three ways and then sell it all over again for six bucks. They're the ones who get the heavy jack. Not me."

Something hit Lubie at that moment. He got an idea, the first real one he ever had. He was only a little boss in a awful big plant. His office was way up in the big building, a stuffy coop under the roof. But just the same he was a boss and for a good many years he'd been meeting the biggest guys in the game, at company meetings and confabs of all sorts.

"Maybe I can sell some for you," he hinted.

"Wish you would," said Winston.

"Course I couldn't handle it myself. But I'll tip you off who to visit. I want fifty cents a bottle."

The deal was made. Lubie eagerly set to work. He used up a couple of bottles in the plant, getting the stuff free from Winston. It went over big. Everybody wanted to get stocked up by the bootlegger who sold real honest-to-goodness hot liquor, not corn whisky, but good old-fashioned Bourbon and rye.

Now people's got a good many (Continued on page 137)

Concluding—

# Lily Christine

A Novel of a  
GOOD WOMAN



THAT night it was a long time before Harvey got to sleep. His thoughts flowed in a broad unhurrying stream, carrying him with them as though he was nothing at all. What a driver a man's mind can be, and how impotent a man is.

He couldn't be bothered with Summerest any more, that was certain. But the queer thing was that he suddenly knew that he was free of Lily Christine too, free of her for good. Yes, he had disentangled himself from the pattern of those two people's lives; from now on he was separate from them.

There was no sadness in this realization, nor yet any sense of relief. He hung suspended in a profound sense of his captivity.

They would be together again, he knew that. He knew everything, lying in bed that night. Summerest needed Lily Christine to hold him together. He was no good, a daft unsure sort of man rotting with contrary blood instincts. And she loved the fellow, there was not a doubt of it. Something in her had recognized him as hers, she clung to him in her being, she was not complete without him. Yes, they would be together again. He had done her evil, but what did that matter? His evil was part of her too, part of the dark twisting river that bore them to fulfilment. And so they would be together again.

But he, Harvey, must see to that. That was where he came in, for the last time. Of the three, Summerest and Lily Christine and himself, he was the strong one, in his new-found separateness from them.

In his inmost consciousness he was afraid of Lily Christine. And he knew that Summerest must be too, and maybe that was why he was making this daft attempt to get away from her. Yes, in their inmost consciousness they were afraid of Lily Christine,

the men who loved her. And this fear was like a flower, springing from the best soil in them.

They were afraid of her because her standards were instinctive, not mental or emotional or traditional. She had a criterion, instinctively. And she lived up to it, instinctively, without effort. You couldn't fill her up with the lies of tradition and prejudice and desire and comfort, with all the little daily corruptions of life. No, you couldn't.

His thoughts bore him on. He had to play a trick on Lily Christine. Yes, that was the way to put it. He had to play a trick on her. But, to begin with, he must not think any more whether she liked him or not. In the sum of their lives, that did not matter any more. He had to help those two back to their proper lives. And he could do it only by standing away from her, by putting away from him the fear of her fine standards.

In the morning, although he knew she must be back in London to see Summerest, he did not telephone to her. Imagining them together, Lily Christine and that fellow, he smiled grimly. The interview would come to nothing, of course. Lily

Christine pleading with him to come to some other "arrangement," not to let her innocent friends in for this mess. Summerest, with his spidery selfishness, listening stonily, quite indifferent to any suffering of Harvey's, thankful only that she did not use the one weapon that must weaken him.

Summerest simply would not be able to withstand the appeal of her love for him. That was why he had slunk away to Paris. The difficulty was, of course, that you couldn't persuade Lily Christine to use such an argument. It wouldn't be fair, to her mind. It would be blackmailing him to come back to her. She wouldn't do it.

Well, she must be made to. There was a way he knew of. It wasn't pleasant, but what did that matter? He would never see her again.

He knew Lily Christine would come to see him that day, after she had seen Summerest. It was a Saturday; he left Fleet Street early in the afternoon and was in his study by four o'clock. He had some work to do for Monday's paper, and settled himself at his writing-table to do it. Muriel was out with a friend at a matinée.

Before shutting himself into the study he told the maid to show Mrs. Summerest in as soon as she came. He pictured her coming in, let himself go to the thought of her. Well, this was the last time he would let dreams charm him. He knew she would never see him again, that this was the last time.

And she came, and she went, and he was left so witless he did

# By Michael Arlen

Illustrations by  
H. R. Ballinger

not know what to do. He was left decentralized, having no center in himself, but only in what she must be thinking of him. And what was she, the slim quick figure striding away from him, thinking of him? Dear Lord, what could she help but think of him!

A few minutes was all she stayed with him, for all the way she had settled herself down to talk to him with the full sad seriousness of trusting friendship. No, she was not cold, but gave herself to him in all the trusting warmth of friendship. So what he had to do was made more difficult than ever. Well, it was a funny world. Nothing was ever made easy for you. That is, nothing worth doing. And wasn't this worth doing? Wasn't it just? Her happiness.

She told him that she had just left Ivor, and how he had been as she had feared he might be, hiding himself from her behind that profile of his. And so she simply had not been able to get at him.

She was sad, without a smile in her. She did not belittle her failure, did not belittle the hopelessness of the dilemma her friend was in through her fault. She was sorry, she said.

Then Harvey said what he had planned to say. He played his trick. Listening to his own words, they appalled him so much he almost broke down. It was like putting his thumb down on the friendship that was between them and pressing it down as hard as he could, leaving a nasty smudge instead of a friendship.

How she looked at him, with a queer frightened surprise!

He could not bear it; his plot almost collapsed. But somehow he managed to go heavily on, driving her back to the fellow by telling her that he, Harvey, on thinking the whole thing over, had come to the conclusion that it really was too hard on him and his wife to be entangled in her affairs in this troublesome way.

Yes, "troublesome" was the word he used. Well, he had finished letting dreams charm him. He would do the thing properly while he was about it. "In this troublesome way . . ."

Her fine dark eyebrows, curved so faintly, contracted for an instant. "I know," she said; "I know."

Then she sat very still, thoughtful. He could not look at her, began playing with a paper-weight.

He existed only in her thoughts of him. It was terrible, the clearness with which he saw himself in her thoughts of him as she sat there, very still, thoughtful. It was terrible, terrible.

As for the part of him that was speaking, that didn't exist, it was a mouthing automaton, but in her thoughts of him he was alive and quivering with pain. Oh, it was terrible!

She was proud, he said, and was sacrificing him to her pride.

And he made himself look at her, to lend conviction to his words. She sat very still, thoughtful. She did not say anything at all.

"You see," he said, "I've been thinking this thing over day and night since I last saw you—and I've come to a conclusion. The only conclusion." He played with the paper-weight, not looking at her. "Need I tell you what it is?"



*Ambatriadi was terrified at Lily Christine's proposal that they run away together. He loved her but he turned her away.*

"Go on, please," she said, so quietly that he scarcely made out the words.

Then, he said, the only way to stop this foolish business going any further was for her to sacrifice a little of her pride and tell Summerest that she loved him and could not let him go. Then

and only then would he, Harvey, be let out of the muddle into which he had quite innocently fallen.

"Yes," she said quickly, "I see that. Only——" She stopped suddenly, seemed lost in thought.

"Yes?" he said, unable to look at her.

But she did not say anything more. She went away, very quickly.

He sat on at his writing-table, playing with the paper-weight. Suddenly he found he simply could not stay another moment in the room she had just left. There was a very faint perfume in the air; she was still in the room.

He could not bear it, simply ran away from the picture. He wandered into other rooms, glad that Muriel had not yet come home.

At his first words, how she had looked at him, with that queer frightened surprise! So is a deer afraid of dogs. Yes, they were after her, those broken loyalties. Summerest had failed her in friendship; now Harvey had failed her. "In this troublesome way," he had said. And so she was left with her loyalties stuck like swords in her heart.

He could not stay indoors, was too restless. He put on his overcoat and went out. The streets were glistening and greasy but it was not really raining, just dribbling.



He walked quickly, not knowing or caring where he went. So *that* was over—he would not see her again. She wouldn't see him again; it would be too painful for her. Well, he could bear that; wasn't there an end to all things? But what he could not bear was that she would try never to think of him, try to keep him from her mind as a memory not to dwell on.

And she had trusted him too, infinitely. Yes, she trusted her friends. But he had turned on her, showing his teeth. And she had not protested at all. "I know," she'd said; "I know." Why? What nonsense! What had she known?

The answer to that was terrible to him. She had known that he and she were different, that was it. That was why she had sat so still, lost in thought. After the first poignant surprise, she had been quite resigned to the difference between them. She had thought: "Yes, he is right, in his way." But his way was not her way. And it was not friendship's way. But she had been resigned to it. Why should he be bothered with her troubles? It was troublesome for him, of course it was.

He tried to make out what she would be doing now, at this moment. Maybe she would be with Summerest. Why, certainly she would. Wasn't that why he had played this trick on her, to get her to go to the fellow and leave him not a leg to stand on by saying she could not bear this awful thing any more, that she loved him and could not let him go?

Suddenly he stopped dead, staring blankly down at the pavement. Good Lord, suppose Summerest had been right! He had never given the fellow's words a serious thought. Suppose he had been right in saying that she had finished with him for good, that she had let him go, that she could *not* take him back! Suppose the fellow had been right!

He must have been walking at a good pace before that thought stopped him; he could feel the perspiration on his forehead. He stood there, staring blankly at the sodden pavement.

Well! What a fool he had made of himself! Holy Moses, what a blamed fool! He and his tricks. As though an incapable silly ass like himself had it in him to play tricks on *anybody* with any success. Trying for her happiness—oh, indeed! And all he'd done had been to make a botch of the whole thing. Holy Moses, what a fool he was! He had left the one important point out of his calculations—entirely.

**B**UT it was no good making a fool of himself again by going to the other extreme, jumping to conclusions. It was done now. What he had to do next was to find out what sort of mess he had got everybody into.

He found he was by the Underground station at Knightsbridge. The clock pointed to a quarter to five. So only half an hour or so had passed since she had left him. She hadn't had much time yet, anyhow, in which to think things over. That was something.

What was it she had said when he had told her she must go to Summerest and tell him that . . . anyhow, what was it she had said?

"Yes," she'd said. "I see that. Only . . ."

Yes, "only . . ." He hadn't noticed that particularly at the time. "Only . . ." It was a reservation, indefinite, incalculable, limitless. What the devil was he to make of it? "Yes, I see that. Only . . ."

But he knew what he had to make of it. He had been a prize fool, that's what he had to make of it.

And, in a flash, he saw what he must do now, at once. Ring her up and tell her the truth. Say he had talked nonsense to her. Say he had been trying to play a trick on her for her good without having considered the ins and outs of the thing carefully enough beforehand.

He ran to one of the telephone-booths in the Underground, got his coppers ready. "Yes," she'd said. "I see that. Only . . . I can't go back to him, it's quite impossible, how could we make a life together again—after this—disloyalty?" Yes, that was it. She could forgive him, she would love him always, but she must let him go, wishing him all happiness. He was no use to her any more, he

had broken everything up. That was what that "only" meant.

When Harvey got the house, she was not in. But she might be in presently, Hempel said. He said he would try again in a while.

It seemed to him so important to reach her quickly. She'd feel this so badly, with her reverence for friendship. What had she said, that very first night they had met, when he had suggested helping her drive back to Southampton? "Now that I like you, I don't feel so badly about being a nuisance to you"? Something like that. He *must* reach her quickly. But where was she? If he hadn't known that the Parwens were away for the weekend, he would have tried for her at their house.

But he might see if Ambatriadi was in, have a talk with him. The Hyde Park Hotel was just over the way. It would calm him



Lily Christine had broken a leg

to see Ambatriadi. There would be some comfort in talking to a man almost as incapable as himself. He would tell Ambatriadi the whole thing, too. Yes, he would.

Quite forgetting to ask at the desk if Ambatriadi was in, he found himself by the elevator. He asked to be taken to the top floor. Then he began a little aimless wandering up and down the passages. He had no idea of the number of Ambatriadi's rooms, but he remembered how the door lay. He knocked on a likely door, and Ambatriadi himself opened it as though he were Horatius defending the bridge.

"Harvey!" he said, gloomily enough, still defending the doorway. Harvey hesitated, nonplused, not wanting to go in where he was not welcome. "Come in, come in!" Ambatriadi said.

Harvey did not take off his coat, though it was wet enough. He felt very embarrassed, like a small boy. He muttered something about happening to be passing.

"You've just missed Lily Christine," Ambatriadi said, pacing about. "Or did you run across her downstairs?"

Harvey stared at Ambatriadi foolishly. He felt an awful fool for having just missed Lily Christine. That sort of thing only happened to a born fool. Luck wasn't with him today, obviously. Nor with her. And so she had come straight to Ambatriadi. To her old true friend from the new false one. Well, wasn't it natural? And what had she said to him?

But you couldn't tell much from just looking at Ambatriadi, except that he was upset, nervous about (Continued on page 112)



probably, thought Harvey. Suppose it was crushed. The idea of her pain made him feel sick.

# Friday



WELL, sir, Ray Long, you could have knocked me down with a feather. If anybody there had a feather handy when this thing happened, they could just have hauled off and knocked me as cold as that much kraut. Another thing, it made a true believer out of me. Never tell me again that this spiritualism is the bunk.

Because I know better since I had my talk with Man Friday. It was so convincing, so absolutely, as you might say, on the dead level, that you had to accept it whether you wanted to or not.

You know yourself how skeptical I've always been on spiritualism. I'd seen so many of these so-called manifestations in my time—and then I'd seen them exposed by Harry Houdini.

Once when I was a reporter on a New York evening paper, the city editor detailed me to go over across the Bridge and sit in on some séances and write stories for the paper about what I saw and what I heard. But I didn't see anything or hear anything that would make a follower out of me. With me it was the other way. The more I saw of the stuff the less inclined I was to accept any of it. I listened to rappings and watched tables get up in the air and waltz about but, after you've seen one table waltzing you've seen 'em all.

I certainly met a great many unusual types, though—you know, haunted-looking, spook-eyed, shaggy people who were so busy delving into the occult they didn't have time to do anything about their scalp trouble or get a little dental work done. I bet you that if I ran into one dandruff-fancier I ran into fifty.

And I got awfully fed up, communing with departed little Indian maids named Bright Eyes and Frightened Fawn who still had adenoids and the sniffles and lisped a very bum grade of laundry-Chinese.

But this Man Friday business was different. It was on a Tuesday night and having nothing else to do, I dropped in on what you might call an amateur séance. Friends of mine had been telling me about the medium, saying she wasn't a bug or a professional even and didn't work for hire but only for the pure love of the thing, and they said she certainly had a very strange something or other about her, and so on and so forth.

So this Tuesday night that I'm telling you about, my curiosity got the better of me and I joined the mystic circle. And almost the very first crack out of the box who should materialize but the party that had been one of my favorite characters ever since, as a small boy, I began reading about him—Man Friday.

Yes sir, Ray, it was none other than Man Friday in person. He showed up unexpectedly. Not even the medium was expecting him. You could tell that from the way she acted at the time even though she was in a trance; and later on when she came out of it and we told her what had been going on, she said it was just as much of a surprise to her as it had been to the rest of us.

That was just the beginning of the surprises. For instance, now, take Man Friday's accent: He didn't have any, that I could notice. In fact, if you left out his complexion, which was dark and looked darker with the lights turned down the way they were, he seemed to have no outward suggestion of the aborigine about him at all.

I asked him about that—his diction, I mean, and his up-to-date way of expressing himself—and he said he'd have to confess that his conversation originally had been very chop-suey but he'd improved it by practising and had perfected it in the place where he went after he passed on.

He said that at the start, when he first landed there, he figured he must be in Heaven, the climate being such an improvement on the climate where he came from and not nearly so much smoke or so many cinders flying around as you'd find nowadays in Pittsburgh or Cincinnati or almost any modern manufacturing center, and the company, although mixed, being so lively and friendly and, on the whole, satisfied with things. But after a while when he observed that such a large proportion of those who'd been there longer than he had spoke English and more of the same pouring down the chute all the time, he made up his mind it couldn't be Heaven and he was right, it wasn't.

HE SAID the English-speaking population was constantly increasing—Modernists arriving under consignment from the Fundamentalist crowd, having, as you might say, been prayed in; and people who while on this earth had disbelieved that the Volstead Act was divinely inspired; and parties who'd taken the wrong tack on the subject of total immersion as opposed to baptism by sprinkling; and also, those who'd made the mistake of antagonizing the Ku Kluxes or other reform elements; and so forth. He said it seemed to him that the society had been improving right along and particularly so of recent years since the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect, because so many of the recent arrivals seemed to be so glad to get there that just having them present helped to liven up things.

He said he wouldn't think of moving elsewhere and running the chances of winding up in a locality where probably they still had religious discussions and political discussions, not for any amount you might care to mention.

Having got him onto this topic I took advantage of the first break in the talk to steer him off of it. I was interested in hearing what his impressions had been, living so long on that desert island with Robinson Crusoe. From reading the book I knew what Crusoe thought about Man Friday's inhibitions and all, but now



# Irvin Cobb at his Best

Illustrations by Gordon Ross

what I wanted to get at was the other side of the picture. Well, sir, he opened up like a family album! You'd have thought he'd been looking for just such an opportunity for the last two hundred and fifty years. Maybe he had, at that.

"I'm glad you brought this up," he says; that's the way he starts in. "Because," he says, "I'm expecting a long-distance call on the ouija-board from Los Angeles any minute—what with all these new improvements a fellow can't have any privacy any more, even if he's dead; so I'd like to work a few stanzas about the old man off my chest before I have to leave. What was it," he says to me, "that you particularly wanted to ask about?"

"Well," I says, "let's go into your experiences with him after he rescued you from those fellow countrymen of yours from over on the mainland who'd brought you along to furnish the raw material, as it were, for the shore dinner they were expecting to have. What sort of a time did you have from then on?"

"Rotten," he says; "on the whole, darn' rotten."

"You astonish me," I says.

"You wouldn't be so terribly much astonished if you'd been there," he says. "The trouble with you," he says, "is that you only read the stuff he wrote. You didn't have to live with him—just you and him and nobody else but the live stock—and listen to him day after day and year after year! No sir, you didn't and I did. You weren't cooped up with him on the same spot and no chance to get away to yourself somewhere and rest up your ears, and I was."

"And besides, he didn't rescue me. I mean to say, if you're coming right down to cases, that I more or less rescued myself, and you've only got to read between the lines of his chapter on that part of it to see that I'm right. Naturally, being a white man and belonging to the Superior or Anglo-Saxon race—a race whose superiority dated clear back to the time when they got hold of firearms ahead of our folks—he being thus and so and all the rest of it, and I being, as about once in so often in his kindly white man's way he used to tell me, merely a poor benighted savage, why, naturally he gave himself all the best of it in that book he wrote."

"Here only just the other

day I was speaking with a friend of mine—Sitting Bull it was, and a very good old scout he is, too, although still somewhat embittered—and he was saying that the world at large never had got the angle of his crowd about that scrap on the Little Bighorn that time; they'd only got the U. S. Army's angle on it, else they might have a different opinion about some of its historical merits.

"That's how it was, more or less, in my own case. Who outran all three of the fellows who chased me when I'd dusted off down the beach to keep them from working me up into a Blue Plate Special? I did, that's who, all by my lonesome. Who outswam 'em? Nobody else but your little friend here. Who had to do all the quick thinking and the earnest dodging and the swift

footwork while R. Crusoe, Esq., was sitting back up yonder in the bushes trying to make up his mind whether he'd depend on the efficacy of Christian prayer or a shotgun and, like a true white man, finally shelving the prayer proposition and putting his trust in a load of slugs? Who cut off the head of the surviving visitor—the one that Crusoe had beamed after coming out of his trance? Yours Truly.

"Get me right on this, though," he says.

"I'm not the one to be ungrateful for past favors. As a poor benighted savage I wasn't built that way. Being grateful is one of the qualities that we savages have; not, mind you, as sporadic exceptions to the rule, like some I might mention, but universally and as a whole breed. Anyhow, let me say this: any debt that I ever owed to the old man was squared up long ago with compound interest to date, added on and piled up. He helped to get me out of a jam, but, by golliess, I paid for it."

"Believe me," he says, going on, "there were a lot of things that he slurred over, a lot of places where he gave everybody but himself the worst of it. Well, I guess any man who writes an autobiography does that. The average autobiography is simply an argument for the defense, I figure. But he certainly knew how to plaster on the personal compliments. And yet, with all that covering up on his part, he's continually giving himself away."

"Take the place where he



In This Piece MR. COBB  
Reveals the "Low-down" on  
MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE

owns up that when he first discovers a footprint in the sand he gets into such a fit of panic that he waits three whole days, and him between a sweat and a swoon every hour of the time, before it occurs to him to make comparisons so he can find out whether that track is one of his own tracks or has been made by a visiting fireman.

"Or take where he admits that he spends five or six months cutting down a cedar tree and trimming it up and shaping it off and digging it out into something remotely resembling a scow before he discovers that he can't slide it down to the water owing to his having built it on the wrong slope of the hill—can't move it, even.

"What does he do then? Why, he sits down and makes a lot of calculations and the result of this is that he finds out it will take him from ten to twelve years, working ten hours a day, to dig a canal from the ocean up to his little old Noah's ark and then, assuming the canal, when he gets it finished, will be deep enough and wide enough to float her, it's no mortal cinch he can launch her without getting himself all squashed out like a flapjack when she comes off the ridge. I pointed that passage out to Archimedes and Sir Isaac Newton one time—it's on Page 121, as I recall—and I thought they'd die laughing. You could hear 'em all over Gehenna.

"Or once again, to bring the matter a little closer to home, I'd like to call your attention to the fact that all through his reminiscences Crusoe has me talking a farce-comedy brand of pidgin-English. Brother, that's some more of the old Herkimer County apple butter! I'll admit to you that for a while I wasn't a very proficient elocutionist in his tongue but long before we quit that island I was slinging the language about as well as he could—better, in fact, when it came to pronouncing things properly. For instance, not being a Britisher born, I didn't go round bleating out 'Stroindary!' or 'Only fahnncy, now!' every time I ran into some perfectly simple and obvious thing that just hadn't happened to come under my attention before.

"And once I'd learned to spell the word out I couldn't see any particular virtue in saying 'Maudlin' when the letters made it 'Magdalen' or 'Sin-jun' when I meant 'St. John.' And I never so far forgot myself as to say 'Q' when I wanted to say 'Thank you.' And when I liked a thing I came right out in the open and said I liked it. I didn't murmur something about its being 'not harf bad' as though I was ashamed to have emotions or enthusiasms about an article which struck me as being first-rate.

"Gosh almighty, the hours I put in humoring him! That part was almost as bad as having to pretend I wasn't bored when he was spinning out the details of some job he'd done or hadn't done before I joined up with him. He'd take a couple of months, evening after evening, to describe something that had taken place in a couple of hours and probably didn't amount to a hill of beans, one way or the other, while it was taking place; that was his style, he being a typical Nordic. And then he'd go back and repeat himself like a blooming anthem, and bring out the points where he'd shown a magnificent intelligence or a splendid deftness, and he'd dwell heavily on that. I never got so sick of a desert island in all my life, before or since.

"And as I just now said, he had to be humored. Against my will and my better judgment, I let him back me into a pair of leather pants, also a shirt. To begin with, the weather didn't call for clothes and I'd never worn any clothes, and felt uncomfortable as the dickens all the time I was wearing 'em—all sweaty and itchy. But nothing would do him but that I must be all toged out in goat-hides like a comic valentine of Santa Claus.

"Later on, when I began to pick up his language—of course, being a true Anglo-Saxon, he never tried to pick up mine—he explained to me

that being naked wasn't modest even though there was nobody else present to be shocked by your nakedness and even though, on top of that, you'd always been accustomed to cruising about in your birthday suit. He just said that in dear old England clothes were being worn, and that was all there was to it so far as he was concerned, except that he frequently regretted he couldn't dress for dinner.

"With him the debate ended right there. He couldn't seem to get it through his crust that there couldn't have been such a thing as immodesty in the world until some dirty-minded person invented breeches—that a rabbit or a snake isn't self-conscious when wearing nothing at all but its own skin, so why should a normal human being be that way?

"I had to let him teach me the liquor habit, too, and once I'd got it, it took me years to get over it.

"I was quite a stew at one time. I'd never tasted the stuff before, not because my folks were bigoted teetotalers but because being rude, untutored, uncivilized savages, when we wanted to be happy or warlike or humorous or to sing and dance, we didn't require any artificial stimulant to get us started, so naturally there'd never been any of it around the camp where we lived.

"But that morning—you'll recall the morning I mean, in a minute—when we went out to tackle the gang that had landed on our island with a couple of prisoners—no excuse me, *his* island; that's the way he always referred to it—that morning before we jumped that bunch, he gave me a big slug of rum to keep my courage up. I may have needed suspenders to keep my hair panties up but, take it from me, my courage didn't require any bracing. Just the prospect of a good scrap was enough for me. But he took one—four fingers straight—and he fixed me up with the same dose and it was the first fight I ever was in where I had a hangover afterwards.

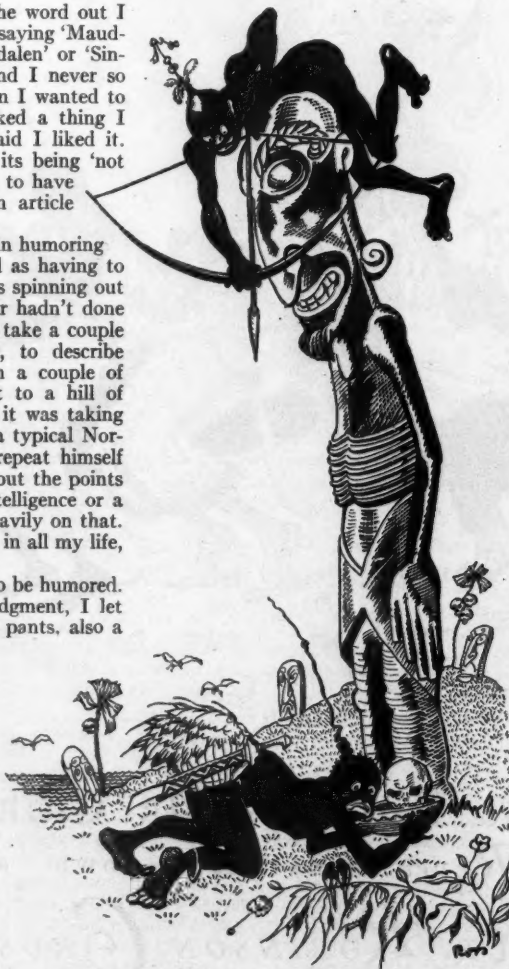
"From that time on until I took a brace on myself, I never went anywhere without a flask on my hip.

"That was the fight, you'll recall, when we saved the Spanish castaway and the member of my own tribe who afterwards let on to be my father?"

"But he was your father, wasn't he?" I asked. "The book says—"

"Certainly the book says that, and Crusoe believed all along from that first moment that he was, but, between us, he wasn't my father any more than he was yours. He was just an old eating-acquaintance of mine. I recognized him the moment I saw him where he was lying in their abandoned boat, all tied up and waiting to be called for lunch. And, *bang!* right there the idea of claiming to be his long-lost son came into my head. I knew the notion would appeal to Crusoe as a very touching and dramatic coincidence that he could work off five or six thousand words about in the memoirs. I'd discovered that, being highly civilized, he craved to dress up everything and particularly everything which happened to him, with heroic and sentimental frills instead of letting it stand on its own merits the way my people would. Besides, it would make better reading and help sell the book, so I decided on the spot to gratify the big boss.

"So while I was unwrapping the other native, I tipped him the word in our own lingo and he caught on and we staged a family-reunion scene which, if I do say it myself, was pretty tolerably good for a thing that hadn't been rehearsed. And Uncle Whiskers fell for it, hook, line and sinker, and gave us his blessing; and that night in the hut, the poor old fur-bearer almost wrote his head off getting his notes down while they were still fresh in his mind. The other (Continued on page 143)





By Nanette Kutner



# On the ..... DOTTED LINE

Illustrations by

Oscar Frederick Howard

**W**OMEN loved Michael Phillips. He had such an earnest young look in his eyes.

They held you anyway, those eyes. They were so eager, so enthusiastic; trying to see everything at once; never wanting to miss the tiniest iota of excitement because the world was a wonderful place, and it felt great to be alive. The expression was not their only invigorating feature. It was the color that made you stare in amazement and suddenly realize that this was positively the first time you ever had seen a person whose eyes were a bronze shade of gold, enhanced by sparkling amber lights. No matter what scandals you heard whispered and more often shouted about him—no matter what he did—you knew he could not be really bad, and still possess such eyes.

Men liked Michael Phillips. And that is always a good sign. He was very strong, muscular. A he-man, who spent three solid hours each day in New York's favorite gymnasium.

Some said he happened to be a square-shooter when it came to business deals, but most people were not apt to agree with this opinion, especially after hearing the fairly accurate details concerning his escapades and the disgraceful way he played upon the sympathies of his numerous sweethearts in order to gain material advantages. They claimed it would have been bad enough, providing he was poor, but considering his vast fortune, well, there just was no excuse for such nefarious behavior. Women in particular liked to exaggerate the accounts of his meanness; women who had proved themselves remarkably susceptible to Michael's charms. Of course such critics might be right according to their fashions; still, even they did not know Michael in the beginning, before he met Fay.

He had everything: good looks, money, health and youth. That strong fighting chin of his was held high in the air. He radiated a supreme sense of power. He was taller than the average man and boasted such broad shoulders. Michael Phillips, the least blasé of all his crazy circle.

And it was a crazy circle. He hobnobbed with everybody. An indiscriminate conglomeration of people. Ham and not-so-ham actors, rushed-to-death newspaper men, bored millionaires, their still more bored wives, self-admiring motion-picture celebrities, little obscure extras, great boxing champions, flashy bootleggers, retired bankers, tired clerks, pretty débutantes and prettier chorus girls. Anyone was his friend.

During Michael's short life he had traveled all over the world;

peered into every nook and cranny of society, and you instinctively sensed as you met him that here was a person who actively lived in the present, devoting his terrific spirit and vigor to the task of loving things—to the last drop of pleasure that could be squeezed from a twenty-four-hour day.

When he danced you saw he was having a wonderful time. Even the way he relished food was a revelation. There were no gluttonous traits about the boy, yet you knew that after he sat down and ordered a meal he was sure to derive one hundred percent pleasure from the *hors-d'œuvres* to the *demi-lassé*. A porterhouse steak or a sweet southern praline could send him into ecstasies. Somehow you liked watching him eat. He was just bursting with health and vitality.

You liked watching him swim. A hardy but graceful Adonis in a bathing-suit. In fact, you liked watching him live. And that was what scared you. It seemed difficult to refrain from being frightened for him; frightened he would get hurt, and a careless someone bruise those fine inner feelings. Michael Phillips, who regarded the world as a great playground, and himself as a lucky boy. Michael Phillips, who looked upon everyone with the glorious golden eyes of a young idealist, and who loved life so.

The Fay interlude occurred just a few months after Michael went to work. It actually began during his first vacation. He had suddenly entered upon a business career because Bud Nixon, that pleasant-faced lawyer who was both self-made and consequently self-opinionated, chanced to tell him that he was missing the thrill of earning his first dollar.

Up to that time work was something entirely foreign to Michael. It meant a word you read about in books, if you had nothing better to do than read. As he rebelled against losing any sensation this world offers its inhabitants, Michael listened to Nixon's advice and immediately began looking around for a suitable occupation.

Oh, he always had possessed an elaborate office with a perfectly equipped bar and his name embossed in large gilt letters on the imposing door. An office that was really presided over by a high-salaried manager, who attended to the estate of Michael's late father, and only apologetically bothered the son when he

## The Love Story of a HARD-BOILED SALESMAN



needed the latter's signature on important but usually, to Michael, puzzling documents. The office also had a secretary, who had worked for Michael's business czar of a father and carried on by serving the good-natured manager. A secretary who could have told skeptics a few facts concerning Michael's rather renowned heart, that is now said to be made entirely of flint.

How often had she heard her young employer angrily rave anent his debtors, and then, when they came for judgment, look bewildered, turn appealingly to the manager and gravely hand them checks. How often had she watched Michael's boyish face, as an elderly but wayward tenant poured forth a sob-story. Always, the sad and somewhat fictitious tales caught Michael's sympathy, causing his eyes to glisten and forcing just a gleam of a tear to rise, deepening the odd sun pigments that surrounded his pupils. The secretary could have told you many such surprising facts, but she was a confidential secretary and did not reveal anything.

Michael intended to find a business all his own. An interest that would have absolutely no connection with the properties, mortgages and huge real estate holdings which had belonged to his father and now rested under his own name. The manager

could and did take care of those responsibilities. Michael wanted something different from dry bonds or dull apartment-houses.

After careful consideration he decided upon insurance. The hours were easy.

He would be a free man. He knew lots of wealthy folks. He could become a crackerjack salesman and insure all his friends. There was a great deal of money in it too. The commissions were enormous. It surely would be a snap. And he became a welcome agent for a national life insurance company.

But it was not a snap. Michael discovered that the jovial expressions of his pals were apt to change whenever he mentioned his new pursuit, and following two months of what he regarded as intensive plugging, of spending huge amounts from his own pocket lavishly entertaining prospective male customers, of using the entire force of his magnetic personality, he took stock and came face to face with an astounding situation. He had written only one insurance policy, and that was for himself.

SUCH a depressing discovery only lessened Michael's faith in his own ability, so he made up his mind to take a vacation. It would do him good, freshen his view-point; and when he returned to New York, he would once more be fit to pick up the cudgels for this new battle of business. Perhaps, out there in Los Angeles, he might even find a stray customer.

He continued manufacturing excuses to himself. The truth of the matter being that Michael was bored, and such a state seemed definitely against his principles. Life was too short an affair for stale emotions. He did not cherish the idea of being a failure. He wanted to get away. A vacation sounded like a fairly good alibi.

Fay appeared during his first evening in California. At that time there still remained a certain naive quality in Michael's make-up. He actually thought Fate had a hand in his meeting with Fay. Was he not up in his rooms, all alone and feeling sort of blue? He always felt that way when he arrived in a strange city. He forgot for a few moments that he was twenty-three years old, had plenty of money and looked like a motion-picture star. He only remembered he possessed no living relatives, and that sometimes even he, Michael Phillips, the Michael Phillips, could be very lonesome.

He gloomily sat on the edge of the bed, when the telephone rang sharply, making him start, and cutting him like the keen blade of a knife. He picked up the receiver. He uttered a gruff hello. To his astonishment a feminine voice laughed through the dark, ugly instrument. A voice reminiscent of silvery bells. "Michael dear," came the musical sounds, "I've been waiting and waiting. I'm positively starved. Whatever is the matter?"

He held his breath. He tried to think. He did not know a lady in Los Angeles—a lady who had such a voice and who could be waiting and waiting.

"Huh?" was what he said.

"Michael, Michael! You naughty boy! Aren't you feeling well? Is there anything I can do for you?"

Was there anything she could do? Of course she could dine with him on this lonely night, and then he groaned. How stupid not to have thought of it before. She must have the wrong Michael!

"Michael, why don't you answer me?" The voice was a trifle querulous this time.

And Michael Phillips, always on the lookout for excitement, answered, "You could have dinner with me."

"Now I really think you're crazy!" ejaculated the voice.

"Only three hours ago you invited me to dinner, and here I am, waiting and waiting, so you ask me again. Oh, my goodness!" And the voice trailed off, adorably startled.

Michael gasped. She also



It did not matter to Fay that the prince possessed nothing but his title, or that she had not met him. She flirted outrageously. Michael sat agast.

must have discovered the operator's mistake. He fervently hoped she would not hang up the receiver, and grinned with relief when she spoke again.

"That stupid switchboard girl!" The silvery bells were indignant now. "I bet—I mean—I'm sure she's given me the wrong apartment. I'm so sorry. I beg your pardon. Isn't this Michael Dalton? I mean, I'm just positive it isn't!" The voice was quite confused, and altogether embarrassed.

"It's a Michael, but not Dalton. Phillips is the surname. I hope you do not think I am impertinent." He spoke in the suavest of tones.

"Oh, dear no! I mean yes! I mean—well, I was careless not to have found out right away. I suppose it really is half my own fault. I just seem never to grow up; but you see, he promised to take me to dinner, and I've been waiting for perfect ages!"

"Could I not perform the duties of the other Michael?" he asked.

"You do sound interesting, but you would think I was a terrible person. I never did such a thing before—I mean, meeting someone I don't know; but it would serve Michael Dalton good and right!"

"Then you will meet me! Please—don't you believe in romance at all?" He was not quite sure, but the silvery bells seemed to sigh.

"I keep looking for it, so I guess I believe."

"Well, why not take a chance on me. We only live once, you know!"

"All right!" The voice was gay and reckless, as if it never before had dared such an enticing adventure. "I'll meet you in half an hour. I'll be in my car, directly in front of the St. James. It's a canary-colored car. There's not another one like it here. You can't miss!"

"Wait a moment!" he cried. "You didn't tell me your name!" For just a second the voice giggled delightfully. Then it vouchsafed an answer.

"Fay Waring Bennett." And the receiver clicked, cutting off the silvery bells.

MICHAEL leaped into the air. What luck! Of course he should have had the sense to know that anyone with a voice like that would be an international beauty. Fay Waring Bennett! He had heard her name a million times. The most publicly married woman in America. Her divorces were tabloid history. Was it three or four millionaire husbands? He laughed happily. He often had seen her pictures in the papers. She was gorgeous-looking. Had a famous collection of jewels too. People would be bound to point her out when she danced with him.

"Look who's with Michael Phillips! Fay Waring Bennett!"

He was young enough to love that sort of notoriety. He wagered they would make a striking-looking couple. Her dainty blondness silhouetted against his tall, dark figure. He dressed hurriedly. Fate was certainly wonderful to play such a kind trick on him. Just think, if the operator had not given the wrong apartment—but Fate was lovely. Why, she even saw to it that both their names were Michael! Such a fortunate coincidence! And he laughed aloud, for he believed he was born under a lucky star.

Michael would not have credited Fate with quite so much understanding if at that moment he could have caught a glimpse of Fay Waring Bennett.

She sat, a lovely figure, at her dressing-table, putting the finishing touches to the evening's toilet. While her maid went to fetch the soft white emine wrap, she took one last look at a newspaper that lay before her. Her eyes centered upon a certain paragraph resting under the social notes. A short sentence listing Michael Phillips among the new arrivals at the St. James Hotel.

Of course she knew all about him. That was an important part of her life, knowing facts concerning people—rich people. She could never have risen from the lowly position of an unknown barber's daughter to the exalted status belonging to the ex-wife of three millionaires, if she had not used

her wits. Fay Waring Bennett prided herself on her brains as well as her beauty.

She now gazed into the mirror. Certainly, she never looked the thirty-five years that wise folks credited to her. Catty women claimed small blond ladies always kept their youth. She openly laughed at their jealous opinions and considered most women to be dubs, stupid. At present they said she was searching for a fourth husband. Well, supposing they were right! Some cannot even land one, let alone three!

She glanced once more at the note concerning Michael, and smiled as she remembered his astonished young voice when he first had heard her own. There was something irresistible about a boy in his twenties. His very gullibility amused her. She hoped to heaven he would not take it into his head to inquire whether a man by the name of Michael Dalton actually was registered at the St. James. Good old standby, thinking of the similarity of names plus the wrong-number gag.

"Gosh, that was easy," she commented, and applied a pale pink buffer to her already overpolished nails.

A few minutes later she stepped into her car.

"The St. James," she ordered, and like a contented purring kitten settled back among the comfortable cushions.

She recognized him immediately. He stood there waiting for her, a handsome, dark-haired boy whose burning eyes reflected the golden shade of a sunset. He jumped forward and helped her alight.

"Hello, big bear," said Fay Waring Bennett, as she glanced up at his six feet of muscular splendor.

He (Cont. on page 122)



# By George A. Dorsey

who told "Why We Behave  
Like Human Beings"



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# SLEEP

Do you know  
that You  
Never Sleep  
"Like a Log"?

☞ That the Average Person Moves once in every 14  
Minutes of Sleep? ☞ That if you had Absolute Insomnia for  
Ten Days You'd Die? ☞ That there's a Simple Explanation for Dreams?

**W**HEN I am asleep I am dead to the world. And this world right now is more interesting than it ever has been before—and I know so little of it! There is so much I want to know, so much I want to do, so much I want to explore! Why, it seems to me that if I had hundreds of years more I could not satisfy my curiosity.

I cannot hope to live many more years—perhaps ten or twenty, possibly even thirty. And for each four years of my life I must lose one in sleep—lie dead to the world like a log, like an imbecile, like a bear in a winter cave, like a cabbage in a cellar.

I already have lost fifteen years. What could I not do with them! And what have I to show for them but a few nightmares and a lot of senseless dreams? And I am to go on losing one year out of every four.

I resent that. I should like to salvage that one year out of every four that I must lose. I cannot get back the fifteen years lost; but henceforth I should like to sleep less and live more.

How do you feel about it? Would you like to get along without sleep? Would you like to salvage two, four, or six hours each day of the eight you now lose in sleep? Of course you love sleep. But do you love life more and would you sleep less? Would you ration your sleep if you could?

As a matter of fact we do ration our sleep. Mine is the usual eight hours a day. I can work or play for fifty hours and then sleep for ten and feel fit again, but with less than fifty hours' sleep in seven days I slow down appreciably. Which means that if I try to save five hours from sleep in a week I have five hours more time for work, but I can't use it effectively—thus there is no net gain in work done, and probably a loss.

I said "probably." I do not know. No one knows. In fact, few have paid much attention to sleep. Your family physician probably does not know what sleep is. Ask him why you must have fifty or sixty hours' sleep a week, and he certainly will not know. Yet he cheerfully prescribes sleep as a "restorative," and can prescribe drugs for sleeplessness. Ask him to tell you how you are "restored" during sleep, and he will talk in generalities. Ask him if you can get along for a year with twenty hours' sleep a week, and he will say he does not know.

Sleep, like life, is a relative term. As we are more alive or alert at times than we are at others, so there are degrees or depths of sleep. But there is no known single criterion for sleep, either of human beings or of other animals. There cannot be. Why this is so will be plainer when we look into sleep itself.

What is sleep? What do I do when "now I lay me down—"? Obviously, I take the weight off my feet; that allows the muscles of my legs to relax. I also take the strain off the muscles of my back and shoulders; they too may now relax, as may also the muscles of my neck which hold my head in position when I sit or stand. In other words, when I lay me down I throw my entire system of motor (or skeletal) muscles out of gear, as it were; they are no longer called on for work.

In my recumbent position it also follows that my motor muscles are no longer sending the same kind of messages to my central nervous system as they send when I sit, stand, or walk. That frees my central nervous system for the time being of the task of eternally adjusting the hundreds of muscles and millions

of muscle engines which must work ceaselessly when my motor mechanism is in action. And because my motor mechanism has gone out of action, my blood is not called upon to supply it with the fuel necessary to keep it in action. Thus more fuel now becomes available for the purely vegetative or visceral processes of my body.

But when I finish the above line of that childhood prayer and add "to sleep," what more do I do than allow my motor mechanism to relax and put it away for the day, as it were? I close my eyes, and thereby deprive myself of my most important means of getting information about the world in which I live. When my eyes are closed I suddenly stop that endless stream of stimuli which beat upon them and which lead to countless activities throughout my body.

This closing of my eyes is roughly analogous to what happens in a central telephone exchange when its busiest subscriber hangs up for the day—no more messages from that source.

To get the full significance of this, think over for a minute the number of things you have done in the last hour because of messages transmitted to your central nervous system through your eyes. Even though those messages led to no action in your arms or legs, they did lead to an unending stream of activity in your speech mechanism: you were thinking; and thinking is motor action. Unless you are intensively engaged in some specific problem, your thinking mechanism is at work in ceaseless random activity, whether your eyes are stimulated merely by the light of the fire or the light from the moon and stars. Countless, endless stimuli bombard your Central as long as your eyes are open. To close them is to shut out the world of illuminated objects.

**W**HAT else do you do when you lie down to sleep? What other lines of communication to your central nervous system, what other sources of stimuli which impel to action, do you shut out? Sounds? No; sounds can still get at us when we try to sleep and even after we are asleep. Any noise, especially if unusual or not monotonous, may keep us awake.

But just the same when we try to go to sleep we do what we can to make our ears deaf to sounds. We do not turn our heads to try to determine their direction as we do when awake. Sounds which might stimulate or rouse us to some sort of exploratory action if we were on our feet, lead to no action when we are going to sleep, and are, as it were, unheard when we are asleep.

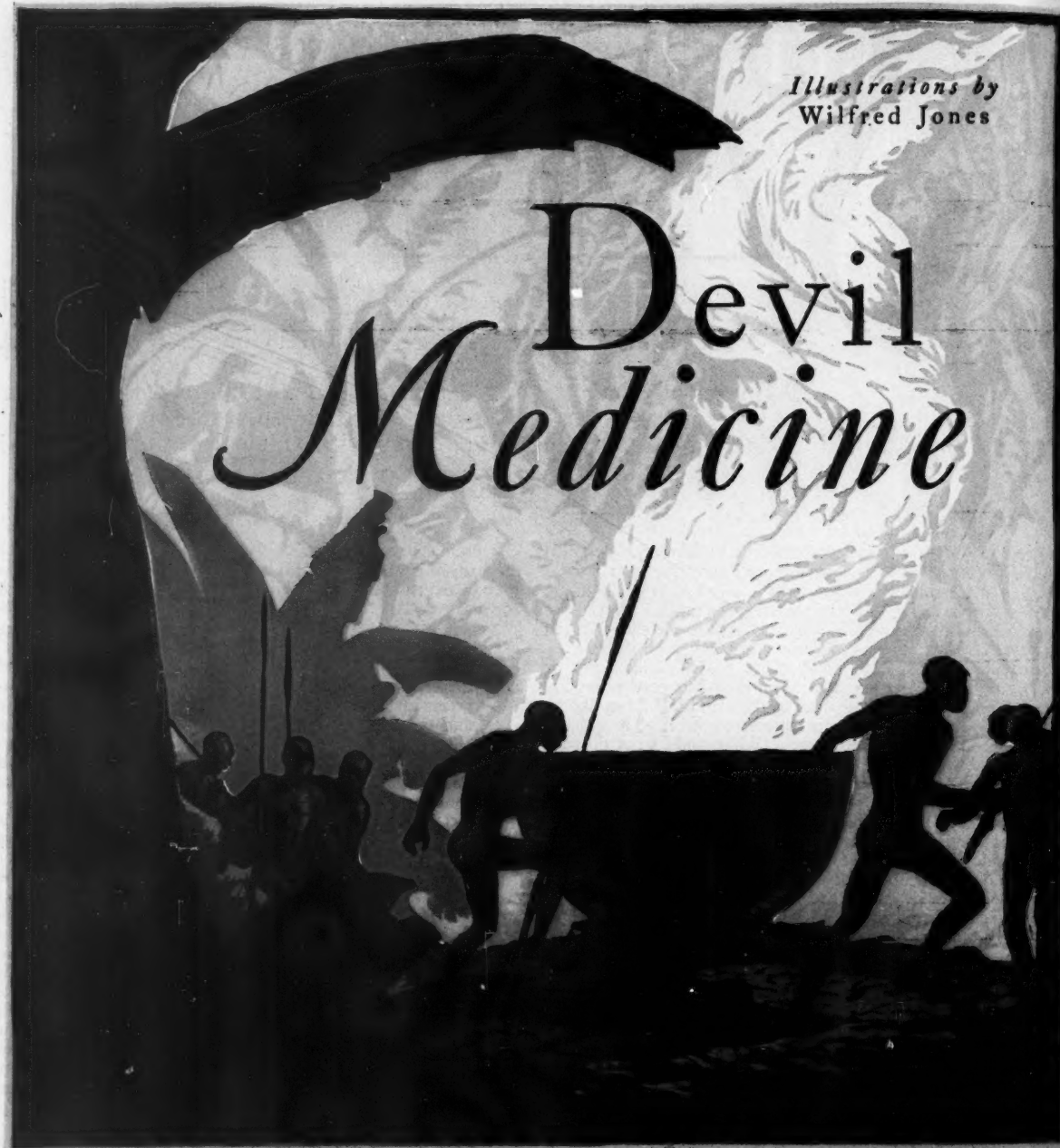
I am accustomed to going to sleep amid the noises of a great city. Rarely is there a period of two minutes in any one night when my ears are not assailed by the rumble of the elevated, the honk of an automobile horn, the grinding of brakes, the blast of a whistle from a steamboat on the river or a locomotive engine in Jersey, the clang of an ambulance or the shrill siren of a fire-engine.

These stimuli do not impel me to action when awake because I am accustomed to them. They don't keep me awake when I want to sleep. So accustomed am I to them that the very quiet of the deep country is a stimulus to keep me awake. So it is that the man from the quiet country usually has a bad first night in a noisy city.

Not only may the profound stillness (Continued on page 197)

Illustrations by  
Wilfred Jones

# Devil *Medicine*



I WAS just settling down into a barber's chair in Jermyn Street, when in walked a strange man. He was tall and bony, his face was almost coffee-brown; his eyes, set deep amid wrinkles, were alive with blue sparks. A thick wild grizzly beard covered the lower part of his face, and all he said to the barber was: "Shave!"

I was captured at once by this monosyllabic stranger, and wondered who and what he could possibly be. Gradually I saw his face undergoing a very marked transformation. When his beard was clipped and shaved off he gazed at himself, rather startled, in the mirror. The upper half of his face was brown; his cheeks and his chin were bluish white. He did not appear to like it and murmured, "Darn!"

We left the barber's shop at the same time. He spoke to me going out; about the cold London weather. It was no joke as far as he was concerned, he said. He was used to tropical climates, and if it weren't for the fact that he'd come to see somebody in the Colonial Office he'd be miles away from England. He cursed heartily at everything and everybody, and finally he stated that he was very lonely in London. He was staying at the Savoy Hotel.

"My name is Swiggers, Martin Swiggers, and I'm a prospector. I used to be a mining engineer. Here's my card."

I gave him mine in return.

"Lonely, too?" he asked.

I looked at his baboon-like face. His far-off gaze somehow made me think of monkeys and parrots and of trees with glossy leaves as large as window-shutters. The blue of his eyes was the blue of the African skies. A strange feeling of sadness came over me quite suddenly.

"I'M VERY often lonely," I said to him.

"Well," he snarled, "it isn't often that one meets a decent chap either. Least of all in a barber's shop. It's over ten years since I was last in England, or in a white man's country. Now that I'm here the whole place looks at me sulkily. People are running up and down the streets like white ants. Everybody's looking anxious. What's all their anxiety about? Where are they all going to? It all seems so unreasonable."

"My impression of England in general is that I've come back to a land of remorse. Men have got to look like women and women to look like boys. Everything seems upside down. I feel as if I were

the only man in town who's got any common sense about him."

He took a piece of chewing tobacco out of his waistcoat pocket.

"Want a bit of my quid?" he asked, but he didn't even wait for my refusal before slipping it back into his pocket.

He chewed and looked very sad.

"I'd like to have a talk with a decent fellow before I go back again," he said. "I'd be mighty happy if you'd come and share a dinner with me at the Savoy Hotel tonight. Two men have always got something or other to talk about. What do you say?"

I accepted his invitation.

I met him in the evening. I saw him come out of a lift with his slow trailing steps. His old-fashioned dinner jacket hung very loose over his big shoulders as he walked, with a slight stoop, towards an armchair in a corner. I watched him sit down, cross his legs, and noticed his thick black woolen socks in rolls about his ankles. But when he put on glasses and started to read a book which he had wrenched out of his coat pocket, his utter detachment in all the hubbub going on in the hall roused sympathy in me. I decided that I liked him.

As I approached him I was conscious of a grave dignity about him. I somehow thought of bishops and cabinet ministers.

I first asked him about the book he'd been reading.

"Kipling," he snarled. "A man's read. I've got all his stuff in tin trunks out at Mother Crispin's place in Lagos. Plenty of other books, too. Walter Scott and Stevenson and Balzac and so forth. Not a lot of maggoty modern outscourings. It's all good plain stuff I read. Can't bear these modern writers with their far-fetched problems. In fact, I hate literature altogether." He jumped up. "Let's have a meal!" he growled.

As he walked down the steps towards the big dining-hall his steps were heavy, almost threatening. He walked like a German Hamlet on the stage, but a Hamlet ready to kill or slaughter at the least provocation.

And this is the story Mr. Swiggers told me during our dinner.

"I've just lately come across a bit of cash at last," he began. "A bit of real cash, after years of sprawling about the Ivory Coast, the Gold Coast, Nigeria and the Congo as far as the French Tshad. I thought it was time to do myself a bit of good with it so I came to this flash place. Blamed crowd of people here. That's what I object to mostly. And I haven't seen so many white women's skins in all my life.

"I'd like just for once to get on this table and tell 'em all what a decent gold prospector thinks of 'em. That I would! And I bet you a hundred pounds to a pot of ale that I'd have a dozen of 'em on my neck afterwards.

"And look at the men! There isn't a decent fellow here worthy of a decent man's job. Maggoty babes they are, these men. Look at that young ginger bloke over there looking at me until I get up and hit him on the jaw!"

I saw Mr. Swiggers glare at an inoffensive individual at a neighboring table and felt inclined to get up and leave at once. But Mr. Swiggers evidently knew how to control himself. He contented himself with a grunt or two, and went on talking.

"Now Booth Baker, young Boothy, he was a chap! He was about your size, but he'd have knocked you under this table like nuppence, so strong he was. He was a young Yank from New York. Queer young chap."

Mr. Swiggers' voice rose into falsetto notes. He appeared to experience some keen emotion at the recollection of Mr. Baker.

"I met him in Lagos two years ago, when I was knocking about trying to find a bit of cash to rig up an expedition to get inland as far as the Wallaboo Hills, where I knew there was gold. I knew it from the natives living in that interior stretch of Africa who all wore gold, soft greenish-yellow gold, almost the color of those balls of butter in this dish here.

"I met Boothy at Sandy's bar. We had a few drops together, a long chat about nothing in particular, and I liked him at once. He was roaming about all the coasts in a lone-sick sort of way like a stray dog. The sort of young fellow who didn't care a rap about anything or anybody. And he didn't care about me either.

"Well, the next day I came across him out on the beach, with the sun burning hot in the sky; and would you believe it he was as naked as Adam, and he was driving golf-balls, if you please, one after another, so as not to get off his drive. He used to be a crack golfer and you've never seen a more decent Apollo than Boothy.

"I cursed him heartily for playing about in that state, for exposing himself to death from sunstroke, and I got him to put on his clothes at once. Next day he was laid up, mind you, his back and shoulders raw. I smothered him with oil and cotton-wool and got him round in a few days. He seemed very grateful for what I'd done.

"Swiggers," he said to me, 'I guess you're a wild man, but I'm not afraid of you. How much money did you say you must have for that expedition into monkey-land?"

"Two thousand dollars," I said.

"Right! You shall have it on the condition that I come with you."

"Good lad!" I said, and we shook hands.

"A week later we were off, he and I, and we went northeast. I knew the Wallaboo Hills from a former journey when I took a couple of missionaries from the Niger to Stanleyville. Devil of a journey too! We went up-river, Boothy and I, on a large ferry; had all our stuff on board. Tents, instruments, clothes, rifles, ammunition, tins stuffed with food and drink.

"I'd said two thousand dollars, but Boothy had forked out more than seven. His old man in Long Island, or Park Avenue, or wherever he was, didn't keep him high and dry. I figured out that we could last six months up-country, and that seemed more than enough to get to those hills.

"Twas a fairly easy journey at first. In the evenings we camped, had our negroes do all the dirty work, while Boothy and I used to sit on our mats and talk. I noticed that he was sort of taking stock of me in his queer way. When we had nothing to say to each other I used to get out one of those books I've been telling you about and have a read.

"He used to fork out a mashie niblick from his golf-bag, find a bit of open ground and start practising into a tin pot. Neither of us did much boozing, because we were both afraid to hear too many corks drawn. Boothy knew as well as I what damp rot meant to a man out there.

A drop of whisky now and then, we had, but that was all.

"There wasn't much we had to say to each other. Boothy sometimes looked me up and down in a peculiar sort of way, as if he were frightened. 'Twas like the look of a dog who didn't quite trust his master. I faked ignorance about all that. I wanted him to have full confidence in me. 'Boothy,' I used to say to him, 'you've got something on your mind. Let's know about it.'

"It does seem strange," he said to me. "Two men together as we are, all alone in this wilderness, and neither really knows what goes on in the other's mind all the time."

## A Weird Story from the Wallaboo Hills by John Knittel





"For weeks we traveled through brush. Now and then a savannah spread out in front of us. It was a deadly sort of marching along.

"But one day we came to the loveliest bit of country you've ever seen. High grass, cotton trees over a hundred and fifty feet high, and oil-palms straight as candles. There we camped for a few days and rested. Boothy went out with some negroes and shot a rhino.

"I was feeling a bit weary. I'm an old man you know, over sixty, and I laid myself down and slept most of the time. But one day I went out with him and we stalked a herd of buffalo. We had a good wind and got fairly close to them.

"I gave a big bull a bean in the ear hole, but Boothy, who was a hundred yards from me, wounded his fellow, and on he came towards Boothy, charging like a mad devil. I saw Boothy's boys diving head first into the bush, and only just had time to swivel round and get my cheek on the butt. I gave the bull a good one, and he tumbled down and fell over just in front of Boothy.

"It was the nearest thing imaginable for Boothy. He was lying on the ground, face downwards, expecting a good toss, and you know what a buffalo toss is! When a buffalo's finished with you, you've got to be collected before you're buried. Boothy got up, never said a word of thanks to me, planted another bean in the buffalo's head and started whistling.

"That night as we sat over a fire, he had a drop of brandy, but he never spoke. I turned in to lay myself down and he stayed out. He must have thought I was asleep, but I wasn't, for presently I heard him sob. I tell you my heart went right up into my throat in a lump when I heard him. I got up and crept out, and saw him sitting near the fire, sobbing his heart out. Now it isn't fair to take a young fellow by surprise in this sort of state, so I went back into the tent and called softly:

"Boothy!"

"He said, 'What's the matter?' in quite an ordinary tone.

"Boothy,' I said, 'I'm glad I saved your life today; I'd be in a hole without you.'

"I wanted him to think that, rather than that he should think he had to come and thank me.

"You go to sleep,' said Boothy. 'And don't trouble about me. What the devil do you want to save a man's life for when he's tired of it?'

"My blood was up, I tell you. I hated him for saying that but we were only two of us and not another white man some hundreds of miles around, so I kept quiet and looked at him through my bug-net.

"You never heard such a buzz of mosquitoes as there was that night and we weren't anywhere near the swamps. Some animal up in one of the cotton trees set up a deadly wail, and Said, who was our chief tracker, snorted behind our tent like a wart-hog.

"Tippis and Congo and Billy Hippo and the rest of them, I won't mention any more of their abominable nicknames, were blowing in their sleep like rusty bellows, and now and then a blackbird came fluttering round the tent making no more noise

than a butterfly, but the flapping of its wings set the canvas moving. And Boothy was lying on his stomach now, chanting 'Suwanee River,' and looking at some picture or something he'd got out of his pocketbook by the camp-fire.

"Suddenly a short distance away a lion started roaring. Just for a few seconds, when he stopped, there came a sort of deadly calm. Even the mosquitoes seemed to stop buzzing. The wail in the trees stopped too. All the noises I'd listened to just before had shut up. Our coast boys jumped up and began shuffling and shivering and palavering and making up their fires. Boothy put away his picture, jumped up and came rushing into the tent.

"Swiggers, there's that so-and-so lion again.'

"Now I tell you, a lion is the biggest coward in the world, really. Generally, unless you go after him and wound him, he'll always try to avoid you. And I didn't want Boothy to waste a lot of time shooting about, because I reckoned to get to the gold hills before the sickly season started. We simply had to get through before then.

"So, 'Boothy,' I said, 'we're gold prospectors and not big-game toffs. If you want to see your money back don't think so much about shooting. Save your ammunition; we may want it when it's more necessary.'

"I want to have a bit of fun for my money,' he said. 'And darn you! I'm going crazy with you.'

"I turned my face away from him and told him to go to sleep. The fires were blazing outside, the lion started roaring again, from another side this time and a bit farther away.

"Good night, Boothy,' I said. 'I'm going to sleep and if you hate me there's a chance for you while I am asleep.'

"He got into pajamas. You never saw a finer young chest than his was. 'You don't know me! You don't know me!' he said, oh, with such contempt, and it sounded as if he were ready to cut my throat any old time.

"In the morning Boothy wanted to go after that lion when I wanted to get a move on. I told him we had two hundred-odd miles of forest to go through yet, where we must find our way along elephant tracks and get ourselves Tippoys to carry us across the big swamps in hammocks. He went raving mad, stamped about and shouted at me:

"You don't know me! You don't know me!"

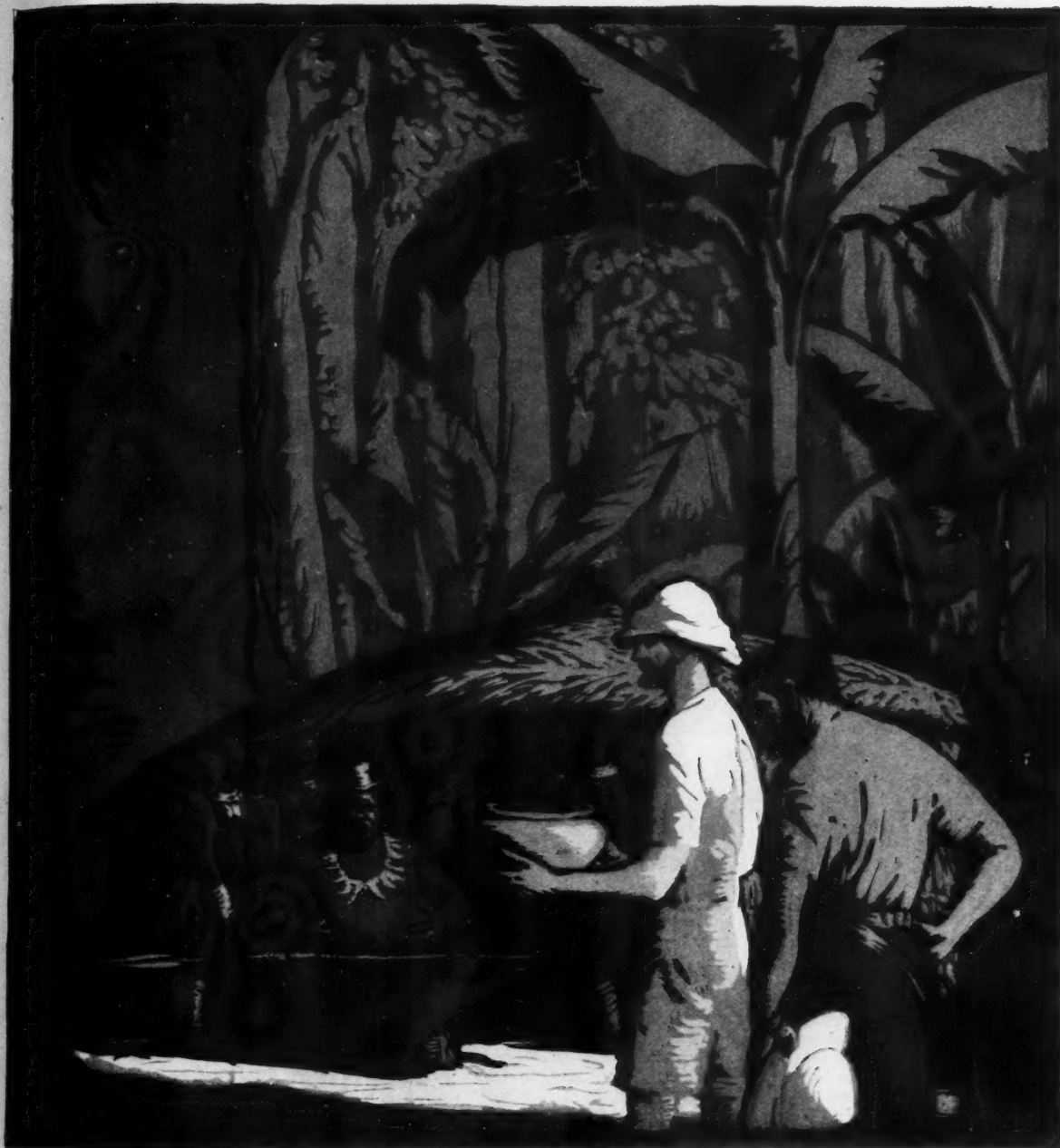
"I finally clapped him on his cheek and called him a 'kid.' He got very white in the face, put his hand on his gun, then suddenly went away without saying a word. We struck camp and went on. For a few days he was very sulky, hardly ever speaking to me. An awful pity for him came over me. I somehow felt I could get to like him more than anybody I'd ever met before.

"Presently, after a few days, I noticed the climate changing. First of all, the air wasn't as dry as hitherto, and the sun lay like a red-hot coal on our backs. Poor Boothy began to suffer from it, I could see, and I was sorry for him. It wasn't only his body either that suffered so much, it was his spirits.

"Curses seemed to be his only defense. He seemed to battle with them against unseen enemies. Whenever we neared a native village his eyes flared up and he went aside palavering with Said in a secret sort of way that made me feel ill at ease.

"The weather made me feel more and more anxious. One night we had a thunder-storm. It made a devil of a row, but it didn't clear the air. On the next day the sky was heavy, white as dust; a frosted sun looked down. We nearly died of thirst.





**C** "Boothy made grave eyes at the women. He was hopelessly gone on them, I could see. It took all my persuasive powers to get him away."

"Those were the conditions before we entered the big virgin forest which we had to cross to get to the Wallaboo Hills. No joke, I tell you. I knew we were running into the sickly season. I could almost smell it in the air. I've had over thirty sickly seasons in my life.

"Well, I reckoned it would take us about a month to make our way through that forest belt and reach the neighborhood of French territory. Still the sickly season might not set in immediately. This might only be a forerunner.

**B**OOTHY became very passive. When I asked him anything, he said, 'Do as you like. I don't know the country.'

"I decided to camp for a few days near a large village in order to palaver with the local chief to give us a trustworthy guide and forty carriers; for all the loads had to be made lighter.

"Boothy went out shooting. He'd seen a herd of antelopes grazing not far away and a panther suddenly jumping with big bounds in among 'em, and couldn't hold himself in any longer. He was like a panther himself. Said, who was a fairly good tracker, went with him, and Billy Hippo carried the guns for

Boothy. In four days Boothy shot enough game to fill a room in a museum, and meanwhile I settled the business of the negroes with Wamba-Wamba, the chief.

"'Boothy,' I said, after four days, during which time we hardly had said a friendly word to each other, 'tomorrow morning we start. All's ready.'

"He objected. He'd not be dragged into the forest.

"Then I'll have to go without you,' I said.

"We got our things together and, following our new guide, we entered the big forest before midday in a long single file. Boothy walked by himself behind us, but after an hour or two he came up to the head, cursing all the way.

"Swiggers,' he said, grinding his teeth, 'you're a bad man.'

"The undergrowth got denser as we went on, but our guide took us into a kind of tunnel in the forest. I looked at the leaves right and left. Elephants! We were on the elephant track. That put new spirit into Boothy. He got out his Holland and Holland and put in bullets as large as asparagus tips.

"It started to rain. It got very dark. Water dripped down upon us. Up in the trees the monkeys (Continued on page 160)

*Illustration by*  
Harrison Fisher



**A**The girl was the receptionist from Stan's own office... leaning forward like an eager little bird, with a fluttering look of worship in her eyes.



# By Maurine Watkins Luncheon for Two

THERE was no doubt about it: the man was Stanley and the girl—

She swiftly searched her memory and found with a shock: the receptionist from his own office. From his own office. She'd noticed her only two weeks before when she'd stopped by on one of her rare visits to carry him off to decide between a bracelet of emeralds with diamonds and another of diamonds with emeralds. (Both now jangled on her arm.)

That head of flame now hidden by a blue *beret*, that wild-rose face with its warm parted lips, those wide telltale eyes . . . She met in the mirror the cool challenge of her own dark eyes, whose first lesson had been inscrutability. You needed that with Stan . . . Even her voice had been soft and childlike: "Yes, ma'am, I'll tell Mr. Devereaux you're here."

"That's a pretty kid outside," she had said to him carelessly; "watch out Ziggy or Earl Carroll don't steal her."

"Is she? I hadn't noticed," he'd answered absent-mindedly. Absent-minded? Covering up!

Or maybe he *hadn't* noticed the girl; maybe she, too wise to be catty but not wise enough to keep still, had called his attention to her; maybe this dinner was the first.

She studied them again. Stan, erect in his chair, looking more than his fifty years in his effort to look less, his thick lips scarcely moving as they wove soft compliments, his eyes half-closed. And the girl, leaning forward like an eager little bird, with a fluttering look of worship in her eyes—no, it hadn't been long else she would have lost that look.

Those conferences while she had dined alone, that detached air and sudden devotion to business, those out-of-town trips—Philadelphia a month ago, Atlantic City, Boston, his suggestion that she run over to Paris and he would join her when the market settled down to common sense . . .

But her clothes were cheap and Stan would soon have remedied that. The same blue copy of a frock by Chanel the department stores put out at sixteen-fifty, a five-dollar hat from upper Broadway, and a last-year's coat with its touch of white rabbit. But perhaps they'd come straight from the office, and of course she'd be careful there. Discretion had also dictated this little Italian restaurant, with its fountains and arbors and palms and never-changing menu. For New York has its beaten tracks, and those who dine at the Colony do not cross west of Fifth Avenue, gastronomically speaking, and patrons of Sardi's and the Algonquin seldom wander to *table d'hôtes* on cross-streets north. So if you knew anyone's habits . . .

Yes, Stan would have been safe, indefinitely safe, if Fate in the form of street repairs hadn't forced her car cross-town; if she hadn't caught the gleam of some ruby glaze in an antique window; and once inside some brasses, which the keeper was even now polishing.

She wished she could hear what he was saying. Misunderstood. An invalid wife. Reasons may differ but alibis are the same.

But she didn't dare leave her table, hidden by a screen of lattice and flowers, for one closer by. Even if they went out the front entrance, as they probably wouldn't, they couldn't see her; but if they did, they wouldn't recognize—not if she'd turned her back; and if they did, they wouldn't believe.

The waiter brought and carried away in swift succession weary-looking antipasto, steaming soup, ravioli, a highly varnished half-chicken, sad lettuce swimming in red vinegar and lonely biscuit tortoni in its paper frill. It was nothing to him that the lady squandered a dollar twenty-five for nothing. Provided she left her tip. And he wisely calculated it would be either large—for her hose were the sheerest he'd ever seen, in fact he wasn't sure they *were* hose, and she jingled like a tambourine with jewelry—or nothing. For sometimes these rich dames get careless.

Was it a touch of late spring that would die of its own accord?

Or was it a symptom that he was growing old, that *she* was? Again her eyes studied that smooth, arrogant face in the mirror;

no hint of sag to throat or chin, not even a shadow from drooping cheeks; firm flesh with the translucent glow of a hothouse peach. Hours with a masseuse she counted as life's best investment.

Or was it serious? That would mean an apartment and a car for the girl, trips, clothes, jewels. He would feel the money was his, no doubt, and so long as she was provided for, given the luxuries she was used to, had plenty of money—as if there were such a thing as plenty of money! She longed to scream, to shriek to the world that he had no *right*, to march across that room—let her heels click, click, click! Scatter the dishes to the floor with one grand swoop—the clatter and crash would be music!—and let them see she knew . . . The lady in the mirror—yes, a lady; what did you *think!*—smiled back brightly, beauty unmarred. Rage brings wrinkles and sugar still beats vinegar for flies.

Control, that was the important thing in life, control . . . She steadied herself and took another cigaret.

The scene was "out," but she played with the thought of letting him know that she knew, so he wouldn't think he was putting anything over on her.

"Oh, by the way, Stan—I lunched at Gardini's today . . . Another cocktail?" she would say.

"Yes?" And he'd drain the cocktail. "Yes? And what are you going to do about it?"

THAT was it, what *was* she going to do!

If it weren't serious, a word, just a word from her, would be enough to make it so. He would rush to the girl to flaunt his independence, and then where would she be? For pride would require that she prove hers, or else give him the whip-hand forever. That was no good. And even if successful and he gave up the girl and she forgave him, it would be—what's the word, condoning? she must ask her lawyer.

Moreover, it would put him on his guard in the future. In a sense, too, it would give him his freedom to know she suspected—he was very touchy about being trusted—and the beautiful confidence between them would be gone. And he would be suspicious, too, of the very large bills she meant to run up, just in case . . .

Yes, like millions of other women, she must play ostrich.

Yes, and while she was playing ostrich that girl would be going on, getting her talons deeper and deeper in his pocketbook, even in his heart . . . And then he might demand his freedom, and if she refused he might *take* it. Men, infatuated, have done such things. Then she would have to sue—scandal—publicity—all sorts of complications.

She felt faint and sick and took an aspirin.

For half an hour longer she watched them, her mind racing in circles, but at the end of the time her course was clear:

He must not see the girl again.

He must not know—ever—that she knew.

She left a half-dollar tip and paid her bill at the desk.

"May I have an envelop—plain—and some paper?" she asked, and her voice was soft, gentle and low, that excellent thing in woman. "Oh, yes, and stamps—a special."

Felix the chauffeur turned the corner and waited while she printed carefully:

There's going to be trouble if Mr. Devereaux don't lay off that redheaded girl in his office.

A Friend

She surveyed it proudly: a half-sheet, thumb-printed and torn, with higgledy-piggledy letters—then addressed the envelop:

Mrs. Stanley Reid Devereaux,  
Bar Harbor, Maine.

Felix posted it in the corner box and she leaned back with a smile. She had started something now that would end it all right! And send Stanley to her arms for understanding.

Wives have their uses.

# The Mud-Lark



WHEN the youthful

mistress of Sycamore Rancho, Marion Henning, claimed Moon Valley, Bedelia and Colonel P. in a Tia Juana claiming race where none of them had any business to be, the result was devastating. For although the best horse of the trio, Colonel P.,

was ostensibly owned by John T. Banfield's trainer, Dan Bard, the sorrow of the parting was entirely Banfield's.

Conversely, the joy of that same parting fell to little Midge Macklin, the apprentice rider who had piloted Marion Henning's sprinter, Don Marco, to victory in that claiming race, despite the fact that he knew there were at least three better horses in the race. Midge had penetrated to the core of an adroit scheme of John T. Banfield, Dan Bard and one "Fatty" Milligan to clean up on getaway day, and had brought all their well-laid plans agley.

Following his advice, the girl had claimed all three horses for the trifling sum of a thousand dollars each, and in the secret knowledge that his mistress had acquired in Colonel P. no mean stake-horse, Midge's delight knew no bounds.

The race over and Colonel P. on his way back to the Sycamore Rancho's barn, Midge doffed his brave silks and hurried across the infield to the barn, where a groom was walking Colonel P. up and down, cooling him out, while the trainer, Jim Merton, stood looking on.

"From now on, Jim," Midge announced authoritatively, "nobody throws a leg over this horse but yours truly, Midge Macklin. I'll give him his morning exercise and I'll ride him when he goes to the post. But I'll not be mean to you, Jim," he added. "I'll give you a tip. Any time this horse starts you have a bet down on him across the board." He took the halter-shank from the groom's hand. "Let me have him, Jim," he pleaded. "We've got to start getting acquainted right now."

He led the horse over to the bucket and gave him a mouthful of water. Then he sponged Colonel P. between the ears and down the withers; he mopped out the hot nostrils, scratched the horse under the jaws and gave him a small carrot before resuming his sedate walking up and down.

And when Colonel P. was cooled out thoroughly he gave him to drink and groomed him; he fed him an apple and another carrot, bedded him down in two feet of clean straw in a box stall and remained in the stall an hour talking to his treasure, rubbing his legs, slapping him here and there, crooning to him, praising him, congratulating him on having escaped at last into the hands of an owner who would race him in the royal company he merited and never humiliate him in a fixed race.

Colonel P. appeared to relish these attentions, for in a large

"At-a-boy, Colonel. Come on, boy, give me what you got," Midge was crying to his mount.

stable such as John T. Banfield's, swipes, riders and trainers were kept much too busy to waste any time petting favorites. The Colonel nipped Midge lovingly, and when the boy left the stall, the horse stuck his head out and voiced a protesting whinny.

"He likes you already, Midge," Jim Merton declared. "If more riders could get closer to their mounts they might get better work out of them," the juvenile philosopher declared. "This Colonel P. is a sane horse. He knows what it's all about. Why, he walked to the post today like an old lady going to church. He's an honest horse and his kind never relish the bat; a really good horse will quit when he's flogged, and I'm going to teach this new horse to do his stuff when I speak to him and let him out a wrap. I want him to forget he ever met anybody around a race-track or a stock-farm except me."

Jim Merton smiled. "All right, sonny, have it your own way. I'll tell you what to do with him, what and how to feed him and care for him, but the job of doing all that will be yours. Far be it from me to come between you and your true love."

They shipped back to the Sycamore Rancho next morning. Marion Henning, driving back in her car, offered to take Midge with her, but the boy shook his head.

"I'll ride in the car with the horses, Miss Marion," he declared. "If Colonel P. got hurt in transit I'd never forgive myself."

Back at the ranch there was plenty of work for Midge. The new foals had all been dropped and were kicking up their young heels in the meadows; the yearlings had to be handled and there were some two-year-old prospects that required investigation. Thanks to Midge Macklin's cunning, the mistress of the rancho was now out of debt and had a comfortable balance in bank. So barns, which for years had clamored for paint, received it now. A new colt barn was built, new wire mesh fences were erected around the paddocks; new equipment lessened the labor and a new spirit of work and enthusiasm pervaded the entire establishment.

# *A Story of a Sweet Girl and a Smart Jockey by Peter B. Kyne*



*Illustrations by Grattan Condon*

"Yes, they should know that. He's been run in the mud and his time was rotten. I've studied every race he's ever run—but still I feel good about him. He's never run a mile and a quarter on any kind of track and he's never been raced in any decent company! Unless Bard has timed him after hours he doesn't know this horse's time for a mile and a quarter over a fast track, so he can only guess how good he is and how he finishes.

After the last heavy spring rains, the ranch track was harrowed and put into excellent shape, and here Midge spent most of his time with the string of horses Marion was planning to ship East.

And here it was that he discovered what a truly great horse Colonel P. was.

The horse had the two great assets of speed and stamina. A mile and a quarter meant nothing in his young life and he had in him, in full measure, the high ambition of a true race-horse to be out in front. As Midge had suspected, Colonel P. would not stand for the bat. He would flinch under 't, sulk immediately, whereas with petting, with verbal encouragement, he would flatten out and run like a whipper.

But he had one drawback. He did not like to run in mud and Midge discovered that with horses he could win from by a dozen lengths on a fast track, the horse was content to hold his own on a muddy track, and once, for a half-mile, old Ballyhoo, a natural mud-lark, ran Colonel P. off his legs.

MIDGE reported his findings to Marion Henning. But he was cheerful, nevertheless.

"The perfect horse is mighty hard to find, Miss Marion," he soothed her gravely. "Me, I never yet met no such animal. They all got some little peculiarity. They're just like people that way, and like people they lie down and die for no good reason. We'll have to run Colonel P. on fast tracks, and if we run him in the mud the race will have to be a long one. His stamina and great strength will carry him through to a win after horses that are faster than him in the mud have tired and quit.

"Me, I'm not discouraged, if we pick our races, Miss Marion. I'll always have a bet down on him. I understand this baby now and any time the Colonel and me go to the post there's going to be a real horse-race." He smiled a childish wicked little smile. "And maybe you think John T. Banfield, Dan Bard and Fatty Milligan won't play him heavy! They'll know he's out to win when he runs under your colors, and they know what he can do."

"I suppose," the girl replied thoughtfully, "they also know he isn't fast in the mud."

"I don't think Bard, or Banfield would consider entering him in a long race on a heavy track if they still owned him, but we'll consider it, Miss Marion. His time will be slow but—he'll stay! He'll not be outgamed if he can help it." He added, with a philosophy far beyond his years: "One hand washes the other, Miss Marion."

In the lobby of an old New Orleans hotel patronized by the racing fraternity, John T. Banfield met Fatty Milligan. "Well, Fatty," he greeted him with the good-fellowship one conspirator always feels for another, "still taking a crack at 'em, eh?"

"Can't rule a feller off for trying," Mr. Milligan replied, with equal good nature. Recalling their well-planned coup at Tia Juana the previous spring—a coup that had back-fired, costing Fatty his great mare Bedelia, Banfield his horse Moon Valley and Dan Bard the great Colonel P., not to mention a small fortune in bets they failed to cash, he added: "I got a few good ones this meeting, but—I'm not risking 'em in any more claiming races."

"Quit jabbing me about that, Fatty. You were as enthusiastic about that deal as I was—and I lost two horses while you only lost one. However, like you, I've had my lesson. The next time I enter a horse in a claiming race it will be with the hope that he'll be claimed at a price that represents all he's worth."

But Fatty was still a little bit vindictive. "How's that marvelous morning-glory that wizard girl, Marion Henning, sawed off on you for a hundred thousand dollars after he'd won the Governor's Handicap?" he queried.

"Now, that's an idea," John T. Banfield replied without malice. "Who told you Pilgrim's Pride was a morning-glory?"

"Well, I've clocked him before breakfast and he's a streak of lightning. But I've also clocked him after luncheon when he's not so ambitious to burn up the track. You haven't won a race with him since you bought him—so I gather he's a morning-glory."

Banfield forced a grin. "Well, don't tell anybody," he urged. "Don't have to, John. Everybody knows it."

"Then," Banfield replied, "he ought to be a lovely long shot in the Ponchartrain Handicap next Thursday."

Fatty Milligan took John T. Banfield by the arm. "I have a



feeling you're about to give birth to a bright idea, John," he suggested. "Come up to my suite and we'll see what this brain child of yours looks like, although if it resembles that claiming race at Tia Juana where we all but lost our shirts, I'll be shot if I'll be its godfather."

JOHN T. BANFIELD followed Fatty Milligan to the latter's suite, Fatty served him a high-ball and a cigar and they sat gazing at each other.

"Has this morning-glory reformed?" Fatty queried presently.

"No, Fatty, and he never will, but—I can make him forget his besetting sin for one race."

"I hear that rider, Midge Macklin, used to sing to him—a little song that goes 'B-z-z-z-z-z,' reminiscent of an electric battery."

"So I have been informed on good authority. Well, that gag doesn't work any more. The little devil, Midge, must have informed his boss that it wouldn't, so she sold her morning-glory to me. And because he looked like a world-beater that day I gave her for him, in a moment of insanity, one hundred thousand dollars in good American money—and all I've had since is a feed bill. But Pilgrim's Pride is going to pay the note yet, and I think he'll do it in the Ponchartrain Handicap next Thursday."

Fatty Milligan got out a list of entries for that race. "This is Monday and there'll be quite a number of additional entries before Thursday," he commented. "Six are already entered—and they are six good ones—far faster at their best than your morning-glory at his worst. That's bad news for you, John, but it isn't all the bad news. I'm going to enter a three-year-old of mine—Sans Souci—and he can win by three open lengths from these six good ones already listed. All that baby needs is a fast track, Jockey Jameson up and the ordinary brand of racing luck to win pulled up. John, he can beat your morning-glory."

"The Ponchartrain Handicap is the fourth race on Thursday. If I slip my morning-glory a quart of good whisky just before the first race, he'll be full of vim and vigor when he goes to the post. He'll not be drunk, but he'll be full of Dutch courage and wild to go. I've experimented with him, Fatty, in four races, and in every race he fought his head like a fiend. Just crazy to do his stuff."

"Suppose I sell you Pilgrim's Pride and you enter him. We can then play him and Sans Souci as a stable entry and get excellent odds, with two chances for cashing in where each of us only had one before! The purse is \$25,000 and if your stable entry wins it, we'll have at least \$20,000 for our share, the remainder going to the horse that shows."

John T. Banfield sipped his high-ball thoughtfully. "This racing business is a risky game," he complained, "and I'm getting to that point in life where I like to play a reasonably sure thing."

"What do you want for your morning-glory, John?"

"Give me a dollar for him," Mr. Banfield replied wearily. "If he fails us, I'll give you your dollar back and take the nuisance off your hands."

"If he fails us and Sans Souci wins the handicap I'd be a sap to split the purse with you, wouldn't I, John?"

"On the other hand, if he beats Sans Souci and Sans Souci fails to be in the money, you'd be a crook if you didn't give me half the purse and my horse back. What's your Sans Souci worth?"

"I've been offered five thousand for him, but he's worth a lot more. That horse's real ability isn't known."

"Perhaps, then, you had better sell him to me for five thousand, Fatty, and run him under my colors. It's known that I paid a hundred thousand for Pilgrim's Pride and if he wins this big stake or is even in the money the word will go around that he's a distance runner."

"The handicap is at a mile and a quarter and the Pilgrim has never run that distance; hence, at his regular distances—a mile to a mile and an eighth (he has only run a mile and an eighth once and finished fourth)—a sudden reversal of form, under your colors and coupled in the betting with Sans Souci, might look suspicious. But under my colors and coupled in the betting with Sans Souci, at a mile and a quarter, a win wouldn't be at all suspicious if Sans Souci put it over, and if the Pilgrim won, it could be said that, although not fast, his great stamina enabled him to go the route and wear down the favorite."

"There's sense in what you say, John," Fatty Milligan was impressed. "We'll work it your way; each will bet as he pleases and if either horse wins we split the purse fifty-fifty and I get Sans Souci back by purchase, say, two weeks from now."

Ostensibly I pay you a big profit on him. That's settled."

They shook hands on the deal. Sharpshooters both, curiously enough they trusted each other, for although neither hesitated to defraud the betting public, their peculiar code forbade that they should double-cross each other.

"We have but one worry, Fatty," John T. Banfield resumed. "That girl, Marion Henning, is here, with her rider, Midge Macklin, and a string of pretty good horses." He smiled mischievously. "She has Moon Valley, Bedelia and Colonel P., and I don't suppose I have to tell you that Bedelia and Moon Valley might be contenders and that Colonel P. will win the handicap—provided, of course, he is entered."

Fatty brightened, despite the gloomy prospect. "We might make a combination with another owner or two to pocket Colonel P., in exchange for being let in on the good thing," he suggested.

"I never tip off a good thing, Fatty. It travels too far and too fast and sometimes there's a bad flare-back to it. Besides, I don't think it would be safe to bet that any combination of jockeys can pocket that Midge Macklin."

"Nonsense, John. He's only an apprentice rider."

"I wish he was riding all my horses, Fatty. He's just natural. And he has brains. He's the boy that sawed off Pilgrim's Pride on me, well knowing the nag was a morning-glory, and he's the boy that got on to our game at Tia Juana and arranged the debacle that lost us our horses to the Henning girl in that claiming race. I'm afraid of him, Fatty. If Marion Henning enters Colonel P. in the Ponchartrain Handicap, I'm going to play that entry, with our horses to place and show."

"But Colonel P. has never run at the mile and a quarter, John."

"Never officially, Fatty," Banfield corrected, "but he can do it and then some. He has more stamina than any horse I ever owned, and if Marion Henning enters him in this race, it's a sure sign that since she claimed him Midge Macklin has discovered what he can do."

"In that event," sighed Fatty Milligan, "we can only watch and pray. If Colonel P. isn't entered, however, our deal goes as outlined."

Again they shook hands.

EVER while John T. Banfield and Fatty Milligan were laying their plans to win the Ponchartrain Handicap and clean up in the betting, Midge Macklin was laying his. With Jim Merton, trainer for the Sycamore Rancho, he had been studying the list of horses known to have been entered already in the Ponchartrain Handicap, or announced by their owners as about to be entered. Together they had carefully reviewed the record of all races run by these horses.

"This looks like a soft one for Colonel P.," Midge announced at the conclusion of their deliberations. "He's fit for the race of his life. He hasn't run a race since the meeting closed at Tia Juana last spring and the newspaper record of that race states that at the finish he was tiring badly. But you and I, Jim, know he wasn't."

"I was three-quarters of a length in front of him on Don Marco and he wouldn't run into the barrage of my bat," Midge chuckled. "Well, in clear cool weather and on a fast track, I'll see that no other boy works the same trick on me. I'll carry him just a bit wide on the turn and trust to his speed to make up the distance lost. I'll keep him clear. Let's enter him, Jim. Miss Marion will o. k. anything we do."

"All right, boy," the trainer agreed. "It certainly looks too good to be true."

They entered him late Monday afternoon. Early Tuesday morning a heavy rain commenced to fall and when the racing on Tuesday was over the track was a sea of mud, with the rain still falling. Midge Macklin was a bit downhearted at the prospect.

"He'll do fairly well in the mud," he told Marion Henning. "Soft, slick going won't handicap him any more than it will the others and he'll still have a good chance to win. But I wouldn't bet much on him unless he's given a light impost—and I expect he may carry as high as one hundred and fifteen. Nobody can peg a handicapper. Let's leave him in and take a crack at that rich stake, but we'll not bet on him at all if the rain stops and the track is stiff and heavy when the race is called."

"We'll have to leave him in," the girl reminded him. "Unless he's injured and the judges are satisfied he can't race, he may not be scratched from a handicap."

"There are a couple of mudders in that race that can beat him in stiff heavy going, Miss Marion," Midge shrugged. "Well, whatever happens, we'll run him to win."

"We always run our horses that way, Midgie. What else do you know?"



**C.** "This is the kid that rode Bedelia, Miss Marion," Midge explained. "Slip him something. He ain't been eating good lately."

"I don't know it, Miss Marion, but somehow I've got a notion that John T. Banfield and Fatty Milligan are up to something. Fatty's sold his horse, Sans Souci, to Banfield and Banfield has entered him and Pilgrim's Pride in the handicap. I wonder if they're going to bet those two as a stable entry."

"But the Pilgrim's a morning-glory, Midge. At least, you so reported to me. That's why I sold him."

"Well, Miss Marion, you remember I found a way to make him run in the afternoon. Of course that way won't work any more,

but maybe Banfield has found another way. And if he has, John T. Banfield's stable entry is going to carry a few bucks of mine."

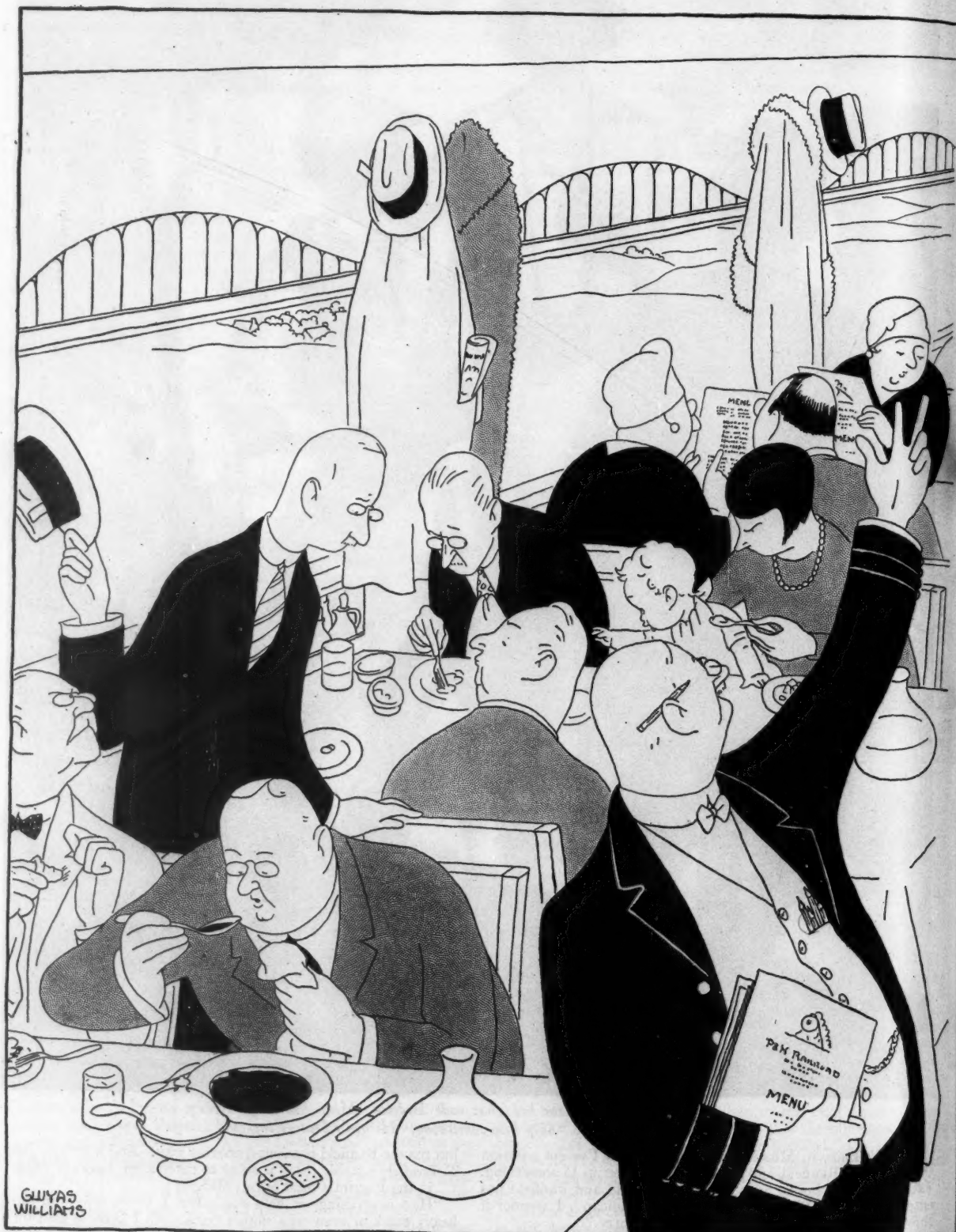
"Is the Pilgrim a mud-horse, Midge?"

"He's everything—if he'll run. But I never rode him on a heavy track or even on a sloppy track. All I know is that on a fast track he's good for a mile and a quarter and running at his best I'd be afraid to bet on Colonel P. against him."

"What about Sans Souci in high-class company?"

"A fair horse, but he hasn't run many (Continued on page 157)

# IN *the* DINER





*By Gluyas Williams*



# Dr. ARTZ

A Novel of a Modern Mephistopheles



*"Marakoff is my friend," said Artz. "I suggested him as your master. Haven't I as much right to help as he?"*

## The Story So Far:

PAULINE ISELLE had two great gifts—a wonderful voice and a beauty that drove men mad. Her desire to become a great opera-singer led her to accept an offer of financial aid from the old roué Alphonse de Rothberg and travel, with her elderly friend Miss Vyvyan, to Zurich where she studied with the famous tenor Marakoff, who had lost his voice as a result of the horrors of the Russian revolution.

The guiding spirit in the choice of Marakoff as teacher was Doctor Artz, a brilliant but unscrupulous physician, who operated in Zurich a *clinique* in which aged worldlings were restored to an evil and unnatural youth. Artz set about intrigues calculated to win the girl for himself. An unexpected obstacle in the way of his success was Marakoff, whose only interest in Pauline was a desire to further her artistic progress. Another was young Carl Fügler, who was genuinely in love with her.

Rothberg was a patient of Artz, and by clever plotting the shrewd physician led Miss Vyvyan, who had fallen in love with Fügler, to consent to the rejuvenating treatment. Marakoff, sensing danger to Pauline from Rothberg, also became a patient, extorting from Artz a secret promise that he would intentionally "fail" in his treatment of Rothberg in return for the hope of world fame that would be his if he succeeded in restoring the great singer's voice.

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Rothberg became suspicious of Artz when he discovered that his treatment had been worthless and demanded that Pauline leave Zurich for study in Milan. Pauline refused, and Rothberg sought to win Miss Vyvyan as his ally.

ROTHBERG held out his hand conventionally. Miss Vyvyan took it conventionally. Then she walked into his sitting-room.

He sat down by her, slowly, letting himself down as if with precaution. His movement was old.

"Well," he said, "have you been to see Miss Iselle?"

"Yes. I have just come from her."

"And you put the Milan proposition to her, of course? What did she say?"

"Mr. de Rothberg," said Miss Vyvyan, meeting those hungry eyes, forcing herself to meet them steadily, "Pauline won't go to Milan. She won't leave Monsieur Marakoff."

"She must."

"She won't. And she won't accept any more question?"

of your—your"—she was trying to say "generous," but she found that she couldn't—"of your help, any more help from you. She often seems submissive, even perhaps slavish—with men, but she has a will. And now she has—she has—found it. She will stay here, in Zurich."

"So Miss Iselle has found some other man to pay for her expenses!" Miss Vyvyan was startled. "Do you know who it is?"

"I'm sure Pauline wouldn't—"

"So she didn't tell you who it is?"

"I've no reason to think for a moment that Pauline would allow—"

He interrupted her dryly: "Didn't you enter into the money question?"

"I did speak about money, certainly."

"What did Miss Iselle say?"

"She said she would manage."

"Manage! And do you mean to say that that didn't convey to you the fact that before you went to see her she had arranged about her future in Zurich?"

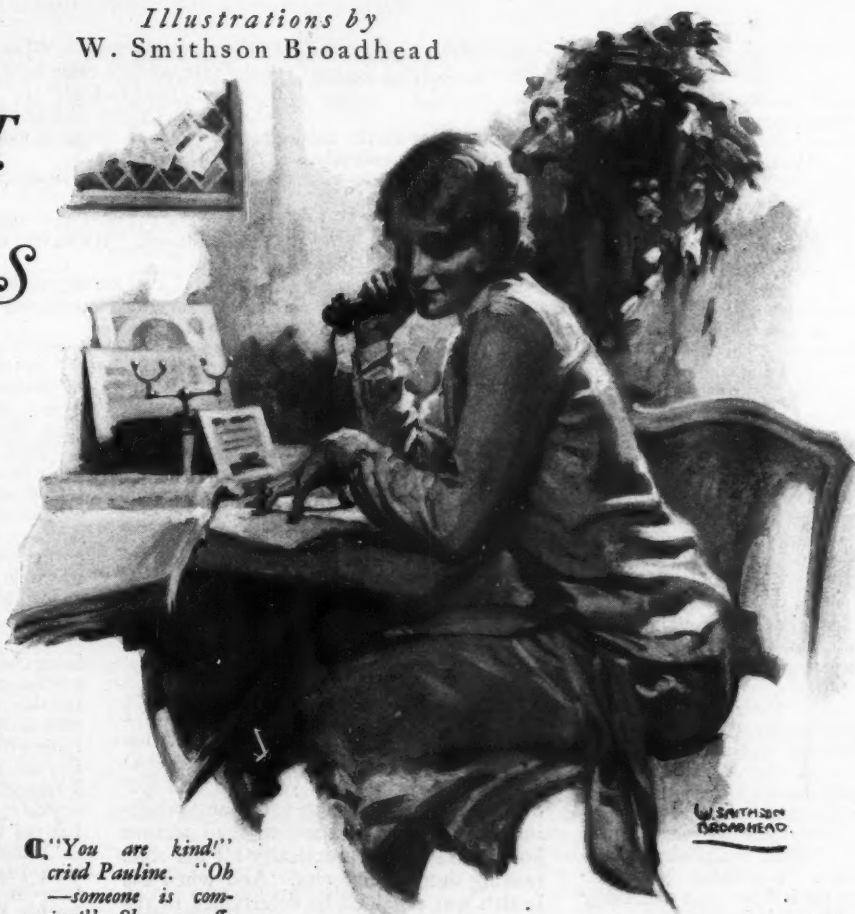
Miss Vyvyan began to feel as if, perhaps, she were very ingenuous, even very foolish. She remembered the assured tone

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Illustrations by  
W. Smithson Broadhead

# ROBERT HICHENS



**C.** "You are kind!"  
cried Pauline. "Oh  
—someone is com-  
ing!" She rang off.

she had noticed in Pauline's voice when the question of money had been mentioned.

"Oh, she told me Monsieur Marakoff was going to teach her for nothing!"

Rothberg looked for an instant as an animal looks when it is snarling. "And her living expenses? The pension? Her dresses? Her current expenses?" he asked.

"Perhaps Monsieur Marakoff has offered—"

"Marakoff! He is miserably poor. He can scarcely manage himself. No, it isn't Marakoff."

"But then who is there—here who would help her?"

Rothberg's eyes looked at her surely with contempt at her impotence. "Who? It is one of two men here in Zurich. It is either Carl Fügler, that baritone, or it is Doctor Artz."

At the mention of Carl Fügler's name Miss Vyvyan involuntarily shrank in her seat, but at the name of Doctor Artz she lifted her wiry little body up and pushed her head quickly forward.

"Doctor Artz help Pauline!"

"Why not?"

"Doctor Artz! But he has taken no interest in her since she has been here."

"Haven't you found out yet that Artz is a profound humbug, profound because he gives the impression of being almost brutally frank? Don't you know yet that he is quite free from the chain most men bear about with them, whether they know it or not?"

"What chain is that?"

"A tendency to kindness. Artz isn't kind."

"No—indeed!" She said it with a terribly mournful conviction.

"The type of woman he is attracted by is very fair, with light and childlike eyes, gray or blue." He paused. Then he added, "Now do you think it impossible that Artz should agree to pay for Miss Iselle's expenses in Zurich?"

Miss Vyvyan looked at him in silence.

"Then," he said, "there is Carl Fügler."

"It couldn't be he! It couldn't be he!"

"Why not? He is madly in love with Miss Iselle."

"Who—who can know that?"

He only smiled—a terrible smile—and said three words in Italian. They were "*la luna immobile*."

Miss Vyvyan's head drooped slightly. She murmured, "Pauline wouldn't allow him to."

"I incline to believe it is Doctor Artz," said Rothberg. With cold brutality he continued: "Oh, what is the good of our playing the usual hypocrite's game, we two just out of the *clanique*? Artz has three manias. Most of us have at least one. In his case there is a trinity." He laughed faintly, tonelessly. "Power, money, women, young, fair, very fair child-women. There you have Artz. He is really scientific. Through his undoubted knowledge he gets people into his power. He makes money out of them, of course, when they have any. But some he takes merely for the fun of the thing."

His eyes as he said that were terrible to Miss Vyvyan. They showed his meaning so nakedly.

"Artz has an immense and peculiar sense of humor which must be ministered to. He makes some very subtle experiments, and the laughter of the gods, mingling with his unheard laughter, rewards him. But the rich, like myself, must pay. And then, too, there is the question of advertisement. I am pretty well known in the money world. That is why he wanted me here. He meant to do great things for me. I am positive of that. He was genuine there."

"Yes?"

She was consciously trying to keep an expression out of her eyes, an expression of amazement. For what had Artz done for Rothberg? To Miss Vyvyan Rothberg looked now years older than when he had first come to Zurich. Then he had been a man elderly of course, even old, but carefully arranged, and having some semblance of middle age, at any rate a clever and fairly successful pretension to be younger than he probably was. But now he seemed to have crumbled.

"I know exactly what you are thinking." There was a thin hardness in the voice which was matched by the eyes of the speaker. "You are thinking that I'm a very poor advertisement for Artz' treatment, that he's evidently made a failure with me. Aren't you?"

Miss Vyvyan didn't answer that question.

"You're thinking, too, that perhaps you were wrong about Artz not being jealous. He might have made a failure with me just because of jealousy, mightn't he?"

Again he paused, but there was no answer.

"Now you know what I think to be the truth of this affair. You brought Miss Iselle here. Her parents trust you. In a certain sense you are still responsible for her. At any rate the world would certainly think so if it knew the facts. Are you going to let Artz have his way? Are you going to let him take another bite out of youth?"

"But what more can I do?"

"Perhaps you would rather not do anything more!"

His malice was seeking for malice in her. His evil was looking about in her to see how much of evil exactly she contained. She felt that, felt it intensely, and revolted.

And yet?



It was then as if Doctor Artz in her were fighting against herself, as if he and what he had done to her were battling against what she essentially was.

"Would you rather do nothing?"

There was a dreadful sound of knowing intimacy in the old voice. "We two from the *clinique*," it seemed to be saying silently. "We understand one another, don't we—don't we?"

And Carl Fügler with his glorious youth?

"What more can I do? Pauline refuses to leave Zurich."

"If she stays, Artz will have her. You can be sure of that."

Miss Vyvyan got up. She felt that she couldn't bear any more just then. She felt that she must be alone, where no intimate eyes—no *clinique* eyes—could observe her, could feel about in her with this dreadful stripping intimacy.

"Good-by," she said.

Rothberg took hold of her hand and pressed it. "You are responsible!" he said quietly.

She did not make any protest. What would be the use? For wasn't she in truth responsible? It had all come about because of her. Her eager zest for Pauline's future had brought it about. In some dreadful way it was as if she had mysteriously willed it all.

She drew her hand away from his with a shudder.

"I must do something!" These words kept repeating themselves in her mind as she walked quickly away in the dark from the Baur-au-Lac. "I must do something! I must do something!"

Inaction was impossible now. She was, always had been, an impetuous little creature, full of mental and physical energy. But now spurs were applied to her. She felt the prick of them cruelly. Something must be done for Pauline, and something must be done for herself.

It is seldom that one human being speaks to another with naked sincerity. It seemed to Miss Vyvyan that Rothberg had just done that to her.

"Some of them he takes merely for the fun of the thing."

That explanation of Artz had seared her to the bone, she felt. That she should be forced to suffer like this in order that Doctor Artz' "immense and peculiar sense of humor" should be ministered to! Intolerable! She burned with a fierce indignation. But the words of Rothberg had roused in her pride as well as indignation. She must refuse Doctor Artz any further amusement provided by her.

Rothberg had provided her that afternoon with a weapon of self-defense. He had enabled her, she believed, to be drastic with herself. There are moments when a great sacrifice is made not only possible but imperative. Miss Vyvyan felt that there was only one thing for her to do now that Rothberg had been so horribly explicit. She would do it. She would be able to do it. Doctor Artz must be robbed of his anticipated laughter. His peculiar and immense sense of humor must go without—for once.

But then there was the question of Pauline. And again the words, "I must do something!" sounded through the mind of Miss Vyvyan. And again Doctor Artz was there before the eyes of her imagination as an enemy who must be attacked, and quickly.

Doctor Artz was sitting in his library that evening, smoking a pipe after a very excellent dinner and a bottle of Château Lafite,

## FACT IS STRANGER THAN FICTION, as this Writer of Detective Fiction Will Prove to You

SOME three years ago S. S. Van Dine, who created that fascinating character Philo Vance and took him through several absorbing mysteries—"The Canary Murder Case" and others—suffered a nervous breakdown. For three years he was forbidden by his physician to do any studying or writing, or even to read serious books. He spent practically all his time reading detective stories. And when his health was regained he determined to try to excel the stories he had read.

He had been interested in criminology and had quite a library on the subject, but now he set about the study as a professional writer who intended to make criminology his business. He studied the history of crime psychology; he delved into the police archives of the United States and Europe; he studied entire encyclopedias on the subject; familiarized himself with crime methods and technique in all countries; developed a library in many languages. He became an expert.

He was astonished to find how much more absorbing real crime is than fictional crime. And as a result he has written studies of the most interesting criminal cases of Europe. These are crimes which though well known in their respective countries are unknown in America. We are proud to say that they are to be published in *Cosmopolitan*. The first will appear next month.

R. L.

and reading Nietzsche's "Human—All too Human," when a young man servant came in and said, "The English lady asks to see you, Herr Doktor."

"Fräulein Vyvyan at this time of night! Show her into the drawing-room. I will come in a moment."

"Yes, Herr Doktor."

Doctor Artz walked authoritatively across the hall to the drawing-room.

"Ah, Miss Vyvyan! Very glad to see you. Do sit down."

She sat down. "It's an odd time to call, I know. Still, I felt I must come."

His small eyes examined her with eager, with lambent curiosity. "Something important? You are not feeling well? But I am sure that—"

"Oh, I am perfectly well, thank you."

"You look wonderful," he told her.

"Wonderful—no, I don't!" she said, with profound irony. "Please don't say those things to me any more."

"What is the matter?" he asked, suddenly assuming an almost harshly authoritative tone and manner.

"Doctor Artz," Miss Vyvyan said, without any of her usual volubility, "it was entirely through me that Pauline Iselle was able to leave London in order to be trained for opera abroad. You know that, of course. I was responsible for her coming abroad. You were responsible for Zurich being chosen as the place of her education."

"Responsible is, I think, scarcely the suitable word to use," said Doctor Artz with a slight touch of irony. "Happening to be a friend of a great singer and teacher, and knowing him to be in need of pupils, I merely mentioned the fact. That can scarcely be said to constitute responsibility, I think."

"What I want to know is—why did you wish Pauline Iselle to be sent specially here—to Zurich?"

"But I didn't."

"But I am quite sure you did," said Miss Vyvyan, with something of her natural impetuosity. "For a long time I have thought it was on account of Mr. de Rothberg. But now I don't believe it was. Will you tell me?"

"Tell you what?"

"Tell me why you were resolved that we should come here instead of going to Milan as I had intended."

After a moment of apparent hesitation, Doctor Artz said: "I really do not see why you should ask me this question, Miss Vyvyan, but as you and I are good friends, I will answer it. It was because of Mr. de Rothberg that I wished Miss Iselle to come here."

"It was!" Her prominent brown eyes were fixed upon him with a steady searching gaze. "Then what did you intend?" she added.

Again he seemed to hesitate for an instant. Then he said: "I do not mind answering questions personal to myself, though I do not understand at all the reason why they are put. But I cannot reply to questions involving other people, patients of mine, Miss Vyvyan. That however—wait a moment."

Again he hesitated, either sincerely or with the wish to produce a particular effect.

"Perhaps I can say as much as this," he then said. "That Mr. de Rothberg conveyed to me in London his intention to pay for Miss Iselle's education only on certain terms."

"Really!"

"He wished her to come to Zurich."

"But you suggested it when we were all there, in the drawing-room."

Doctor Artz looked for a moment slightly embarrassed, or Miss Vyvyan believed so. "Oh, I knew he wished her to go to

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Zurich before that," he said rather hastily. "But he hadn't decided before that to pay for Miss Iselle's education," said Miss Vyvyan. "Mr. de Rothberg is not a man who tells all he intends to do, or not to do, till he considers that the proper moment for telling has arrived."

"Did you know his reason for specially wishing us—Miss Iselle—to come here?"

"Excuse me, please, Miss Vyvyan," said Doctor Artz. "But may I ask why you are putting all these questions to me?"

"Pauline Iselle is very young, and—and I feel that things are not as they ought to be."

"Not as they ought to be? I do not understand you."

MISS VYVYAN'S eyes traveled to the two portraits of fair women which hung on the drawing-room wall, then looked again at Artz. "I consider that as I came out here with Pauline Iselle, and as her parents practically put her in my charge, it is my duty to see that no harm comes to her."

"But is any harm coming to Miss Iselle?" he said. "What has happened to make you so anxious about her?"

The question was asked with such absolute naturalness that Miss Vyvyan wondered whether Rothberg was not entirely wrong in his conviction about Doctor Artz.

But those two portraits of girlish women on the drawing-room wall—didn't they back up all that Rothberg had said?

"What has happened?" she said, playing for time.

"Yes." He had been looking at her intently. Now he said, "I know! It is Rothberg!" Once again he had—it must be so—read her thoughts. "Rothberg!" he repeated. "Yes—yes, it is Rothberg." He leaned forward till his protuberant chest was very near to her. "Rothberg has become my enemy," he said. "And I will tell you why. I tried my very best with him. I failed. I failed utterly. Do you care to know why? I will tell you. Rothberg came to me too late. He was too old even for me. He will never forgive me that—his being too old! That"—he spoke now with sudden savage irony—"that is how men are! It is clear to me now. Rothberg has been trying to poison your mind about me. Is it not so?"

Miss Vyvyan did not answer the question. "What has he said? But that it is easy enough to tell. I am no doubt a seducer of women. Is it not so? I am, perhaps, pursuing Miss Iselle. Is that it? I have shown so much interest in her. Have I not? I have shown so much jealousy. When she sings in the dark with handsome young students on the lake I am crazy with jealousy. Eh? You must have remarked it. Of course it is all so plain! I am in love with Miss Iselle, I a scientific man in middle age! I have nothing to do but to pursue young girls!"

He saw her eyes go again to the portraits.

"You think so, too, no doubt. Because, I'm most other normal men, I am susceptible to the beauty and charm of women, I am suspect. It does not occur to you, I suppose, that a man cannot keep on and on loving and loving. I loved a woman once. She died in childbirth. Since her death I have done what many men do, I have tried to love again."

"Twice I have tried and failed." He pointed to the two portraits. "I have told you tonight what I have told to no one else—that I have tried to love and failed. These are tragic things that a man does not care to talk about."

"But your little friend Miss Iselle! She is pretty. I see that, of course. She has a voice of lovely quality. But is she interesting? No! She is wrapped up in her singing. She is a little egotist. Her one thought is to get on, to get into opera, to please the crowd. How is one to long for a child whose mind is only set on an opera-house? No, really! Unless one is a maniac, like Rothberg."

A maniac! And how about the trinity of manias?

"Oh, why, why—why haven't I a sure

instinct in psychology?" Miss Vyvyan asked herself. "What is the truth? Where is it?"

And then she thought of Carl Fügler. Hadn't untainted youth a sure instinct? And Carl Fügler hated Artz.

"I suppose you know that Pauline Iselle will have to leave here," she said slowly. "Mr. de Rothberg is withdrawing the allowance he was making her."

"But what a shame!" Artz exclaimed with energy. Perhaps nothing that he could have said would have surprised Miss Vyvyan more than just that. "Do you mean," he continued, "that that child has got to give up her ambition to be a singer? No, that is too bad, really!"

At this moment Miss Vyvyan said to herself, "Rothberg was wrong. He is genuine. He has been cruel to me. But he is genuine."

"And with such a voice! You know how I love music. I find Miss Iselle quite uninteresting, but her voice is lovely. It will be a great shame if she has to give up. She could make an opera-singer. She is on the way. But Marakoff will not give her up. I know that."

"But he can't pay her expenses here."

"No, really! And yet they are not great."

"But she hasn't the money."

"Look here!" he said, with strong earnestness. "If it is so, if it has come to that, I will pay. Why not? It is I who have made a failure with Rothberg. Why should he revenge himself on that child who has done nothing, who only wants to be let alone and to sing? Find out, I beg of you, what is necessary to be done and I am willing to do it. I am not a poor man, as you see, and my passion is music. The money can be administered by you. That will be best. What do you say?"

She had never before seen Artz show genuine emotion, the emotion of an enthusiast—so natural, so spontaneous in herself. She was moved. She could not help being moved. But then, who had promised to pay for Pauline before? On whom was Pauline relying? It must be Carl Fügler. An arrow seemed to go into her heart. "You are very kind," she said slowly. "But I don't think—" She paused.

"Yes?" he said. "I don't think Pauline could possibly accept the money from you."

"Why not?"

He seemed to be waiting for an explanation. But she had none to give. This interview was not going at all as she had imagined it would. She had come to attack Doctor Artz. She had thought of him as a subtle conspirator. And now here he was offering to help Pauline through herself. She was to administer the money he was offering. Rothberg had surely led her wrong out of hatred.

She got up.

"You are going?"

"Yes. I must go now."

He went with her to the drawing-room door.

"You will think over my proposition?"

"It's most kind and generous of you. But I'm afraid it's quite out of the question." He opened the door. She stopped by it. "Besides"—again she looked at him steadily—"I don't think Pauline can stay on here."

"No?" he said, with no change of expression.

"So much has happened that—I think a complete change will be best. Her father wishes her to go to Milan."

"Oh, in that case no more need be said. Mr. Marakoff will be sorry, but I dare say you are right. So long as she does not have to give up her training!" His voice sounded uninterested, almost bored. "And you think you can find the money for Milan?"

"I must see about that."

He did not offer to pay for Pauline at Milan.

He seemed suddenly to have lost any interest he had had in the matter.

"Good night," he said, on the doorstep.

"Good night. Please forgive me for coming."

"Of course. I know how enthusiastic you are about your young protégée. And really I feel that you are right. As a singer she has a future."

She turned out of the garden and began to

walk down the hill by Artz' garden wall. She had decided to go to the pension.

Meanwhile Artz, having shut the door, walked quickly to the telephone and rang up the pension. He asked if he could speak at once to Miss Iselle. Was she in? A servant's voice said that she was.

"Kindly ask her to come at once to the telephone. Doctor Artz wishes to speak to her."

There was a pause.

After a time that seemed to him very long a clear voice was audible saying, "Yes. I am here. What is it, please?"

"Miss Vyvyan has just left me."

"Miss Vyvyan!" The clear voice sounded startled.

"Yes. You will see her almost directly, I feel sure."

"Did she say she was coming here?"

"No. But I am certain she is. She has made up her mind that you are to leave here and go to Milan."

After an instant of silence Pauline's voice said, "But she can't decide that unless I choose to go."

"And will you go?"

"No."

"My offer to you holds good. I believe in you. If Marakoff does his part, I am willing to do mine. You can pay us both back out of your first earnings."

"You are awfully kind, but I don't think I ought to accept."

"If you do not, then you will have to go."

"I don't want to go." A pause. "I can't go."

"One thing I want to ask of you."

"What is it?"

"Will you promise not to tell Miss Vyvyan I offered to pay for you?"

"Why?"

"Because I have just told her I was willing to pay, and she thinks I only thought of it while she was here."

"I won't say anything."

"Not to anyone?"

"Not to anyone."

"She says she wishes you to have a complete change."

"I won't go."

"And surely you will allow me to join Marakoff in helping you out. He is my friend. I suggested him as your master. Haven't I as much right to help as he has?"

"You are kind! Oh—someone is coming!"

She rang off.

Miss Vyvyan was a naturally fast walker.

That night she walked even faster than usual.

She hurried to the pension.

"Is Miss Iselle in, Hedwig?" she asked the maid who answered her ring.

"Yes, Fraulein. She was at the telephone a minute ago, but I think she's gone to her room."

"I'll go and see."

AS MISS VYVYAN hastened along the corridor she wondered to whom Pauline had been speaking over the telephone. Perhaps to Carl Fügler. Surely to Carl Fügler.

She knocked and Pauline answered. As Miss Vyvyan went in something struck her. It seemed to her that Pauline had been expecting her. But how could that be?

She said, "Pauline, it was really through me that you came here. Wasn't it?"

After a moment of hesitation Pauline answered, "In a way I suppose it was."

"So I am responsible. I feel this responsibility very much. It weighs on me."

"Does it?" The girl's voice sounded cold.

And her silvery gray eyes looked cold as she sat gazing at Miss Vyvyan.

"Mr. de Rothberg, as you know, has withdrawn—or I mean he's going to withdraw his help from you. After this month, unless you do what he wishes, there will be no more money coming in."

"Do you want me to go on being helped by Mr. de Rothberg?" asked Pauline. "Do you want me to go to Milan as he does?"

"I scarcely know any more what I want."



But if you are left without money, what is to happen?"

"Mr. Marakoff will teach me for nothing. Where else can I find anyone to do that?"

"But you have to live."

"Wherever I went I should have to live. Do you mean you want me to go back to Daddy and Mother? But I want to sing."

"Suppose we went to Milan together."

"And Mr. de Rothberg is to pay?"

Miss Vyvyan looked at the girl. No, that was impossible. That child! Rothberg was ruled out in that moment. Miss Vyvyan—it seemed like that—made a desperate effort and returned to herself. Not even to her better self! But just that—to herself.

"No, Pauline. He shall not pay."

"But then who will?"

"You said you would 'manage.' How could you? Mr. Marakoff is very poor. Has he offered to pay your expenses here?"

"Oh, no."

"But then who has? Has anybody?"

"I will manage somehow," said the girl, still in the obstinate voice. "I mean to spend scarcely anything."

"Somebody has offered. Who is it? But I think I know. It's Carl Fügler."

Pauline flushed. The red mounted to the roots of her pale-yellow hair. "Herr Fügler!" she exclaimed. "As if I would accept money from him!"

"It can't be Doctor Artz!"

"I don't wish to talk about all these things. All I want to do is to be let alone and allowed to go on with my singing. Oh, why can't I be allowed just to go on learning how to sing?"

"It is Doctor Artz! Do you deny it?"

"I don't deny anything. All I want is—"

"But Pauline, you can't—you mustn't accept money from Doctor Artz."

"Have I said that he has offered me money? Why should you imagine—"

"Pauline, you're not being straight with me. I feel it. I know it. Were you expecting me to come here this evening?"

"Why should I expect you?"

"But were you expecting me? I had the feeling when I came in that you weren't surprised, in fact that you had been expecting me. Wait! And you had been at the telephone just before I came. I know! It was Doctor Artz! Doctor Artz had been speaking to you!" Miss Vyvyan felt like a clairvoyant at this moment. "Doctor Artz guessed that I should come here and told you so. Wasn't that it?"

"I won't answer all these questions. It isn't fair of you to come here and cross-examine me as if I were doing dreadful things. It's too bad how everyone tries to interfere with me. Mr. Marakoff and Carl Fügler are the only ones who have always been kind to me, and now—"

"Yes? And now? Go on, Pauline!" But the girl stood with tightly shut lips. "And now Doctor Artz! That's what you were going to say, isn't it?"

"I have nothing to say about Doctor Artz. I don't believe he's really interested in me at all. But he *does* care for music. That's something! I am sick of being always mixed up with my singing."

"What do you mean?"

"That I want to be helped because musically I am worth something, that I want to be helped because of my *voice*, not because of all sorts of other things."

"Haven't I tried to help you because of your voice?"

"Not only because of that!"

"What then?"

"I don't want to speak about it."

"But I want you to tell me."

"I think you like to have someone to order about."

After a moment of silence Miss Vyvyan said, in an uneven voice, "So you think that was my reason for trying to get you on!"

"No—no! Not only that! But I think you wanted me to belong to you and to have no will at all of my own. At first I was able to be what you wished. Now I feel I must make my

own way or I shall never be anything. I can't go on always being a slave in my music." There was more than mere defiance in the girl's voice as she said that, there was a quivering of genuine passion. "I'm very grateful to you," she added. "I shall always be grateful—always. But that's how it is now."

"I quite understand," said Miss Vyvyan. She spoke in a rigid voice and all her body felt rigid. "Well, I must really be going now."

"You aren't angry with me?"

"No—no."

"You made me speak. I didn't want to."

"Why shouldn't you speak? Why shouldn't you say what you feel about things? Anyway, from this moment I promise you that I will never interfere with you again, never. You—you need never be afraid of my trying to lay my hands on your life. Do what you wish to do. I dare say I have interfered too much. But I think my motives—but no, we won't go into that." Miss Vyvyan opened the door. "Good night."

She hurried away down the passage. She had a dreadful feeling that something was going to break in her and that she must get away and be quite alone as soon as possible.

AFTER that explanation with Pauline it seemed to Miss Vyvyan that there was nothing more for her to do in Zurich.

When she reached the hotel she felt exhausted. She sat down, sank down almost in the deserted veranda, and pressed a bell. Presently a young waiter came.

"Yes, Madame?"

"Please bring me some black coffee, enough for two cups."

Miss Vyvyan knew she was being foolish. But she didn't care. Sleep in any case was surely impossible. And she needed something to fight her exhaustion. Coffee to her was a nerve tonic. She must have it.

When the young waiter brought it she poured it out and put her lips to the cup greedily.

Artz meant to have Pauline. Probably he had always meant to have her as his possession from the moment when he had first seen her in London. She belonged to his type, the silvery fair type.

Well, Miss Vyvyan had been willing to protect the girl but now she must go her own way, or what she thought was her own way. Really it would certainly be Doctor Artz' way. In Rothberg's brutal words, Doctor Artz would take another "bite" out of youth. In spite of Miss Vyvyan, in spite of Rothberg, in spite of Marakoff, he would get her. He would get her even in spite of Carl Fügler—wouldn't he?

But there a note of interrogation sounded for the first time in Miss Vyvyan's mind. For she saw before her Carl Fügler's eyes, the determined and pitiless eyes of youth, the formidable eyes of youth unafraid and clear-seeing. Carl Fügler hadn't been blind as she had been blind. But surely he didn't know what she knew, that her intimacy with him, her golf-intimacy, had been engineered by Doctor Artz. Had that been part of a sardonic experiment, or had Doctor Artz really believed that she, in spite of her years and her monkey face, possessed something possibly attractive to the young student? He must surely have thought so, or why should he have taken the trouble to bring them together? Artz was not a man who took thought, laid a plan and carried it out for nothing.

She remembered those games of golf. It seemed to her that they had taken place a very long time ago. They had been very wonderful. In her mind now they stood for romance, for the total romance of her life—those few games on the height of the Dolder. During those games she had been able to fight Carl Fügler effectively enough to give him real trouble and to make him respect her, and she had been able to interest, to rouse, to hold his brain-attention. He had genuinely liked her and he had thought her a gifted woman.

Was it even now too late?

The strong coffee was doing its work, and something else was doing its work, too, the

mysterious something grafted in her body by Doctor Artz. It was surely this something which now made her feel that she could not give up without one last throw for happiness.

On the following day, after a sleepless night, driven by her demon Miss Vyvyan took a long walk in the woods near the Dolder. Towards afternoon she came to a small wayside restaurant, and went in to inquire for the shortest way back to Zurich and to get something to eat.

It was four o'clock when at length she got to the Zurichberg. She had never been there before though she had often heard of the place, and remembered of course that Carl Fügler owned a hut and a scrap of ground up here. Carl Fügler! Which of the properties was his she wondered.

These little dwellings suggested intimacy. Intimacy! Her heart ached. A pang which she thought of as a fire-tipped arrow clove her.

She began to walk slowly along the path looking at the huts, or tiny houses, and asking herself as her eyes rested on each one, "Can that be his—or that—or that?"

Ah, there was one with a light in the tiny window!

As Miss Vyvyan looked at this solitary and unexpected light a conviction came to her that she was looking at Carl Fügler's dwelling, that it was he who had lighted that lamp, that he was inside with it.

She stood still, waited a moment, then went up to the wire fence and called out, "Herr Fügler! Herr Fügler!"

A head was thrust forth, a head containing a pair of formidable eyes. At the same moment Carl's powerful baritone voice exclaimed in German, "Who's calling?"

"Herr Fügler!" Miss Vyvyan repeated.

"Miss Vyvyan!" said Carl, coming out of the hut into his small bit of garden, and showing his tall strong figure in a blue and gray pull-over sweater, knickerbockers and stockings, and his bare head with rather rough hair. "Miss Vyvyan! You up here!"

His voice sounded anything rather than welcoming, astonished perhaps, or hostile, she thought. He came down reluctantly along a tiny path to the fence.

"I was walking. I've been for a very long walk—in the woods."

"Yes?" His steady eyes were hard with inquiry—surely with suspicious inquiry.

"I—I knew you had a garden up here," she said.

"Yes, I come up here sometimes, when I want to be alone."

His eyes were, she thought, repellent. She was held against something in her which kept saying, "Go! Go or he'll despise you more than he does already!"

"What dear little houses they are! Yours especially!"

He directed upon her a long and searching look. "Come in if you like and have a look at it."

"Oh, may I?" she said.

She followed him into his minute domain. As she crossed the threshold of his hut she had the definite feeling that she would confront a crisis in her life.

In the hut she looked round. His room! His intimate room impregnated with his personality! Suddenly she felt weak, even dizzy.

"Do sit down. Let me make you some coffee."

"No—no!" she exclaimed.

"Why, what is the matter?"

"It's only that I've been drinking too much coffee. Yesterday, last night, early this morning! Coffee, always coffee! I never slept last night—not for a moment."

She sat down. The chair was comfortable. The room was warm. A stove had been lighted as well as the lamp.

"It must seem very odd, my—"

"Odd! Who cares whether a thing is odd or not? I don't. I loathe all conventionality. But I do not see how you knew I was here."

"I didn't."

"But you called out."

"I felt as if the light was yours."



# Don't give her this for Christmas



but  
*see that she has it for a Happy New Year*

**I**F SHE is like most women, Yuletide gifts of automatic ash sifters and self-wringing mops, no matter how useful they are, will never fill her heart with glee!

If we dolled up Fels-Naptha Soap in holly and ribbons, and advertised "Give your wife this welcome help for Christmas", some husband might do it! Perish the thought! We're against it! We believe Christmas is the time for frilly, fussy, gay-hearted gifts!

But after Christmas, to take every trace of turkey gravy off her best tablecloth and lighten each washing allthrough the year, your wife should have Fels-Naptha.

And Fels-Naptha will do it, because

Fels-Naptha brings her extra help! Two cleaners instead of one. Good golden soap blended, by the exclusive Fels-Naptha process, with plenty of naptha.

You can *smell* the naptha! And naptha, you know, is the safe, gentle cleaner used in "dry cleaning." So when your wife does the wash with



Fels-Naptha, she gets naptha, the dirt-loosener, and soap, the dirt remover, working together—dissolving the dirt and carrying it away—making the clothes fresh and clean without hard rubbing.

Fels-Naptha does excellent work in either machine or tub. It washes clean in cool, hot and lukewarm water, or when the clothes are boiled. And Fels-Naptha's mild suds are kind to your wife's hands!

So remember—not on the Christmas list, but on the grocery list. And now go out and get her something as sweetly feminine as an ostrich feather fan—and a Merry Christmas to you.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

"That is strange!" he said. And again his searching eyes were on her.

"Do smoke!" she said. "Do light your pipe."

He lighted his pipe. Now he sat down on the rough divan and carelessly stuck an old cushion behind him, pushing it up till it came in contact with his thick mop of auburn hair.

Why were all his movements so dear to her, so perilously dear? She shouldn't have called. She shouldn't have come in here. It was madness to be here. She was afraid of his eyes. She was afraid of his thoughts about her. She was full of a sense of shame. Never had she felt so completely at war within herself as now. And her nervous excitement was intense.

She felt that he must be aware of it. Was he, could he be classing her with the Contessa di San Miniato? She said to herself, "I am a product of Doctor Artz. And he hates Doctor Artz."

AND then she seemed to be looking at her own madness. For hadn't it been madness on her part to put herself in Doctor Artz' hands because of Carl Fügler? Yet that was what she had done. In that moment she saw Doctor Artz as the most deadly enemy a woman had ever had. And she couldn't now release herself from his influence. The slightest movement of Carl Fügler told her that, proved it to her.

The cold fact that even in the hut she was able to realize this meant more than she knew.

"What is it?"

She started. "How do you mean?" she said unevenly. "I don't understand."

"Nor do I. But you have come here to tell me something, have you not?"

"Can't we be friends again?" she began, since he didn't say anything more. "We were good friends when we used to play golf."

"Of course we were."

"But since then—" she hesitated.

"It was not my fault, you know," he said firmly, indeed almost roughly. "I consider that you broke our friendship."

"I never meant to. I valued it—the friendship—too much."

"Then why go behind our backs and make mischief with that old man—Rothberg?" Miss Vyvyan shivered under his unexpected and terrible frankness. "At the beginning I fully believed you were our friend."

Our friend! That cruel inclusion! He was forcing her to see youth from a distance.

"I always wished to be your friend," she said.

"Well, then, why go against us like that? But I am not sorry now. It is better, much better as it is. The break has come."

"Do you mean—between you and me?"

"You and me!" He looked sternly surprised. "No, of course not. I was speaking of old Rothberg and Pauline. Now Rothberg is out of her life."

He stopped. Now he was not looking at her. And it was exactly in that moment—why she could not perhaps have said with any precision—that Miss Vyvyan knew she had never had any hold upon Carl, never, whatever she might do, whatever might be done to her by Doctor Artz or by anyone else, could have any personal hold upon him, any influence that was not connected with another.

"And she is glad," he continued, still not looking at Miss Vyvyan. "That shows you how absolutely free from greed and worldly considerations she is. But I hear you wanted to take her away to Milan."

"In Milan Mr. de Rothberg would have been willing to continue the allowance he was making to her."

"Rothberg is a vile old satyr!" Carl exclaimed, in a suddenly loud and violent voice. "I know it. Marakoff knows it. Pauline knows it. As for Doctor Artz, Artz the magician of Zurich, he has known it from the beginning of this business of Pauline's education for opera. And do you mean to tell me that you—"

"Don't! Don't!" she said, holding up her hand. "I'm not a plotter, whatever I may be.

When I arranged it all in London I was only thinking of helping Pauline. I didn't understand what people were up to. I didn't see much below the surface. I looked at actions and didn't understand motives."

"But now I have told you what Rothberg is."

"Yes, yes. But there is no more question of his helping Pauline now. She and I—we talked about that, and it was understood. But how do you expect her to stay on here and pay for her life here?"

"She told me not to trouble because really she would be able to manage. I know how truthful and direct she is, so I left it. The great thing was that she was staying on. Marakoff is the man for her."

Miss Vyvyan hesitated. A very strange, to her a very tremendous change had occurred since she had come into this little room about which now darkness and a surely deepening silence were gathering. She had lost a battle which she hadn't really fought.

The false part of her—somehow she looked upon it as that—had received a knockdown blow from Carl Fügler. But the real part of her, always naturally vehement, seemed to require to go into action in order to save her from hopeless collapse, from a crumbling which she couldn't face. But she who all through her life had been almost recklessly impulsive was now held by caution. She was afraid of her own impulse. She no longer felt certain where lay the difference between her sincerity and her insincerity. Doctor Artz had indeed twisted her all awry.

"But I'm afraid of Doctor Artz," she said. "Ah!" The exclamation came in a suddenly excited voice. "Why?"

"You hate Mr. de Rothberg. But I think, I know, that Doctor Artz is far more dangerous."

"Dangerous to whom?"

"To Pauline."

"Go on!"

"Herr Fügler, don't be angry with me! If Pauline does manage to stay on here in Zurich, it will be because Doctor Artz is paying her expenses."

Carl Fügler's rugged face became scarlet and congested under the influence of the shock of anger produced by these words.

"It is not true. Pauline would never accept money from that horrid little brute. He is worse a thousand times than Rothberg. I will never believe such a thing."

"Can you listen to me for a moment?"

"You will never make me believe that, but I will listen, of course."

"Please do. I don't want you to think I could ever deliberately malign Pauline. I hope I could never do that. I'll just tell you what happened yesterday."

She told him, with gathering swiftness, with gradually gathering eagerness, of her visit to Doctor Artz, of his offer and of her subsequent visit to Pauline.

He listened with profound attention.

"She would have done better to let me do everything," he said.

"She answered directly when I asked her if it was you. When I asked her whether it was Doctor Artz who had offered to help her she wouldn't answer."

"What did she say?"

"She refused to answer. I pressed her. She said she wouldn't speak about it. I insisted. She still refused to speak. I asked her if she could deny it. She said she denied nothing. All she wanted was to be let alone. I said I was certain that Doctor Artz had communicated with her by telephone while I was walking from his house to the pension. She did not say no. She wouldn't answer about it."

"What does Artz mean?"

"I feel sure he means to marry Pauline."

"Oh—does he?" Carl Fügler stretched himself, lifting his strong arms and opening out his chest. "Doctor Artz?" he said. It was almost a cry. He leaned down and put a hand on Miss Vyvyan's shoulder. "I am going to marry Pauline!" He said it with absolute certainty. "You hear!"

Miss Vyvyan looked up at him. "I don't think she loves you."

"I can make her marry me. And then—" His big hand pressed her shoulder. A faint smile showed on his big lips. "And then!" he repeated.

That night Miss Vyvyan and he went down to Zurich in a blue tram together.

Doctor Artz had so far made such a success of his life that his native self-confidence, fortified by events, had become almost overweening. It was very seldom indeed that he was troubled by doubts or assailed by fears.

But now he was not easy in his mind.

He had done a thing which was perhaps imprudent and which was certainly not at all characteristic of him. He had allowed another man to dictate a line of conduct to him and had followed that line of conduct. Marakoff had been the dictator; Rothberg the ordained sacrifice. That sacrifice was now an accomplished fact.

Marakoff's relation to him at this period was very peculiar. Artz the doctor found Marakoff almost humbly anxious to follow the orders given to him, waiting on the doctor's knowledge and his skill with the anxious eagerness of a supplicant; Artz the man, apart from the doctor, found Marakoff watchful, keen, surreptitious, ever on the alert but striving to hide his alertness.

There were two duplicities in action here, matched strangely by two sincerities.

Rothberg's cutting words just before he went out of the studio had left a deep impression on Marakoff. They had been spoken by an old man in a passion, of course, but they had not been spoken by a fool but by an extremely clever and worldly-wise old man. And this clever old man had told Marakoff that he, Marakoff, was playing Artz' game.

"You are a boy in the hands of Artz!"

Marakoff hadn't forgotten that final sentence. It rankled in his mind because something within him seemed to tell him that it was a statement of truth. But now he was out on a path and he must go forward. He could do nothing else. The goal was too important. His whole future was at stake. And he believed in Artz as a doctor though he distrusted him as a man.

Doctor Artz had never had a better patient than the great Russian singer. And he had never taken greater pains with any patient than the pains which he took with him.

But he was uneasy about the result. This was an experiment that he was making. With many of his patients he was in sight of a certainty. He knew what he could do, what he was going to do. Over and over again he had done the same thing, had restored vitality, given back lost powers, made men again capable of being lovers and women of having children.

BUT this was the first time he had tried to recreate a great voice. Would he be able to do it? He had his plan. His intentions were clear in his mind. Each step in the process had been thought out. But still the great question loomed like a dark shape in the distance, carefully hidden from Marakoff, ceaselessly visible to Artz.

That was one anxiety.

There was that other connected with Rothberg which troubled him less, but still troubled him. And he had a third anxiety.

This was centered upon Pauline.

He had been very patient about the girl. Never surely had he played a part better than since he had first met her in London and had decided that presently she should belong to him, should fill the vacant place in the big house at the corner of Kreuzbühl Strasse. But now something—his sixth sense, perhaps—warned him that it was time to act strongly. A longer patience would be dangerous, might be disastrous. Carl Fügler was in Zurich.

He divined in Carl Fügler a conquering something, and in Pauline he divined a something that was slavish. The one might come

# Which of these 6 skin defects is keeping you from being attractive?

*Blemishes                      Blackheads*  
*Excessive Oiliness      Sallowness*  
*Dryness      Conspicuous Nose Pores*

IS YOURS a naturally lovely complexion? Then keep it always! You can—with proper daily care.

Or, is your complexion unattractive? Then change it—make it attractive! You can—simply by finding the treatment it needs and following it faithfully.

For almost certainly your trouble is one of the six common skin defects listed above. A skin specialist tells us these are so prevalent that few women are wholly free from them.

Yet it is easy to remedy each of these unfortunate conditions! For your skin is changing every day. Old skin dies and disappears. Give the new skin proper care based on the clean sure methods of science. Quickly you will restore its youthful beauty, keep it clear and sparkling with health!



**TO BANISH BLACKHEADS:** Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a slightly rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold. Rub the face thirty seconds with a piece of ice wrapped in a soft towel.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is especially made to give your skin this scientific care.

Use this exquisite soap according to the needs of your complexion. You will find the special treatment you need in the booklet that comes free with every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. These famous Woodbury treatments are simple and easy to follow, yet so effective that thousands and thousands of women declare they owe their clear lovely complexions to them.

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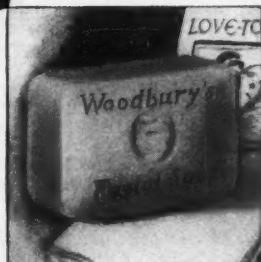
A 25c cake of Woodbury's lasts you a month or six weeks. At any drug store or toilet goods counter.

*Send for the large-size trial set!*

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**TO OVERCOME BLEMISHES (ACNE):** Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap and then dry your face. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Rinse very carefully, first with clear, hot water, then with cold.



into action and elicit the other if a determining moment arrived. Now he seemed mentally to scent that determining moment.

It would come, he believed, if Carl Fügler got to know of his offer to pay Pauline Iselle's expenses in Zurich. Pauline hadn't definitely accepted that offer yet. But he was certain she would accept because she hadn't positively refused it. If Carl Fügler came to know that she was in his, Artz', hands in a money affair? That was what Artz' was afraid of now. That was his third anxiety.

He must go ahead boldly. The first thing to be done was definitely to arrange the money matter with Pauline.

Artz telephoned to Pauline and asked her to come to tea with him at Huguenin's "to settle that little matter of the money." He was slightly surprised when she at once accepted. He would have been less surprised if he had known that she had just received a note from Rothberg, telling her that unless she consented to leave Zurich at once for Milan her allowance was stopped.

"I am already in communication with the bank about the matter," was the last sentence in the letter.

A *chasseur* from the Baur-au-Lac waited for an answer. Pauline wrote it with a trembling hand, her cheeks flushed with anger.

Dear Mr. de Rothberg,

I am staying on here. I thank you again for what you have done for me, but neither here nor anywhere else could I accept anything more from you.

Believe me,

Yrs faithfully,  
Pauline Iselle

She gave this note to the *chasseur*. A little later Doctor Artz' telephone message came. She answered it and went to put on her hat. She had resolved to accept his offer. She must sing. Nothing mattered but that.

WHEN Pauline reached Huguenin's, Artz was standing in front of the entrance. He led the way to a table in a corner far away from the entrance.

There was something greedy in Doctor Artz. She noticed that as he attacked his first muffin. What was there in him to set people in such a ferment?

"Well now, Miss Iselle," he said at last, "we must not forget our little matter of business." Pauline flushed slightly, but he was not looking at her and the flush grew no deeper. "You will let me share with Monsieur Marakoff in helping you forward for a little while, won't you?"

"I think it's terribly kind of you."

"It is the kindness, then, of one who loves music for one whom he believes in as a future singer of value," Artz said gravely. "If your career is cut short at this point I consider that it will be shattered."

He helped himself to another muffin and set his teeth in it eagerly. The hot butter dripped down to his plate. He stretched out a hand and dropped another lump of sugar into his tea.

"We must go into business. Tell me, please, what the weekly allowance was—apart from the lessons, of course."

Pauline told him. She felt slightly uncomfortable, but because of his very impersonal manner less uncomfortable than she had expected to feel.

Artz repeated the sum. "That is nothing very tremendous. I will be responsible for that until Marakoff has finished with you and you have found your feet as a public singer." "Oh—you are kind!" said Pauline. She really did feel a flood of gratitude and relief flow all through her.

"The best way will be if I give it to you personally in paper money each week. If I opened a bank-account in your name people might talk. They are always so silly and

malicious. They understand nothing either of motives or actions. Could you come up to my house and get it once a week? I would leave it in a sealed envelop for you with a servant I can thoroughly trust."

"Oh—thank you. Yes, I would come." She was thinking with secret ecstasy of her singing. Now all was right. Now she could go ahead. The pathway was clear in front of her.

"As to conditions," said Doctor Artz, handing the muffin dish to Pauline carefully, "there is only one. And it won't be new to you. Nobody must know anything about this. I have many enemies here. Many people misunderstand me and attribute to my most simple actions all sorts of under meanings. I have suffered a good deal from evil tongues, and so I prefer what I do not to be discussed."

"But you did speak about it to Miss Vyvyan, didn't you?" said Pauline, with great simplicity.

"I! But you did not, did you?" said Doctor Artz, with a change of tone.

"Oh, no. But I am sure that she knows now."

Doctor Artz leaned forward. His chest loomed above the tea-table. His small black eyes became piercing.

"How can that be, as you did not tell her?" Pauline explained what had happened at the pension between her and Miss Vyvyan, after the latter's night visit to Doctor Artz.

He sat perfectly still for a moment. He seemed plunged in profound thought. When he spoke at last he said:

"Now you must have some cakes. Which are you going to choose? I like specially these, made with coconut and frosted cherries."

"Oh, I don't think—"

"Then let us go, and as we walk we will see, we will plan. How I wish she did not know!"

He lifted a hand and beckoned to the *chasseur*, who at once came with his fur coat, hat, gloves and cane. He paid the bill. Pauline fastened her little coat. Then Doctor Artz, standing up, turned to allow the *chasseur* to help him into his heavy coat. As he was doing this Pauline noticed that his face suddenly changed. She had never seen Doctor Artz look thoroughly startled. Now he looked startled. He seemed to her to stare for an instant at something in the distance of the large and crowded tea-room as if astonished, and not pleasantly. But even as she was wondering, his expression changed to grave kindness.

"Let us go," he said. "This is the best way."

With a gesture he made her go in front of him to the right, quite away to the right. Then as they made towards the entrance he kept beside her on the left, walking exactly level with her till they were at the door.

He had seen Miss Vyvyan and Carl Fügler in earnest conversation at the far side of the room on the left. And as he was fastening his fur coat they had both seen him. More! They had both looked at him not with the expression of two saluting a friend but with the expression of two intensely observing an enemy.

The thing seemed impossible. But it simply was so. He knew how to read a glance. He could not be mistaken. Something—what he could not conceive—had happened, and Miss Vyvyan had betrayed his, Doctor Artz', medical and surgical treatment. He knew that Carl Fügler had got Miss Vyvyan on his side in the fight for Pauline Iselle.

For Artz now knew that it was just that, a fight between age and youth, between himself and Carl Fügler.

This discovery, Artz realized instantaneously, necessitated a drastic alteration in all his plans. He had intended to win Pauline gradually as he had won the other beautiful women whom he had married. He would engineer—as he well knew how—a crescendo of

influence over the young and inexperienced girl until he had obtained over her one of those strange and inexplicable mental dominations which are as irresistible as the physical power of a body over a weaker body.

But now this plan was made impossible. Hustling, violent youth was hammering at the door, ready to break in like a thief if the door wasn't answered. And by the side of youth was ranged incomprehensibly the small English lady who had had the *piques*. Artz had seen in their eyes an eager hostility which meant more, far more, than feeling. It meant action.

"Your career—your career!" he said, out in Bahnhof Strasse.

He turned his big head towards the girl at his side.

"I may have seemed indifferent to you," he went on. "You may have thought I was uninterested. Miss Vyvyan, Marakoff, that excitable boy who, like a great big bear cub, does not know what he wants—they have all seemed far more interested in your career than I have. But Miss Iselle"—he spoke now with grave impressiveness—"in musical matters I am very competent. I can judge. And from that day when I heard you sing for the first time in Carlton House Terrace I knew that with your voice and, if I may say so, your appearance, you, given the chance, were destined to become a unique operatic soprano, not of the dramatic but of the lyric order, perhaps a coloratura singer of the first rank."

"Oh, Doctor Artz—do you really think so?"

"My dear child, I know it. But all this depends on how your life is ordered, what influences surround you. It is so terribly important what influences the artist temperament is brought into contact with. It was not my business, but I have often thought about and feared for you."

"But I thought you took no interest in my career."

"I do not always show what is going on in my mind. And you were surrounded. It was not for me to interfere. I would not have done so now if I had not seen that you were in a terrible difficulty, if I had not realized the tremendous importance to you of what happens now. You are literally at a crisis in your career, and those around you, instead of thinking of what is necessary to you, are swayed by evil passions, like Rothberg, or by all sorts of extraneous matters, like Miss Vyvyan."

"These people, Rothberg, Miss Vyvyan"—he paused as if about to add another name to these two, but did not—"they are all wrong for you now. You need uplifting influences, above all you need a sense of freedom, release, peace in which to develop at will, untrammelled."

"Oh, yes, Doctor Artz! That is exactly it! That is what I feel all the time."

"And all these people instead of thinking of you are thinking of themselves."

"Yes, yes! Really they do! My singing and my voice—that doesn't come first as it ought to!"

"Of course it ought. Of course it simply must if you are to do any good. Well, at any rate now the money question is settled and that is something gained."

THEY came to the end of Bahnhof Strasse. Artz turned to go to the left where, on the farther side of the road, is the tree-shaded "place" in which on summer evenings a band sometimes plays, but which now was dark and deserted.

"Take care in crossing!" he said. "Look out for the tram!"

Very gently and naturally he took Pauline's arm, as if to protect her from the traffic. How different his way of taking it was from Rothberg's!

Directly they were on the other side he took his hand away. Pauline did not notice that a strong flush of red had come to his ugly face.

Will Artz succeed in his plot to win Pauline? Robert Hichens' novel reaches a dramatic conclusion in the Next—the January—Instalment



LADY LAVERY, famous beauty, has a gorgeous dressing table (left) with a priceless Venetian mirror, quaint Chelsea candlesticks and jars of Pond's Two Creams and Skin Freshener. She says:—"I have always used Pond's preparations. I have never found any I like so much!"



THE VISCOUNTESS CURZON'S dressing table (right) reveals gold-topped vials emblazoned with the Curzon crest, and Pond's Two Creams and Skin Freshener. Of Pond's Lady Curzon says, "It's such a straight-forward way of keeping fit."

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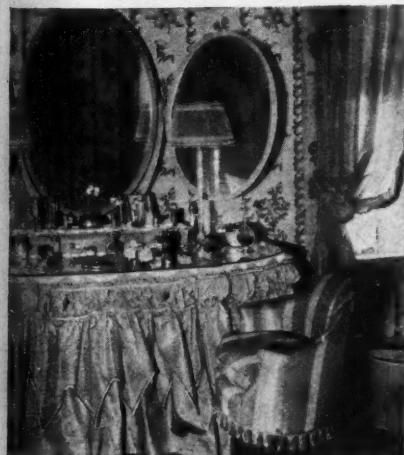
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Then use the new Pond's Cleansing Tissues—snowy-white, large, fine—to remove the cream and the loosened dirt. For scrupulous cleanliness repeat these two steps.

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Mrs. W. K. VANDERBILT'S dressing-room is graced by a lovely French coiffeuse (below). In green jars are Pond's Two Creams. She says:—"Through a multitude of engagements Pond's will give you the assurance of being your best self."





## Wives by Diana Bourbon (Continued from page 65)

is cluttered up by a thousand little issues of common memories, ties of affection—the whole unreasonable “habit of love.” *Wifehood is the most protected industry in the world!* Wouldn't you think, then, that the tiniest sense of honor would compel all women who enter into it, to fulfil loyally—even generously—a contract so difficult to enforce?

Most of them never even look at it in that way.

Once I knew a woman who nearly married for money. There were reasons that would have justified—if reasons could justify—such a step. But: “I daren't risk it,” she told me. “I should kill myself living up to my side of the bargain. I'd feel I must be constantly paying off my debt—paying higher because I couldn't give love . . .”

How often do you meet that spirit?

This one is far more common: I know another woman who married an exceptionally good and splendid man—principally to provide herself and two children by a former marriage with a permanent meal ticket, a car and all the creature comforts. She has never either acknowledged or sought to discharge her obligation towards him except by living (very disagreeably) in his house—where she refuses to receive any of his family—and taking everything he offers as though her mere acceptance conferred untold reward. I wonder what she thinks she does to justify her existence!

Here are two more “types” of young American wifehood that found things too easy—took everything and never thought of giving.

One was a girl who married—improvidently—against everyone's wishes except her own. Even her fiancé earnestly desired to wait—with good reason. Three years later, bored with struggle and difficulty, she deserted her husband and two small children to go on the stage. She felt a call to “art”—to “self-expression”—and followed it, to minor parts in third touring companies.

She is still playing them.

As a famous English woman novelist remarked to me the other day: “How sick I am of these empty little nobodies running around looking for ‘opportunity of self-expression.’ In nine cases out of ten there isn't anything there to express.”

To which I may add—out of my own (I admit young) experience: “It must be a pretty poor woman who can't find enough to occupy her time, and her active mind, and her intelligence, in building up a real home (the sort that is ceasing to exist and that takes real gifts and real talents) in that difficult, honorable and happy profession called marriage.”

My second example is a girl you have all met, at all ages in every corner of our unfortunate country! She married—carefully; picked him out; as a matter of fact annexed him when he was engaged to her “best friend”—a very promising young business man.

Then she proceeded to “work” him for all he was worth. His income is good and steadily rising but she has it all spent for him long before he gets it. He never has a minute to catch

up with his debts. And he doesn't have many for sleep. They go out every night to theaters, suppers, dances. She remains in bed in the morning when he leaves for work.

“This is the first evening we've dined at home alone together since we were married,” she told me one late afternoon, as I prepared to depart after a duty call. They had been married nearly two years.

Her jewelry would—in Europe—be the envy of women whose husbands earn five times what hers works hard to get. Very little of it is paid for. The instalments on the rest will keep him busy long after she has bought double or treble the quantity.

What sort of marriage compact is that? What sort of companionship?

She is merely one of thousands of worthless little parasites, who have married into security and honestly believe themselves to be respectable citizens! They are really “on the dole.” Accepting a salary for doing nothing at all. Not even having enough self-respect to pay for what they get by being pleasant in the evenings—if they don't feel like being pleasant.

The economics of marriage—looked at in that light—may not be very attractive. At least they are straight.

In these days, when the trades and professions are open to all women, wives who cling to the shelter of matrimony no longer can plead that they do so because it is their only way of getting a living. They cling to it because—of all the things they might do—they find it the easiest or the most pleasant.

It might be humiliating for men to realize just how often they are taken as husbands because their lady love regards them as the least of several possible evils! But the point is that when you have deliberately chosen your job—even if you have chosen it like that!—you are no better than a common “welscher” if you don't even try to do it well.

Altogether too much nonsense is talked about the drudgery and dullness of work in the home. In a sense all work is drudgery—except creative work, and comparatively few of us are gifted enough to indulge in that. Even among those that are, I know authors who loathe the labor of writing, musicians who hate practising, painters who writhe under the necessity of putting brush to canvas! The routine, even of their work, is drudgery. The reward comes afterwards.

The chief difference between this creative, rewarded work and the ordinary routine employment for a salary is that the one has something left to show for it afterwards. *And this immortality of effort is shared by the home alone among other tasks.* There, too, you have something left.

But as I say—the wives from whom much is demanded, show up best. It's the others who leave one wondering why any man is fool enough to go on paying for them. Perhaps it is a misfortune of the modern woman that, being at her best in a tight corner, the corner in which she is called upon to move becomes steadily wider and wider!

## Gambler's Choice (Continued from page 37)

want a shot at getting some of it back, but,” he added, checking the young man's exclamation of delight and the girl's little cry of disappointment with the same gesture, “I should want to know that the odds were level.”

“Roulette's a fair enough game,” the young man protested. “One chance in thirty-five against you—and zero, of course.”

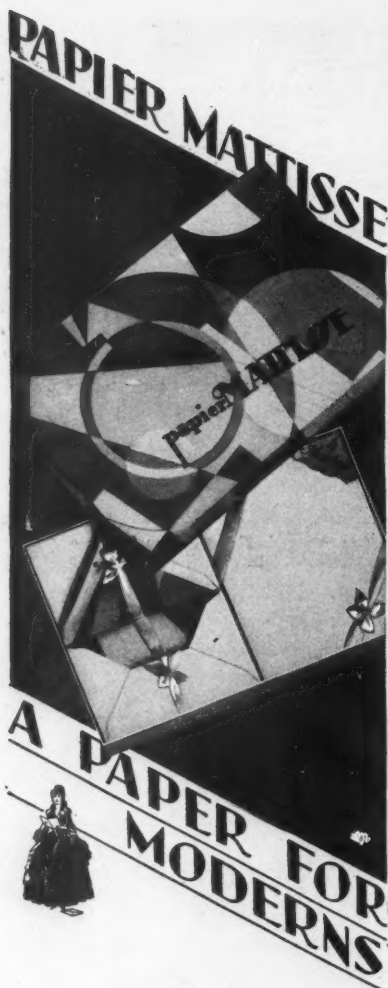
“You may call that fair,” Tresholm said calmly; “I don't. I am assuming that with your small capital you're backing the numbers. Very well. The bank has the pull on you the whole of the time to the extent of five or six percent. If you play *chemin de fer* the *cagnotte* amounts to about the same thing.

“I am with you in spirit, my young friend, but gambling at Monte Carlo isn't what I call gambling at all. You're fighting a man of equal ability a stone heavier than yourself. It can't be done. It's automatic. You must lose.”

“That's what I say,” the girl declared triumphantly. “We're simply foolish to dream of throwing away the last of our money.”

“But people do win,” her brother insisted. “There's that Hungarian who won half a million francs the night before last.”

“The Casino takes pretty good care to advertise it when anything of that sort happens,” Tresholm pointed out. “He'll probably be in



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again tonight and lose the lot, and more besides. Now listen to me, Bartlett," he went on. "I'm not against you in spirit. I'm against you in this particular proposal because you want to take on an impossibility.

"The people who win here are just the people who play to amuse themselves, and who go away when they've had their fun. People in your position, with a few thousand pounds left over from a legacy and nothing else to fall back upon in the world, are the people who inevitably lose."

The young man thrust his hands into his trousers pockets. His natural good looks were completely spoiled by his sullen expression.

"It's no good trying to be scientific in gambling," he said. "If you want to have a plunge you always must have a bit up against you, of course. What's it matter so long as you win? I never mind backing a horse at odds on so long as it's a certainty."

"There is such a thing as fair gambling," Tresholm pointed out. "I'll toss you for your five thousand pounds, if you like. That's a level affair—no *cagnotte*, no zero. You can choose the coin."

The girl gave a little cry. Her brother gasped.

"You're not serious?" he exclaimed.

"Mr. Tresholm!" she remonstrated.

"I'm perfectly serious," he assured them both. "You seem to think that I know nothing about gambling. On the contrary, I am described in the police records of this principality as a professional gambler. I must live up to my reputation. I will toss you for five thousand pounds. I shall probably win as I am usually lucky, and you, I should think, are not. This moment, if you like. Shall I send for a coin?"

"No!" the girl almost shrieked.

Tresholm shrugged his shoulders. "Very well," he acquiesced. "You would like to prolong the agony. Dine with me, both of you, tonight at the Hôtel de Paris at half past eight. We will either toss, or play any game you like where the odds are level, for whatever sum you like up to five thousand pounds."

The girl looked at him reproachfully through a mist of tears. Her brother was exuberant.

"You're a sportsman," he declared. "I wanted to dine at the Paris once more before we left. We'll be there at half past eight."

Gustave Sordel paid a special visit to the hotel just before dinner-time that evening. He encountered Monsieur Robert in the hall.

"But what has arrived!" he exclaimed. "All the afternoon my chefs have been on the *qui vive*. I have reinforced every table to the extent of a hundred thousand francs. I arranged for a high table at *chemin de fer*, and if Monsieur Tresholm had wished to take a bank at baccarat tonight it could have been managed. Yet behold the strange thing which has arrived. He has not as yet taken out his ticket."

"In the Sporting Club perhaps?" Monsieur Robert suggested.

"Three times I have sent there. No one of his name has applied for a card."

"This affair gives one to think," Monsieur Robert admitted. "At present he dines with a young Englishman and his sister—a couple *bien distingué*, but poor. They left here last week for a cheaper hotel. Of what interest can they be to him?"

Sordel shrugged his shoulders. "After all," he pointed out, "even a professional gambler must have his moments. He waits for the night without a doubt."

Meanwhile, in the restaurant, Tresholm, to all appearance, was very much enjoying his dinner. Bartlett was excited, and drank perhaps a little more wine than was good for him. Norah, on the other hand, was very silent. She ate and drank little, and her manner, especially towards her host, was reserved, not to say cold.

"Your sister, Bartlett," the latter confided, when the second bottle of champagne was opened, "is displeased with me. I wonder whether I might ask why."

"Because you have taken his side against me," she said, looking at him with a smoldering

anger in her eyes. "You are encouraging him to gamble with that last five thousand pounds. I hoped so much that you would have been on my side, that you would have told him to keep that money, for both our sakes, and not to enter the Casino again."

"And if I had told him that," Tresholm asked calmly, "would it have made any difference?"

She reflected for a moment. "Perhaps it would not," she admitted. "He is very self-willed. He would probably have had his own way, and yet somehow or other I am sorry that it should have been you who encouraged this."

"I don't think that you are quite just to blame me," he complained. "You must realize that nothing I could have said would have made the slightest difference. You know that you yourself have used all your persuasions. Your brother would have lost every penny in the Casino if I had not offered him a saner chance of gambling with me."

"I can't explain," she sighed. "I am just disappointed."

Dinner drew towards a close, but Tresholm waved aside the waiter's suggestion of coffee.

"I have ordered it in my sitting-room," he explained to his guests. "It shall be the prelude to the duel."

They left the table, crossed the lounge and entered the elevator. In the corridor Bartlett stopped to speak to an acquaintance. The girl suddenly turned to her companion.

"Mr. Tresholm," she begged, "don't do this. Let him lose his money in the Casino if he must. I don't like the idea of you two sitting down to play against one another. I don't like it. There's something horrible about it."

"Don't you think," he asked, "that if your brother must throw his money away, I might as well have it as anybody else?"

"Do you mean—do you really mean that you are what you said?"

"I am afraid there is a certain amount of truth in what I told you," he acknowledged. "If you go to the Chef de Streté here in Monaco, he will show you my papers."

"Then I think it is all very terrible," she pronounced sadly. "Even the nicest people seem poisoned with this gambling. I am very sorry that we ever came to Monte Carlo."

"Now for the terms," Tresholm said, as he and Bartlett seated themselves at a small table. "First of all, here are two tickets for the Blue Train tomorrow. It is understood that whether you win my money or I win yours you make use of them."

"Right-o!" the young man agreed, pocketing the yellow slips.

"I require more than a casual acceptance of that proposal," Tresholm persisted. "I require your word of honor."

"That's all right," the other acquiesced. "I promise upon my honor."

"And I am your witness," Norah intervened gravely.

"Furthermore, whether you win or lose," Tresholm continued, "you must promise not to return within twelve months."

"Agreed. Come along. Let's start."

"The game I leave entirely to you," Tresholm announced. "There are, as you see, four new packs of cards. I will cut you highest or lowest to win, whichever you like, or I will play you two-handed poker, or piquet, or any other game you prefer."

There was a sudden gleam in the young man's eyes. "Piquet?" he repeated. "You play piquet?"

"Rather well," Tresholm warned him. "I should advise you to choose something else."

Bartlett laughed confidently. "Piquet's good enough for me," he declared. "I used to play it with my old governor every night. Let's get on with it," he added, moistening his dry lips. "A hundred pounds a time, eh?"

"Whatever you like," was the reply.

It was midnight before the matter was concluded. Bartlett, white and distraught, with

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a dangerous, almost lunatic gleam in his eyes, was pacing the room excitedly. Norah, unexpectedly calm, was still seated in the chair from which she had watched the gambling with changeless expression. Tresholm remained at the table. Before him lay a check for five thousand pounds which the young man had just signed.

"Ready, Jack?" she asked at last.

"I suppose so," he growled. "Come along."

Tresholm rose to his feet. "You've had a fair deal with level odds for your money, haven't you?" he asked his late opponent.

"I'm not complaining," was the broken reply. "I suppose it's no use asking you to lend me a hundred just to have one shot at the Sporting Club?"

"Not the least use in the world," Tresholm refused. "The hundred pounds would go just where the rest of your money has gone. There are some of us who are made to win at games of chance; others to lose. You are one of the predestined losers. If you take my advice, you will never again, so long as you live, indulge in any game of chance for money." He opened the door. The girl passed out, slim and dignified, without a glance in his direction.

"Good night, Miss Bartlett," he ventured.

"Good night, Mr. Tresholm," she replied. "I congratulate you upon your profitable evening."

With that they both disappeared. Tresholm mixed himself a drink and returned to his place at the table, playing idly with the cards.

The Blue Train, disturbingly early upon its return journey, just as it is usually outrageously late upon its arrival, came groaning round the bend from Mentone, snorting and puffing into the Monte Carlo station. Norah settled down sadly in her compartment while her brother made his way to the restaurant car to secure seats for dinner.

Then, glancing idly out of the window, she suddenly gave a little gasp. Very deliberately along the platform came Tresholm, calm and undisturbed. Behind him was a small boy carrying an enormous bouquet of roses.

She shrank back in her place. Anything rather than see him! Before she could decide upon any means of escape, however, the roses were on the seat by her side, and Tresholm, neat and debonair as usual, was standing bareheaded before her.

"A little farewell offering for you, Miss Bartlett, which you must please accept, and a farewell note here for you to read as soon as the train has started," he added, handing her a letter. "Will you shake hands?"

In her moment of indecision she forgot, and she looked up at him. Directly her eyes met his, clear, gray and somehow compelling, she gave in. Her fingers rested for a moment in his. Then he raised them and brushed them with his lips.

"I am glad," he said gratefully, "that you did not carry your resentment too far. You will accept the roses, I hope, as an inadequate peace-offering, and think of me as kindly as you can."

Then he was gone, and it was not until after the train had passed through the first of the two tunnels that she remembered the note. She tore open the envelop and read:

Dear Lady of Angoulême,

I very much fear that your perceptions were keener than your brother's last night, and that you realized the fact that I was playing with marked cards—part of the equipment of the professional gambler. The unexpected luxury of a qualm of conscience has, however, seized me, and I return your brother's check for his imaginary loss.

I still hold him, however, to the con-

ditions of our bargain, and if you will accept the advice of such an unprincipled person, keep him away from gambling in any shape or form even though the odds should seem level. There are some men who are born winners. I am one of them. There are others who are born losers. Your brother is one of those.

Fate, alas, deals out other favors to the latter class, which she denies to the former.

Which is why I must sign myself,

Unhappily yours,

Andrew Tresholm

Fragments of a torn check fluttered across the compartment. Even in her dazed state, even under the spell of that great throbbing joy with which she waited for her brother's return, there crept into her mind a faint, wonderful doubt—a doubt which sometimes, when she looked backwards, seemed to color those hours of agony with a little halo of romance. Was it altogether by chance, she wondered, in those moments of reflection, that the only possible means by which her brother could have been induced to return to England with that five thousand pounds were precisely those which Tresholm had employed?

In his sitting-room, Tresholm found the four packs of cards neatly stacked upon the mantelpiece. He rang the bell for the waiter.

"You might return those," he begged, "to whomever you borrowed them from."

The waiter collected them with a smile, also the fifty-franc note which Tresholm passed him.

"I borrowed them from one of the clerks in the office, Monsieur," he confided. "I trust that Monsieur had good fortune."

Tresholm nodded slightly, but without his usual smile.

"Yes, I am generally lucky," he confessed.

## Lily Christine by Michael Arlen (Continued from page 75)

something. He always was, though, so that didn't mean much. He paced about, his hands clasped behind his back, his nose stuck in the air, looking haggard and worried to death.

"Have a drink?" he said, not looking at Harvey.

"Did she—did she say anything about me?" Harvey asked.

"Only that she had to get you out of this mess somehow," Ambatriadi said, pacing about. "I'll tell you a thing, Harvey," he added hoarsely—and stopped.

"What is it, man?" Harvey asked sharply. Ambatriadi, with a crooked bony finger, tapped his forehead solemnly. "Mad," he said, his brown eyes suffering intensely.

Harvey's nervous excitement swept him away. He took Ambatriadi by the lapels of his jacket and shook him. What had this other incapable done to her?

"What is this nonsense, Ambatriadi?"

"Oh, leave me alone! I mean the girl is off her head. Off—her—head. She suggested we should run away together."

"Run away?"

"Yes, run away!" Ambatriadi shouted.

Harvey could scarcely articulate in his nervous excitement. He stammered: "What did you do, man? What did you say?"

"He asks me what I said!" At the same time he looked anxiously at Harvey. "I believe I'm in the first stage of D. T.'s," he said.

"That's your lookout," Harvey snapped.

"What about Lily Christine?"

"I talked sense to her," Ambatriadi said. Suddenly all Harvey's excitement left him. He sat down, limp, empty, weary. "Oh, Lord!" he sighed.

Ambatriadi stared at him angrily. So Ambatriadi had turned her away, too. A fine dance they had led her that afternoon—her friends.

"And what would you have done?" Ambatriadi shouted.

"Oh, exactly the same!" Harvey sighed.

Ambatriadi began pacing about again. "Of course I talked sense to her," he said.

"I'm not blaming you," Harvey said mildly.

The dance they'd led her that afternoon—Summerest and her two friends. Hunting her from one to the other of them—perplexing her, hurting her, failing her.

"What was I to do—take her at her word like a cad?"

"Yes," Harvey said.

Ambatriadi looked at him angrily, but there was a shamefacedness about him too. Oh yes, he knew what a confounded incapable he was, never ready, never decided.

"Before she came here," Harvey said listlessly, "she was with me. I talked sense to her, too. Between us, we've given her plenty of sense this afternoon. In fact, we're so sensible I wonder we can bear to live in this world another moment."

Ambatriadi, who had stopped expectantly when Harvey had begun speaking, turned away in terrific exasperation.

"Well, what did you actually say to her?" Harvey asked. "You and your sense!"

"I'll tell you a thing, Harvey," the Greek said slowly, pacing up and down. "You and I can speak the truth to one another about Lily Christine because—"

"Yes, all right. We both love her. Of course. Much good that does her. Well?"

"Listen. What am I to say when she comes to me with a mad idea like that? No, listen. She says she knows I'm very fond of her. And she's—queer, cold—"

"Yes, I know," Harvey said.

"Listen. I see at once she isn't in her right mind—of course—and yet can't help letting myself go for the first time in all the years I've known her. No, listen—"

"I am listening! How did you let yourself go?"

"How? I told her I loved her—as I've never loved anyone in my life. And then—"

"Good! I'm glad you told her that. Just what she needed today."

"Love!" said Ambatriadi, sweeping it away with a gesture of intense exasperation. "Rubbish! What good is my love to her!"

"More good than your talking sense to her, anyhow. Go on, go on!"

"Then she says she has got you into this trouble—you and your wife—and that she is so unhappy about it she doesn't know what to do. And then she says a lot of things I don't understand. Off her head, you see. No, listen. Says she can just bear the idea of getting a friend into trouble because a friend's affection for her would help him to bear it—but what she simply can't face is being a bother to someone who has no real fondness for her. Lot of stuff like that, which I don't understand. And then she says I'm different because I've no wife, no responsibilities, nothing that a scandal can hurt—and also I'm fond of her, she says, which you aren't really. How did she get that idea, Harvey?"

"I don't know. Go on, man."

"Go on, man!" Ambatriadi echoed furiously. "What am I to go on about? What can I say to her except that I'm a wreck, nearly a dipsomaniac, that I've only got one rotten lung—"

"I didn't know that!"

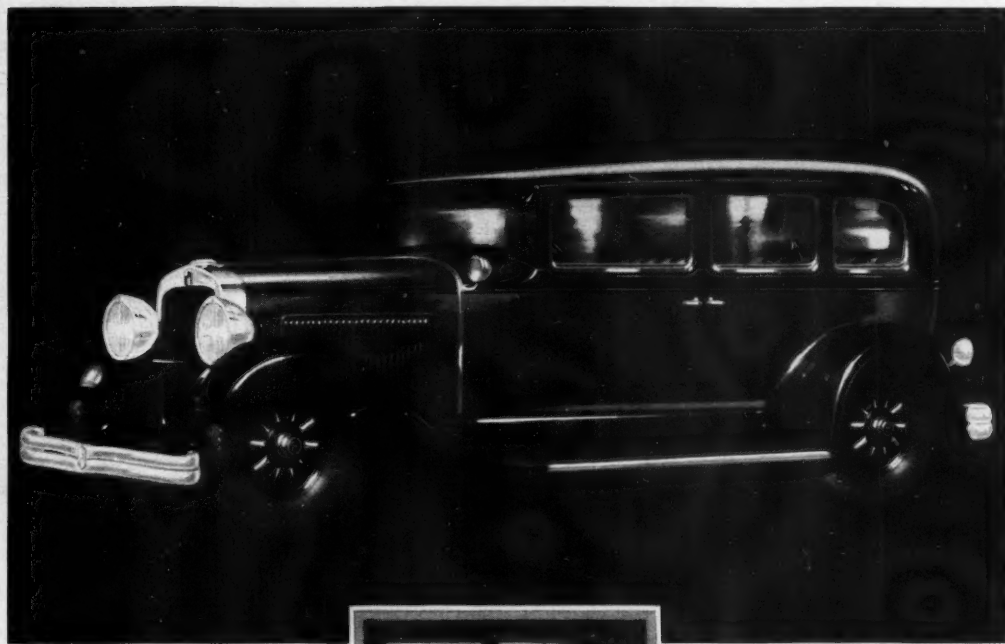
"Oh, what does it matter! But what can I say to her except that I'm no good to man, woman or child, and that I'd rather see the woman I loved dead than—"

"Yes," Harvey sighed. "Of course . . ."

And he saw into Ambatriadi's heart. He knew Ambatriadi was lying—as he himself would have lied. He knew Ambatriadi had been terrified at Lily Christine's proposal, that his mind and heart had simply dithered with fear of the unknown, of the change in his life, of the disruption of everything.

Harvey stared at the floor, tired and listless. Ambatriadi was crying; tears were streaming down his hollow lined cheeks.

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Ambatriadi's tears did not put any constraint on Harvey. There was a deep warmth in him for the Greek. They were brothers—that was what he felt. A couple of romantic incapables.

They must have been silent for some time when a knock on the door aroused Harvey. Ambatriadi appeared to hear nothing.

The door was just ajar. Harvey stared at it, as though fascinated. A tingling expectancy swept over him. What was it now?

Summerest stood in the doorway, looking at him eagerly.

"Summerest!"

"I've been looking for you. Rang you up—office, home. Thought I'd try here."

The fellow spoke quickly, tensely. He came into the room. And he moved quickly, too.

"How do, Andy. Sorry to intrude."

Ambatriadi, staring out of the window, did not so much as turn his head.

Summerest pulled a sheet of paper out of his pocket and held it out to Harvey. His forehead glistened with perspiration. He must have run up all those stairs, not waiting for the elevator.

"What's this mean?" Summerest asked, holding out the sheet of paper.

Harvey, still sitting, stared up at the fellow, trying to take him in. What was he up to now, what was this new spidery trick? His blue eyes were as hard as stones, no give in them. But there was a quivering somewhere about the big body, a quivering excitement.

"Go on, man, read it!"

Harvey slowly took the sheet of paper. But he still stared up at Summerest, taking him in. The fellow was afraid, that was it—quivering with fear.

The note was in pencil, a scrawl.

I can't bear this way of doing things any longer, darling. What a pity you won't see sense. I think I'm acting for the best. Good-by—old cart-horse! Be happy, bless you.

Summerest stood mopping his forehead with a handkerchief. His cold blue eyes never left Harvey's bent head.

"Well?" he said.

Harvey felt the fellow's slow anger lurking at the back of his eyes. He wanted Harvey to satisfy, soothe him. And Harvey did not feel like hurrying himself about it. He went on staring at the penciled scrawl.

"When did you get this?" he asked, at last.

She had left Summerest at about half past three. Going out, she had given the note to Coghill, making him promise not to give it to his master until late at night. But something about her had scared Coghill, and after thinking about it for nearly a couple of hours he had finally shown it to Summerest a few minutes ago.

"I've been ringing her up like mad ever since," Summerest said, "but she is not in. What does it mean, Harvey?"

"Nothing," Harvey said slowly. He couldn't be bothered with the fellow.

"Lord, I've been scared!" Summerest said.

"You mean it's all right?"

"Yes, quite all right."

"How do you know?"

Harvey tried to concentrate on Summerest, answer his questions and get rid of him quickly. So the fellow had been afraid . . .

"That 'good-by' scared you, I suppose?" he said slowly, taking the fellow in.

"Yes, it did."

And Summerest, his face stony with anger, swung round and took up the telephone and asked for Lily Christine's number. Harvey could hear, very faintly, Hempel's voice at the other end. No, Lily Christine was not in yet.

Summerest turned to him again, his face stony, closed up.

"You haven't told me yet what that 'good-by' means, Harvey! Is she going away?"

"She was thinking of it," Harvey said, unable to concentrate fully on Summerest. So his plotting had been of no earthly use from the very beginning. She had made up her mind as she left the fellow that, as he would not come to

some other "arrangement," she would force his hand by taking this step with the one man she knew who was careless of scandal. And when she had come to see him, Harvey, that had been fixed in her mind as the way out, and what he had said to her had done nothing so successfully as to prove to her that he, Harvey, was not the man to trust as a friend. So she had come straight to Ambatriadi, never doubting him. What a dance they'd led her this afternoon—her friends.

"She was thinking," Harvey said, watching the fellow's stony face, "of going away with Ambatriadi tonight."

Summerest's mouth fell open in a comical way. "No!" he said.

"It was her way of clearing up this mess," Harvey said. "Let me out, you see. Quite a good way, too—if Ambatriadi hadn't been in love with her and a blasted coward at the same time. Or perhaps being in love with her made him a coward. Anyhow—he talked sense to her."

Summerest stared towards Ambatriadi. All the tense action had gone from him; there was an utter helplessness about the fellow, an aching bewilderment. The "old cart-horse" Ambatriadi apparently had heard not a word. He was staring out of the window at the strings of lights in the park.

"Well, I can't stand this," Summerest said blankly, looking back at Harvey.

"Can't stand what?" Harvey asked cruelly.

"Her being hunted about like this—"

"Yes, that's a good way of putting it," Harvey said, watching him.

"I never bargained for this," Summerest said, looking at Harvey as though for help.

"No, I suppose not," Harvey said. "But you can't go—trampling on people and have it all your own way, can you?"

Suddenly Ambatriadi spun round, his face working. "You!" he shouted at Summerest. "Why do you stand there—like a useless drain-pipe? Why don't you go and find your wife? She won't have you back, but you can at least beg her pardon."

Summerest stared at him blankly. You could see the fellow was thinking things out, blundering on one thought and then on another.

"Oh, go to blazes!" Ambatriadi said wearily, turning away again.

Harvey, with no clear idea in his head, found himself walking down the corridor. Well, all the pother was over now—the fellow would go crawling back to her. He hadn't bargained for all this stress of mind, and now he was being whipped back to her by his wishy-washy tenderness and cowardice. No, he wanted to feel "right" with himself; that was whipping him back. Now he'd "want" Lily Christine, "want" her so that he could feel "right" with himself. And in the end he would bully her with his misery into taking him back.

Harvey could not find the elevator, must have lost his way. But he found a stairway. He wasn't surprised to hear heavy lumbering steps behind him. The old cart-horse.

"Those lifts make me ill," Summerest said.

"Imagine living in America!"

They walked downstairs side by side. Somehow Harvey could not keep anger going against the fellow, it was no good trying. There was something that came out of the confounded man and wrapped itself around you and joined you to him in a messy sort of sympathy. The fellow was human and needed human beings much more than most men, that was it. So you gave way to him, gave him what he wanted.

They were outside, in Knightsbridge. It was dribbling. Harvey stopped, undecided what to do. Muriel would be home by now.

"Going home?" he asked Summerest.

He found himself walking with the fellow, across confused Knightsbridge into the quiet of Lowndes Street.

"Hope she will be in," Summerest said.

"Where do you think she has been since she left Andy?"

"Walking about, perhaps. Plenty to think about."



"I've told her not to time and again," Summerest said angrily, "unless she's got her glasses on."

"You're so sensible yourself," Harvey said, "that I wonder at her not taking your advice."

Ambatriadi must have been the last straw. No wonder she wasn't home yet. She must have gone for a long fast walk to digest that last disappointment. She had banked on her friend Ambatriadi. He wouldn't fail her. She liked him so, trusted him so, and she knew that with his feckless destructive way of living he would risk less in a scandal than any man she knew. But she hadn't allowed for the rotten fear a man of his age had of a new way of life, of behaving himself in nearness to the woman he loved.

What had she thought on leaving Ambatriadi? Friendships tumbling about her head, that was what she must have thought. A nice walk she must have had, among the ruins.

"Good-by—old cart-horse." And here the fellow was beside him, going home. You could see she loved him—the old cart-horse. But it wasn't any more the love that wanted to touch and cling and be near—it was the far-away unassailable love of things past which even he couldn't destroy, which nothing could destroy. So she would live with him in the future, loving a memory of him that would be more real to her than his feckless presence.

"And what are your plans now?" Harvey asked.

They were nearing the house now. It would have been a little quicker to have crossed Belgrave Square. Still, going across that wide slippery space was no fun, and another corner and they were there.

"Plans? All I want to do at the moment is to tell her it's all right."

"Pity you didn't think of it before, isn't it?" Harvey said.

"I didn't bargain for this—"

Yes, the fellow wanted to feel right with himself now, wanted that even more than he wanted Mrs. Abbey.

"I'm thinking of going out to the Argentine," Summerest said.

"Chucking the idea of politics?" Harvey put in cruelly.

The fellow ignored that stonily. "I fancy Lily Christine has had quite enough of me to last her lifetime," he said. "Fellow I know is buying a lot of land out there, and maybe I can be of some use to him."

But he would come back—if he went at all. He'd have that craving to be right with himself which couldn't be satisfied until he had shown Lily Christine he wasn't such a bad fellow after all. So he'd plague her with his ruthless helplessness until she took him back—and made a fuss over him. And then he would begin to take up with pieces of nonsense again to satisfy his sentimental sexuality.

"Hello!" Summerest said.

The door of the house stood wide open. The little narrow hall was alight.

"She must have just come in and forgotten to shut the door," Harvey said.

He stood just within the doorway, uneasily undecided, not wanting to go away, not wanting to stay.

He heard Summerest's voice upstairs calling out:

"Lily Christine! Hempel! Hempel!"

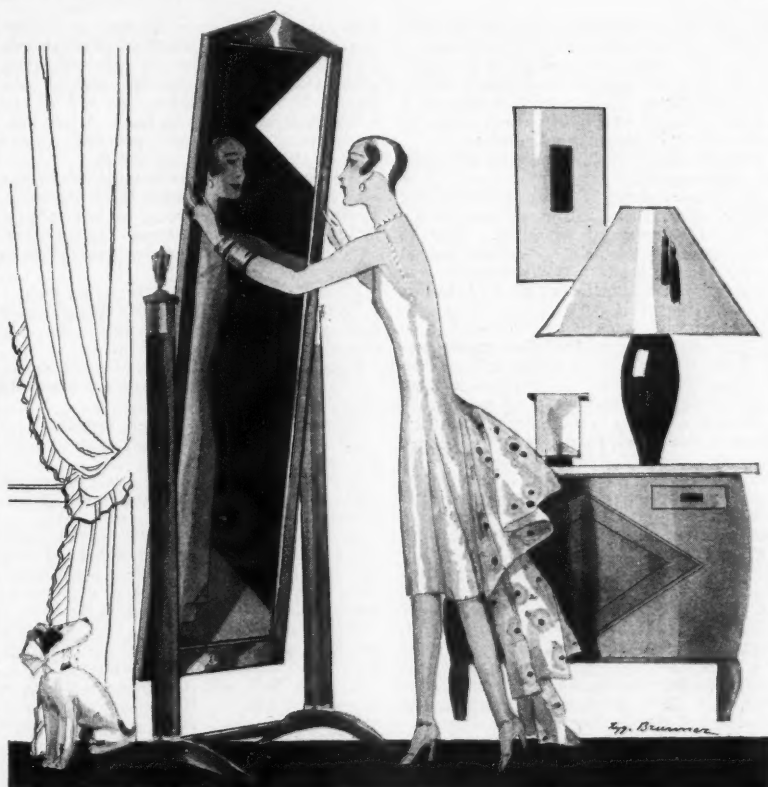
He came downstairs again, fixing Harvey with his stony blue stare. "Odd!" he said, staring, his hands in his pockets, his big body stirring uneasily.

He went to the door beneath the stairs, leading to the basement, and called out Hempel's name. Then he came back to Harvey, fixing him with that stony blue stare that meant he was dished.

"Derelict house," he said. "Deuced odd!"

"Hempel may have gone out for a moment or two," Harvey said.

He went out, stood at the top of the little flight of steps. He felt Summerest behind him, lounging uneasily. What the devil was there to be anxious about in Hempel having gone out to



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post a letter and forgotten to close the door?"

"Well, I'd better be going," Harvey said. He stood looking up and down the quiet street. The wet pavements glistened darkly in the lamplight. There seemed to be quite a lot of movement at the Belgrave Square end, quite a cloud of people standing about.

"What's that, people waiting for royalty?" he asked vaguely.

To his astonishment Summerest shoved him roughly aside and began running towards the crowd. Harvey gaped after him. Then he looked at the crowd again. Something loomed up from among the little cloud of people. He strained his eyes to make out what. It looked like a motor-truck.

HE COULDN'T move, stood there gaping, trying to take it in. Summerest had taken it in quickly enough. He was almost there now, running like the dickens.

Harvey suddenly, childishly, vindictively, stamped his foot with anger at Lily Christine. Why the devil did she want to go careering through the streets and across slippery crossings when she was as blind as a bat? Not wearing her spectacles, twirling them about in her hand. And now maybe she had a broken leg for her pains.

He stood there, straining his eyes towards the crowd. He could not move, did not want to. What was the good of getting excited? A bunch of people broke away from the crowd, began to come towards him. He could make out Summerest, all right, and a policeman. They were carrying her between them. Anyhow, they were carrying something, and it must be her. Broken her leg, probably.

And Hempel, she was there, of course. Very much there, she was. He could hear Hempel crying. It made him furious, her dithering sobs. She'd scream the place down just because Lily Christine had scratched herself. Then there were others, quite a bunch of them. The ghoulisn sheep, following a street accident.

He couldn't face them, coming towards him carrying her. He went into the house, into the unused little sitting-room. She'd broken a leg, probably. Suppose it was crushed. The idea of her pain made him feel sick. He gulped, and lighted a cigaret. Well, what a day it had been for Lily Christine! She'd remember this day all her life.

He sat on the arm of a chair, feeling sick, crumpled up. From where he sat he could see the hall from an angle. He did not want to look, but couldn't help staring at what he could see of the hall, staring, waiting.

When they did pass, he saw scarcely anything. Summerest and a fellow who might be a doctor, blundering past quickly. Well, the hall was narrow enough, and they were carrying her between them. But he didn't see Lily Christine at all. They were carrying something; that was all he saw. She must have broken a leg. He would make sure she wasn't badly hurt and then slip away. A broken leg or arm wasn't such a tragedy, after all.

Hempel ran past, sobbing. Drat the woman, why couldn't she be quieter about it? But a door banged, so maybe she had gone down to the basement. Then there was nothing, nobody, not a sound. Why was Hempel sobbing so? You couldn't be certain of anything, with that woman. Making all that noise. Sounded like—what was it called?—keening. He got up uncertainly, but found his legs were trembling idiotically, and sat down again.

He sat there staring at nothing, feeling sick. He simply did not want to know what had happened to her. A useful man in a crisis, that was what he was. He mustn't think of what had happened to her. Lily Christine—hurt.

Then he made out heavy breathing somewhere. He listened intently. The breathing came from out in the hall, but out of his range. He got up, moved unsteadily to see who it was. Not that he wanted to know anything.

A young man was out in the hall beside a

little table with a dusty income-tax envelop on it. He had his back to the wall, as though the wall was important to him. He was staring right at Harvey. He did not seem to take Harvey in, went on staring. He had his cap in his hand, hanging by his knee. A tall, well-set-up young man, a good type. His face was dirty white. Done up, he looked.

A policeman stood near him, with his helmet off. A baldish elderly man, quite impassive. In one hand he held not only his helmet but a derby hat, which looked comic. In the other, an open notebook. The derby must belong to the doctor.

"Well?" Harvey said to the young man. He could see the young man's Adam's apple moving up and down. He wasn't the only one who was feeling sick, then.

"Doctor up there?" he asked the policeman. "Yes, sir. Lucky there was one a few doors away."

Harvey did not want to ask anything. "Bad business, sir," the policeman said impersonally.

"Slipped right in front of me," the young man said plaintively. "Never seen such a thing!"

"Couldn't you stop?" Harvey just managed to ask. Unless he kept his feet planted very firmly on the floor his right knee began trembling idiotically. It was a devil of a strain, keeping his feet firmly planted on the floor.

The young man wet his lips. "Nearly smashed up lorry trying," he said in a high hurt voice. "Skidded into a lamp-post."

"That'll do," said the policeman with a glance up the stairs. Harvey noticed a smear of blood on the back of the policeman's right hand, and looked quickly away.

"I couldn't help it," the young man said confidentially to Harvey. "She seemed to come from nowhere and fall right in front of me. Slipped. I never seen such a thing."

"Went right over the lady," the policeman explained to Harvey. "All four wheels, it looked like."

Harvey did not say anything. The policeman seemed to be examining him.

"I'm just a friend," Harvey said, gulping. "Happened to be here."

"What could I do?" the young man said in a high hurt voice.

"That'll do, me lad," the policeman said, quite kindly. "We know all that."

Harvey set his teeth, trying not to think. Lily Christine—smashed up, snuffed out. That was what it came to. He concentrated as hard as he could on the wretched young man. Poor young devil. He looked all out.

"She was very short-sighted," Harvey said to the policeman, blinking. He felt that the policeman was looking at him suspiciously.

Suppose she had been wearing her spectacles . . .

"Yes, the gentleman said that," the policeman said.

Suppose she had seen the lorry coming—and felt tired, a failure, friendless.

"Her husband," Harvey said.

"So I understood, sir," said the policeman. "A nasty shock."

He opened the hand in which he was holding the open notebook and showed Harvey a few bits of muddy glass and what looked like tortoise-shell. Harvey, breathing hard, felt a drop of perspiration run down his temple to his cheek.

"The driver couldn't see if she was wearing them or not," the policeman said.

Harvey looked at the young man eagerly. "Judging from the position in which we found them—" the policeman said.

"She had a way of carrying them in her hand," Harvey said quickly.

"Exactly, sir," the policeman said. "Judging from their position near her hand, I should say she was not wearing them."

The young man, his mouth open, looked at Harvey.

"Yes," Harvey said, nodding to him. "Twirling them about in her hand."

The policeman said, "A nice-looking young

lady doesn't like to show her weak point more'n she can help. It's natural."

"Yes," Harvey said. But he tried as hard as he could to concentrate on the wretched young man. "You look all out," he said.

The young man did not say anything, but grinned sheepishly.

"A drop of something," the policeman suggested, giving Harvey a meaningful look.

Harvey definitely did not want to go down to the basement, with Hempel sobbing there. He opened the door beneath the stairs, very cautiously. He went down on tiptoe to the kitchen. He could hear Hempel sobbing, but it was muffled by a door. She must have her bedroom down here. On the kitchen table were a few dirty plates, a bottle of stout and a tumbler. He poured out what remained of the bottle into the glass and took it upstairs.

Summerest was there now, his back blocking the passage. Harvey stopped dead. He couldn't face the fellow. He'd never feel right with himself now, not in this life.

The young man edged, with his back to the wall, past Summerest's bulk towards Harvey and gulped down the stout. Harvey absently took the empty glass from him, listening intently to what the policeman was saying.

"There'll be an inquest, of course," the policeman said. "It'll be a mere matter of form. There's two men outside who saw the lady slip as she was running across his front wheels. I haven't got your name yet, sir, if you please, and the lady's."

Harvey stepped forward quickly, the empty glass still in his hand. "Here, leave all that to me," he said to Summerest's back, but at the same moment Summerest was asking:

"Did they see if she had her spectacles on or not?"

"They couldn't see that, sir," the policeman said. "But judging from their position near her hand, the conclusion I have come to is that the young lady could not have been wearing them."

Summerest had already taken the policeman's notebook and was writing in it. Harvey took care not to look at the fellow's face. He edged past him into the little sitting-room and sat down again on the arm of the chair. From there all he could see of the fellow was his elbow.

Presently he heard the policeman and the truck-driver going out of the house. He hoped Summerest would forget him and not come in. He tried to will him not to come in. He did not want to see the fellow's face. If only he could slip away quietly.

BUT when Summerest stood in the doorway, Harvey could not take his eyes from his face. Summerest's hands were in his pockets. He did not show anything in particular, just stood there staring at Harvey as though he was expecting something to happen. Harvey could not find a word to say. There was nothing to say.

"Well," Summerest said slowly, "I've just about torn her into bits, haven't I?"

"We have between us, if it comes to that," Harvey said quickly.

The fellow shifted his stare to the lamp outside the window. He looked exactly as though he was expecting something to happen.

"Of course it was an accident," Harvey said, watching the fellow's stony face. "You heard that about the witnesses—two of them."

"Wonder if she was wearing her spectacles," Summerest said, staring at the lamp outside the window.

"Of course she wasn't!" Harvey said decisively. "You heard what the policeman said. And she usually didn't. It was an accident, man."

"Yes, I know," Summerest said, staring at the lamp outside the window as though he was expecting something to happen. "But still . . ."

Then he turned clumsily in the doorway and disappeared. Harvey heard him lumbering upstairs. The old cart-horse. How sorry she would be for him now.

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## Minor Poetry by John Erskine (Continued from page 53)

Keith. It's our—our—anniversary," she said. He turned to the table and philosophically filled his pipe.

"I dare say we had to go through this sometime, and it's lucky it was on a day when we were reflecting on our essential happiness. I'm sorry I spoke strongly. You're not really to blame. It's a case of natural momentum. You've been writing this stuff so long, you have to keep on a while before you can stop and follow the new direction of your life. Even if we hadn't talked it over, the next poems would probably have shown more of your actual cheerfulness."

"Keith, you're hopeless!"  
She left the room abruptly.

For half an hour he communed with his pipe, disconsolate. He wasn't the kind to suspect that Laura was wondering how long he would stay there. When he took his hat and started for his club, he never guessed she knew where he was going, nor that she reflected, as he did, it was the first time since their wedding he had sought that refuge of lonely men.

Next day they took up life as usual, and with the seasons the habit of matrimony sat on them lightly enough. She learned to inquire, not too closely, about the market, and he trained himself to offer congratulations when a lyric came out in a magazine. The rift was there, of course, and widening, but while they could, they shut their eyes.

One other encounter they had, before he met the red-headed woman. It was just after Laura brought out her first collected volume. She feared Keith would be horrid about it, since the contents still lacked that cheerful note which he thought a wife should sound, but he praised the type and the binding, and even went so far as to say she had chosen characteristic things. She misunderstood his patience, and was blind to his dogged hope. He waited till the book had been reviewed and praised. He held himself in check till she had written a fresh batch. Then he asked to hear the latest. She was quite unaware of the crisis.

This time he listened patiently enough. But if Laura had attended to his eyes, she wouldn't have liked what glittered there. "Those," she said, "are the ones I am most satisfied with." She settled back for his comment.

"So you've decided to specialize?"

"Specialize, Keith?"

"Most of these are on theme C. You're right. It's the most promising."

"Keith, I don't know what you're talking about."

"About the three themes to which you chiefly devote your talents, and which even I can now recognize at sight. The first regrets an early love, which seems to have suffered a blight. That's theme A. The second admits you're happy, but if you had another chance at theme A, you'd jump at it. That's theme B. The third says you'd leave your present happiness still more cheerfully if you could find an honest-to-goodness lover. Theme C. That's the interesting one. As your husband, of course, I'm delighted to know your mind runs on it!"

"For heaven's sake, Keith, don't tell me you still—"

"I still think it disgraceful for any married woman to publish her desire to be faithless! That's what your blessed poems say—and that's all they say!"

She held herself in, and spoke gently. "Keith dear, I've no desire to be faithless."

"Then why say you have?"

"I don't say so!"

"You don't? Give me that last one—I'll read it out!"

He reached for the paper, but she drew back.

"In poetry, Keith, you don't make literal statements—you dramatize emotions."

"You what?" For an instant he was at a

loss. "What emotion are you trying to dramatize?"

"It's usually a sort of—of—yearning after—well, after the infinite."

"That's what I said! Any fool can see what you mean, Laura."

"I mean nothing of the kind! Keith, you're dumb!"

"I am, am I? Well, if you don't mean it, you shouldn't say it! That's the kind of dumb I am!"

Later in the evening she asked if he wished a divorce, and he asked whether she wanted one. This dialog, begun with irony, ended in sentiment. Before long she was sobbing on his shoulder, and he patted her back, to encourage her. Then, by bad luck, she inquired what sort of theme in poetry would satisfy a sensitive husband, and he started to tell her. When they abandoned the debate, they had got around again to the question of divorce.

And then Keith went to the fatal meeting of the Poetry Society. Laura had made a point of it. "When my poems are read out," she said, "you're never there. It mortifies me. The husbands of the other women come, at least once in a while."

A year ago he would have replied that the other husbands didn't have to listen to revelations damaging to themselves, but love had flickered so low, it was simpler now to be courteous.

When they entered the club room that evening, the poets and their guests were already assembling. The seating arrangements indicated progress toward fame. The front rows were taken, as of right, by possessors of conceded genius. Hopeful aspirants came next. The other chairs were left to the well-disposed but incapable. In this part of the room Laura found a place for Keith, beside the red-headed woman.

"Sally Warburn," she said, "you'll find my husband congenial. He doesn't like poetry, either."

Then she floated off to the enlightened region. The red-headed woman laughed. Keith felt the humiliation was unprovoked and unnecessary.

"As a matter of fact, Miss Warburn, I've nothing against poetry."

Sally laughed again. "Even if you had," she said, "you'd meet little of it here."

An interesting woman! He looked at her comprehensively. She accepted the investigation in friendly part, and smiled back. A good honest face, he decided. For the rest, she hadn't starved herself out of deference to fashion. Her shoulders, he was glad to see, were boneless, and other areas, equally challenging to admiration, were—he recalled a word from Laura's vocabulary—"opulent."

"Do you come here often?" he said.

"Only when I need cheering up."

She couldn't speak without suggesting laughter. When was she melancholy? he wondered.

"How about yourself?" she said.

He might have unburdened some portion of his cares, but the reading commenced, and he faced toward the front.

The poems were read aloud, anonymously, and then discussed by eager volunteers. He couldn't see the connection between the verses and what was said about them; there were allusions to beauty and wisdom which had been enunciated at previous meetings. One would have to come regularly, he judged, to follow it.

"Aren't they absurd!" whispered Sally.

"Who?"

He thought he ought to seem in doubt.

The poems—the writers, too, of course. If I were God, I'd play a mean trick—the experiences they pretend to yearn for, I'd make happen. Think what we've been hearing! The one who wanted to be a sea-gull—the idiot who hoped Heaven would sing through her, whatever that means—and that other half-wit who loves to face all storms naked to the wind.

Why don't you move that they all try it on?"

He grew hysterical with her.

"Don't take them literally," he whispered;

"they're dramatizing their emotions."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Sally. She would have

gone on, but a new poem demanded silence.

He flushed slightly, recognizing Laura's work. Theme C, unmistakable. He wished Sally were not hearing it. In spite of all, Laura was his wife. The comment, he was glad to observe, was favorable.

The room applauded. Keith relapsed into his old unhappiness.

"What rot!"

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "Poetry ought to say what it means."

"But this doesn't! Whoever wrote this doesn't want what she says she wants—I'm sure she doesn't!"

His spirits rose again.

"Are you personally acquainted with the author?"

"No; are you? I hope it isn't your wife?"

His control was perfect.

"I never heard the poem before."

When the session was ended and the poets were reviewing the evening in a hubbub of informal criticism, he and Sally found a quiet corner and lighted cigarettes. He knew he'd be sorry when Laura came for him. Of course he oughtn't to feel that way—but suddenly, without premeditation, he decided to let himself feel the way he *did* feel! Why not give destiny a chance? Sally, he perceived, had gray eyes.

"For me," she said, "this exhibition would be a disgrace to the human heart, if it weren't funny. How do you take it?"

His code bade him defend Laura.

"I'm not qualified to judge. They do say extraordinary things, but it's the fashion, and so long as they don't mean it, no harm's done."

Sally fixed her gray eyes on him.

"They ought to mean it! I shouldn't object to that last poem if the woman who wrote it really wanted to run off with a man. From the domestic point of view it would be inconvenient, but at least she'd state her ambition convincingly—and she wouldn't come here to read it! They wouldn't let her in."

When she laughed, he had to smile sympathetically. "I'm old-fashioned myself."

"Who isn't?"

"I mean, I shouldn't approve of such conduct, therefore I don't enjoy hearing it praised in poetry, but I'd rather they'd talk about it, if they must, than live it."

She looked at him, this time quite serious.

"I don't wish to live it myself. Those who escape are lucky."

HE WAS surprised to note a slight ache of disappointment in the region of his heart. He didn't feel a bit lucky.

"But," she went on, "if the madness hit me, I'd let it hit. The only thing I'd be ashamed of would be to pretend it had hit when it hadn't."

The idea appealed to him, but he still was moved to play devil's advocate.

"Yet if you and I were poets—"

"Heaven forbid!"

Laura found them in their corner. "Keith, I've looked everywhere for you. I'm ready when you are. How did you and Sally get on?"

"We don't agree—he likes poetry! You misled me, Laura."

She walked to the door with them. The pressure of her hand, when they said good night, made Keith feel deserted, lonely.

In the taxi he asked Laura about her.

"Oh, she's a girl I knew in college. Never amounted to much."

"What does she do?"

"Nothing to speak of. A few charities, settlement schools, that sort of thing. Keith, they liked my poem tonight, did you notice? That's the best criticism I've had yet."

A vague sense of disloyalty made him cordial.



Laura and her world were even bearable, now that he had met Sally. For the next few weeks he gave thought to it; what was there about that woman to make poetry less annoying? He wished he had observed her more closely, in that brief talk. There was, of course, the possibility of observing her further—he might call, sometime, with Laura, or they might have her over to dinner. No, they probably mightn't. Laura wouldn't ask her.

In the end, he paid Sally three separate calls. The first was a little constrained; she didn't know why he was there, or perhaps he didn't. Conversation flagged—he cursed himself for being bashful and hesitant and resolved never to go back. The second was easier—they greeted and parted like old friends. Now for another reason he promised himself not to return; she was too delightful a companion, he was too happy with her, if he wasn't careful he'd fall in love. He did stay away—to him it seemed years, and every minute suffering. It was in a mood of defeat that he called her on the telephone.

"May I stop for a cup of tea this afternoon?"

She knew who it was. Just for a second she hesitated. "Do you think you'd better, Keith?"

The question made him catch his breath. "Don't you think so?"

Again that hesitation—and something deep in her voice. "No—I don't. Good-by, Keith."

He couldn't collect himself in time.

"I'd like to come for just a minute—"

But she had rung off.

As he rode toward her house that afternoon, he wondered whether she had gone out, to be safe, or whether she'd consent to see him. But she was standing in the living-room, waiting, as though they had appointed the hour, after all. She wore a black dress, he noticed—she had been crying.

"Why didn't you wish me to come?"

"Why did you want to come?"

He knew why, at last. The kiss he gave her, clasped to his heart, separated him from all the years of his life when he had known nothing. Passionate and yearning she answered his lips—then pushed him gently from her.

"Keith, you ought not to have come!"

"Not if you love me, and I you?"

"If you had stayed away, we might not have found out. You might not." Her old laugh came back. "You are stupid, Keith."

He kissed her; as she said it, stupidity was a compliment.

"Sally, did I give myself away that second time?"

"The first time I saw you, man, at the Society. You with your proper notions—do you remember that poem about the possible unforeseen and devastating love, which would take precedence over all vows, loyalties and habits?"

"Theme C," said Keith.

"I beg pardon?"

"I remember the poem well, Sally. My wife wrote it. It's her favorite subject."

Sally's gray eyes were thoughtful.

"Let's sit down here and talk about Laura. . . Keith, you shouldn't have come—but now you ought to leave me and go back to her."

"I thought you believed—"

"But you don't. I believe exactly what Laura pretends to—since I love you, I could steal you away from any other woman without a qualm. But you and she believe otherwise, and I do love you, Keith—I couldn't bear to look in your eyes and see unhappiness or troubled conscience there. There's still time. Go now!"

He couldn't doubt her sincerity, but at the moment he was far from understanding the truth she had spoken.

"Sally, I don't wish to make Laura miserable—but I can't give you up. Let's think it over, and let the situation work itself out."

She shook her head.

"What a child you are! Don't you even suspect what will happen? We love each other—we're human. How long would it be

before we were in each other's arms? Please understand, Keith—I shouldn't find fault with it, but you would. Whether I'm your wife makes little difference, if I'm really your love, but you have other ideas, and though it's inconsistent of me, I like you to have them."

"I doubt if Laura cares very much for me."

"Oh, doesn't she?"

"I'm not equipped to do justice to her art."

Sally smothered him with a kiss.

"You delicious thing!"

"I mean, she doesn't depend on me for anything intellectual—I don't fit in. She'd be more at ease if I got out. I am dull, Sally—it's no use deceiving you. From Laura's angle of it, our marriage was one of those mistakes you make. If she'd known me better, she'd never have gone into it."

"You think she'll give you up to another woman, worthless though you be? How much you have to learn! We'd do well to stop here and remember what we might have had. Perhaps we've already had the best; life together, even for us, might become tame. It's the fate of lovers. Wouldn't you like to cherish that one perfect kiss of ours? We couldn't improve on it."

He wasn't sure now how seriously she spoke, yet her eyes once more were teary.

"I'd like to try," he said, "from now on. For us life won't become tame. When the real love comes to you—By Jove, I never appreciated her poetry till this minute! She's right! Sally, my wife's a genius!"

"Well, then, stick to her!"

"I was speaking of her literary gift. She wrote us up in advance!"

"You might tell her, by way of compliment to her prophetic gift, that you and I are on the verge of acting out her favorite theme."

Keith studied the floor.

"It's awkward, but perhaps I owe it to her. She'll have to know sooner or later, and the direct way is honorable. . . She holds to the liberal side—if her writing means anything, and I see it does, she'll understand."

THAT evening he found it hard to begin. He lingered over the paper. His pipe was in his mouth, inadvertently unlighted. Laura was at her desk.

"Laura."

He cleared his throat. She finished a sentence and suspended the pen.

"Yes?"

"No hurry—whenever you're free."

"What's wrong?"

"I've been thinking—"

"Yes? What about?"

"About you and me."

"Yes? Well?"

"Laura—would you be happier—if you were married to someone else?"

"I don't know. Why?"

She was still holding the pen in readiness. He waited for her to turn around.

"Since I'm not an ideal mate for a woman like you—It's best to be frank, isn't it?"

She gazed in meditation at the paper before her. "I've thought a lot about it, Keith, but I don't know. It isn't easy to find an ideal mate."

"Not easy, but it might happen. Anyway, it's easy to recognize a misfit, isn't it?" She was silent. He summoned courage to add, "As in our case."

She meditated further before she replied. Her tone indicated a wish to be gentle.

"Whenever I've tried to think it through, Keith, I've always come back to your love for me. You married me because you loved me. I can't shut my eyes to your devotion. So though I'm not altogether happy, I try to remind myself of the ways in which perhaps I fail to satisfy you."

She waited a second, but not as though she expected further discussion. Then she went on with her writing. He was swept by an impulse to say something desperate, anything rather than let the issue die offhand.

"Why don't you ask me the question?"

Now she looked around at him.

"Why don't you ask me whether I'd be happier married to someone else?"

"Keith! Would you?"

"Yes."

She left the desk and came to the end of the davenport, where she could watch his face.

"Keith, dear, what's the matter?"

Not to be too brutal, he reverted to his first strategy.

"Let's put it this way, Laura. You are aware of my shortcomings, but are willing to endure them as inevitable in marriage. But if the right man appeared, one who suited you exactly, you'd drop me and take him."

"No, I wouldn't."

"Laura, if the man arrived, you wouldn't remember a thing—you'd just go off with him. You'd have to."

She drew a long breath.

"Then I'm glad he hasn't arrived."

HE COULDN'T see the next step clearly, and he paused so long she thought the incident was closed. She gave him an affectionate pat on the knee and went back to her desk.

It was bedtime, and they had sat there for an hour, she at her writing, he with his thoughts. He knew he was beaten, but he would try again.

She closed the desk and turned toward him, casually enough.

"Keith, who is the woman? Do you mind telling me?"

He was so surprised he stammered like a naughty boy caught in mischief, "Er—er—it's your friend."

"My friend?"

"Yes; Sally Warburn."

She sank down on the davenport.

"I wanted to talk it over with you, Laura—I knew you'd understand this sort of thing better than most women. If I had succeeded in making you a good husband, it would break me up now to tell you what's happened. But really it's for the best, I dare say. I don't apologize—it's one of those passions you don't foresee and can't resist."

"You're in love with Sally Warburn?"

"Yes."

"And you want to leave me and go to her?"

"I'm afraid I do, Laura."

"You didn't believe in that sort of thing, a while ago."

"If it hadn't happened to me, I wouldn't believe it now. You knew more about life than I did, Laura, I'm free to admit."

For a second the allusion escaped her, then her manner grew suddenly firm.

"Will you kindly say whether Sally Warburn would like to have you?"

"I—I believe she would."

"Well, she can't. You're my husband. If you've forgotten your obligations, I'll remind you of them. I didn't ask you to marry me—I consented only because you would have it so, and I've been faithful to you. To talk as you have this evening is indecent."

She became quite theatrical. As she walked toward the door, he wondered whether she wouldn't turn and make a strong exit speech. He was annoyed when she disappeared down the hall. He followed her.

"See here, Laura, you'll be sorry if you don't talk it all out calmly. This sort of quarreling won't help matters. You and I don't love each other, Sally and I do. The question is—"

"You mean you don't love me. There's no question. If you report this interview to your soul mate, tell her from me she can't have you. You must be proud of yourself, Keith Witherby!"

Add only this, that he did report the challenge to Sally, and the end of the story is told. A common story, on the whole, involving common people. But one may ask whether the red-headed woman would ever have got him if he hadn't been fed up on theme C, or whether, if she hadn't got him, Laura would have been abandoned by the Muse. She wrote no more. When the Poetry Society intimated regret, she would smile sadly. She once said that in experience there are things beyond words.



## Tender gums . . . an unnecessary nuisance!

*If your toothbrush ever "shows pink"  
turn to IPANA and massage*

If, some bright morning as you clean your teeth, your toothbrush "shows pink," neither foolishly neglect it nor be needlessly alarmed.

For "pink toothbrush" does not necessarily mean that you have pyorrhea, nor that gingivitis has set in. But it does mean that somewhere on your gums is a soft and tender spot. And if you would avoid far more serious troubles, set about right away to correct it.

The greatest enemy of the gums, dentists will tell you, is our modern diet of soft foods. Back in the days when the human diet was coarser, gum troubles bothered few. Vigorous chew-

ing encouraged a good circulation within the gum walls. The gums themselves were hard and healthy. But in these days of soft food, our gums have become flabby and tender. They bleed easily. They invite disease.

Naturally, you can't change your diet. But you can counteract the damage soft foods do your gums.

Massage your gums—brush them lightly, twice a day. Massage stirs the circulation, and this flow of fresh blood sweeps away impurities, builds up the gums to firm and rosy health.

### *How Ipana improves the effects of massage*

Better still, massage your gums with Ipana Tooth Paste. After the regular cleaning of your teeth with Ipana, simply

squeeze out some more Ipana and gently brush your gums.

For Ipana's especial virtue in massage is its content of ziratol—a healing hemostatic widely used by dental specialists. And this ziratol content enables Ipana to enlarge the effect of massage, to tone and stimulate the gums—to make them sound, healthy, resistant to disease.

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The coupon offers you a ten-day tube of Ipana, ample to demonstrate Ipana's superb cleaning power, its delicious taste.

But time is a factor in restoring the gums to health. So the better plan is to get a full-sized tube of Ipana from your druggist. Use it a full month and see how white and brilliant are your teeth—how firm and healthy are your gums.



*Modern soft foods deprive gums of stimulation and leave them prey to many troubles*

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Address.....

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*For healthy teeth and gums—use Ipana twice-a-day—see your dentist twice-a-year*



## On the Dotted Line by Nanette Kutner (Continued from page 81)

never had seen such an adorable creature. So pink and white and gold. Later he was to remember that no matter what the season, Fay always wore white. Now she confidently placed one soft little hand within the black crook of his arm, and a delicious perfume was wafted to his nostrils. His brain reeled. He was to discover that she merely used three quarts of a certain exotic scent each week. Perfume baths ran be expensive.

But he knew none of these things. He was only aware that she was close by his side while he escorted her in to dinner. She seemed to have the bluest eyes in all California and a curly golden bob so soft that he had an irresistible desire gently to stroke her head. Her nose was everything one could expect from a perfect *retroussé* model; and her mouth—he just could not look at her mouth. It was altogether too kissable.

He proudly led her to their table, ever conscious that people were staring at her jewelry, her gown and her cute little mannerisms.

That night marked the beginning. A whirl of teas, of dinners, of dances. He knew that Fay was nearly twice his age, but he considered that fact a petty one. A woman is only as old as she appears. For the first time in his life Michael was in love. Nothing else mattered.

It was at Santa Monica that he proposed to her. They were lying on the sands, trying to count the glittering stars as they listened to the soft lapping of the waves against the beach.

She did not say yes right away. Fay was too clever for such a *faux pas*.

"Michael—*Liebschen*. Michael, big bear. I don't know. Marriage is a serious venture. Let me think it over."

"But I love you, Fay, and you love me. I want the whole world to envy our glorious romance!"

"Well, I'll see." And they walked back to her waiting car.

During the drive home, he continued to pester her.

"Please decide tonight."

At last she echoed, "I'll decide tonight."

She left him at his hotel.

"If it's 'yes,' I'll telephone you," she whispered.

"Then I'm going directly upstairs and wait there." He kissed her good night.

He waited for an hour. Then suddenly the telephone rang.

TO MICHAEL, the weeks flew by, as if on wings. Twelve more days and Fay actually would become his wife. Fay, glorious Fay. She did happen to be rather costly. There was the memorable evening she wanted to see a famous foreign actress, and when Michael called for her, she only had seven friends whom she insisted upon taking along. Michael paid for the box. Ninety-eight dollars and eighty-five cents. But Fay was his fiancée, and worth millions of theater tickets.

He bought her a house in Beverly Hills. They planned to live there after the honeymoon. Fay was already installed. Twelve more days. Twelve more days. Two hundred and eighty-eight hours. He even commenced counting the minutes. He was in a veritable seventh heaven.

Then Fay became afflicted by a well-known disease. A malady entitled cold feet. Michael did not know her reluctance was due to tidings that had swept over Hollywood, causing the celebrated colony's feminine planets to flutter and primp and otherwise groom themselves. A prince was coming on a short visit. A real, live Italian prince, who, it was rumored, desired one of two things: either a position in the movies or a wife with money.

Fay was thrilled at the news. After all, a title is a title. Princess. She beamed. No one could snub her if she once became an honest-goodness princess. Why, the station was next in rank to a queen's, and the élite of Los Angeles would be bound to kowtow before

such a truly glorified individual. It did not matter that the prince possessed nothing except his title, and the fact that she had never met him was also of only minute importance to Fay. Her previous husbands had left her plenty of money, and she was born with ingenuity.

On his second evening in Hollywood, the prince went to the Coconut Grove. It was like Fay to insist upon Michael taking her there. That night she was a brilliant Fay, bedecked in all her showy array of diamonds. An animated blonde whose blue eyes, augmented by excitement, radiated a lustrous scintillation. Someone pointed out the prince, and she flirted, outrageously but most successfully.

It was then Fay decided definitely to postpone the Phillips wedding. Michael sat agast.

"What do you mean? Postpone it?"

"Darling, I'm doing this for you. I love you so much, and I don't wish you to be unhappy. I want to wait a few weeks more. You're so young, big bear, you might not really know your own mind. I don't want you to be sorry. Your happiness must come before my own!"

"Fay, this is utterly ridiculous! Of course I know my own mind. I—"

So the argument began, but she refused to listen. Although he rebelled at the delay, Michael loved her all the more. Dear little Fay, never considering herself, always thinking of the other person's welfare; so sweet; so self-sacrificing. To be sure he did not like this prince coming along on their heretofore cozy dinners, and butting in upon dances. He did not mind paying for the poor chap, in fact, he felt sorry for the fellow, but the latter was beginning to monopolize Fay.

When the wax-mustached prince moved into Fay's house—the house paid for by the Phillips bank roll—Michael began to see the light.

"You can't have that man living in the house!" he angrily remonstrated.

"Don't be foolish, *Liebschen*. It gives me prestige to entertain a prince as my guest," was the answer.

Michael tried to reason with her, but his efforts were in vain. Underneath Fay's warm purring little manner lay a will of iron.

"It can't go on like this!" he shouted.

He was right. It could not go on. Fay's tight-lipped gray-haired housekeeper enlightened him. The housekeeper whose fifty-odd years had taught her the wisdom of minding her own business but who broke such personal rules for Michael. There was something about him that made her think of a beloved son whose golden eyes had been dimmed in the now almost forgotten World War.

"I hope you won't think I'm fresh, Mr. Michael. But it's because—well, you remind me of someone, someone who was very dear to me, that I'm telling you all this!"

And she told him. Told him full details concerning the forthcoming elopement between Fay Waring Bennett and the prince who was visiting Hollywood. She claims, as she spoke, those golden lights in Michael's eyes turned black. She also says he did not utter one astonished word, but quietly thanked her for her kindness, and then walked out into the marvelous California sunlight.

He hiked and hiked, unconscious of the passing hours. Horrible thoughts raced through his brain. He would kill Fay. He would murder the prince. He would— And suddenly he found himself back in his hotel suite. A telegram was handed to him. It was from the head of the life insurance company. Dully he read the black words:

AM WAITING FOR THOSE CALIFORNIA POLICIES

California policies. He laughed aloud—wild, hysterical laughter. Well, he would now return to New York. A failure in every way. A man who could not get the woman he loved. A man who could not even insure one person for a meager five thousand dollars.

He stopped short in his ravings. The great idea had dawned upon him. Fay was a double-crosser. Why not make use of her and secure a life insurance policy? Such an action would not harm the woman. It was merely a good way for her to save money, and it might re-establish him with his by now infuriated employer. One huge policy was worth more than all the other fellows' conscientious striving for small amounts. In this manner he could turn the tables on Fay and never let her know just how badly she had hurt him. So, with his heart nearly bursting with emotion, he joined Fay and the prince at dinner.

Michael cleverly played his hand. He worked on a certain well-known theory. What women cannot have they usually want, especially women like Fay. He showed her the telegram.

"I certainly have not done any business," he explained, trying his best to look shamefaced. "It's fortunate they would never give you a policy, or I should have become a pest."

"Why can't I get a policy?" she demanded, her eyes flashing indignantly.

"Moral clause. This company is very particular about whom they insure. They carefully investigate each applicant's reputation."

"Reputation? I like that!" Now she was furious. "And pray tell me, Mr. Smart Aleck, what's wrong with my morals?"

"Nothing that I know of," he was quick to reply. "But the company would be sure to count up all those past husbands."

"Well, I divorced them, didn't I? You just make out a policy for me, and I dare anyone to refuse!"

THAT started a heated discussion. Seemingly reluctant, he allowed Fay to win. Within two weeks she possessed a five-hundred-thousand-dollar policy, and Michael, plus his liberal commission, departed for New York, pausing for only a few moments to leave with the prince two telling American souvenirs called black eyes. Somehow he could not say a final good-by to Fay. He loved her, and the wound cut deep.

It really is no wonder Bud Nixon seemed surprised when he rushed forward to greet Michael at the station. For Michael laughed. A bitter laugh.

"I've earned that first dollar, Bud!" he cried. "And I wish to heaven I had missed the thrill!"

You probably have heard rumors concerning the rest of Michael's startling achievements. How during the short space of one year he wrote more insurance policies than anyone connected with his organization. The policies were for fabulous sums, and they said all his accounts were women. That was why his actions seemed so shameful. He would rush a girl, make love to her, persuade her to take out an insurance policy and when he had pocketed the check for the first premium, he was on to the next victim, or client, or customer, or whatever you choose to call her.

He never failed to write a policy—this trait winning the admiration of all the men at the insurance office, who gathered around his desk each day in order to see what new business he had conquered. It was his phenomenal ability of invariably urging the lady to sign on the dotted line that caused the envious office wit to dub him, "Insure Mike." The nickname spread like wild-fire. He became "Insure Mike" to both friends and enemies.

Most of his actions were inexcusable. The sister episode being about the worst. It might never have been considered so terrible if he had not gone around town saying his pet abomination was sister teams, and then after the affair, or rather affairs, were over, he should not have insisted upon asking people a question that sounded like, "What is worse than two sisters?" and when the puzzled listener inquired, "What?" it was dreadful of Michael to go off into wild paroxysms of laughter and answer, "Three sisters!"

Portrait painted



men, he's a

To him I radiant woman who that youth

"G I V





Portrait painted for The Hoover Company by Paul Trebilcock

## *—but I Can't Say This to My Husband*



**M**Y HUSBAND will give me this Christmas, as he does every year, some lovely and very useless trinket. He likes to be extravagant and a little foolish in his gift to me.

But sometimes I wish—how can I say it? He wants so much to please me—only, like other men, he's a bit unseeing.

To him I'm still the girl he married. Young and strong and radiant with health. He doesn't know—no one but the woman who cares for a home can know—how much of that youth and strength and health can slip from one under

the burden of cleaning duties heavier than they need be.

Yet how can I suggest the gift I really want? He would only laugh at me. Tell me that Christmas is no time for such a sensible purchase. That I must have something for myself.

If only he could see that what I want is for myself. More for myself than any pretty trinket. That it means the very preservation of those things about which he cares so much. My youth. Freshness. That sparkle of unwearied health.

I can't say this to my husband. But I can say it to other husbands like mine:

Give her this year what she really wants. A Hoover.

"GIVE HER A HOOVER AND YOU GIVE HER THE BEST"



# ETHYL

*Knocks out that "knock"*

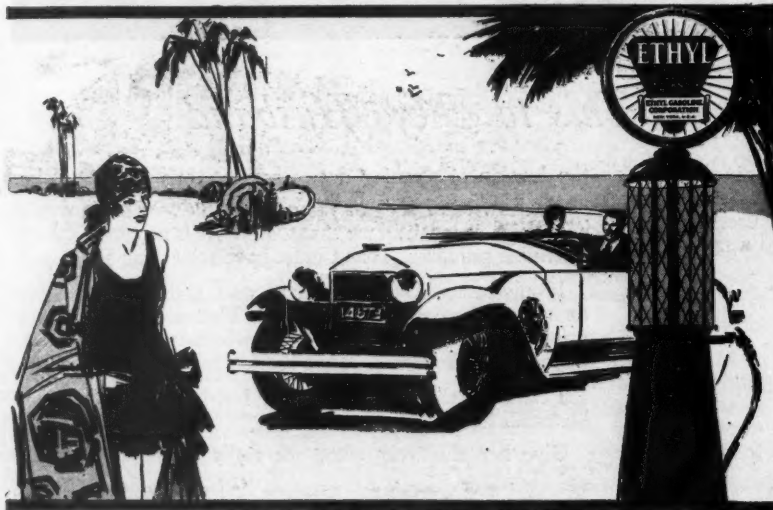
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No one understood his nonsensical joke, outside of those who knew about the Sweet sister incident, but of course there were plenty of people who chanced to be well acquainted with those facts.

To do Michael justice, it must be admitted that he first took Ardele Sweet out because she was a superb dancer. And to him dancing was a thing apart. As for her mentality, he rated Ardele with a huge zero. Ardele Sweet, who performed with her twin sister Jessica in "The Frivolities." Ardele, whom men usually courted in preference to Jessica.

Michael escorted the prettier twin on the rounds of the night clubs, and before Ardele, whose feet moved fast while her brain virtually stood still, could quite realize what had transpired, she had allowed Michael to write her a policy for twenty-five thousand dollars.

Ardele had been so easy that Michael could not resist thinking of her twin. With him thoughts meant action, so pretty soon it was Jessica who became his partner on those night club dance floors. A thrilled and flattered Jessica, for it was the first time in her entire career that she won a man away from her sister. Jessica took out a forty-thousand-dollar policy.

This much can be said in defense of Michael's behavior. He honestly did not know there was a third sister. He meant to telephone Jessica. A strange voice informed him that the twins were out.

"And who are you?" ventured Michael.

"Your younger sister."

Needless to add that he made a date with her. In a way he was disappointed. The younger sister was not a good dancer. Yet, she had blue eyes and red hair. Besides, her figure was a cute one, and she let him insure her life for the family record-breaking sum of fifty thousand dollars. Lucky for the Sweets that their mother had no more daughters.

It is difficult to say how long such matters would have continued to shock the minds and pocketbooks of decent people, had not Bud Nixon put a stop to the whole business. At the time he remained totally unaware that he played savior to the bank-accounts of America's pretty ladies. He only knew he invited Michael to a dinner-party.

"An important client of mine is having some guests. I promised I'd drag another man along. You would be doing me a great favor to oblige."

"Who's going to be there?" asked Michael. "Oh, probably a few customers of my client. He's in the novelty business."

"Any insurance people?"

"No, I should say not. Must you always talk shop? Get away from that terrible business for a change! I have no intention of telling them your trade." And Bud laughed. "To think I have lived to see the day when I must advise Michael Phillips to stay away from work!"

"I'll come, and I won't talk insurance, but I hope no other agents are there. It's a funny business, you never can tell who is in the game. When is the old dinner, anyway?" he added, as an afterthought.

"There's the rub. It's tonight. Yes, I know, a last-minute invitation, but really, he is one of my important clients."

So Michael broke an appointment with a beautiful prospect and went to the dinner. As he drove towards his destination, martyr-like thoughts ran through his head. Pretty decent of him, spoiling his evening just to please Bud. That little brunette would surely have come across with a fat policy too. But Bud was a good pal, and with one of those I'm-in-for-it-this-time sighs Michael paid off his taxi-driver.

However, when he entered the important client's living-room, he forgot about the pretty brunette, about Bud's qualifications as a pal, about the insurance business, and for the first time in many months he also forgot a little blond lady with purring manners and a voice like silvery bells. All Michael could see was a girl, so clean-cut, so refreshing, that he lost his poise and barely stammered through the formal banalities of introduction.

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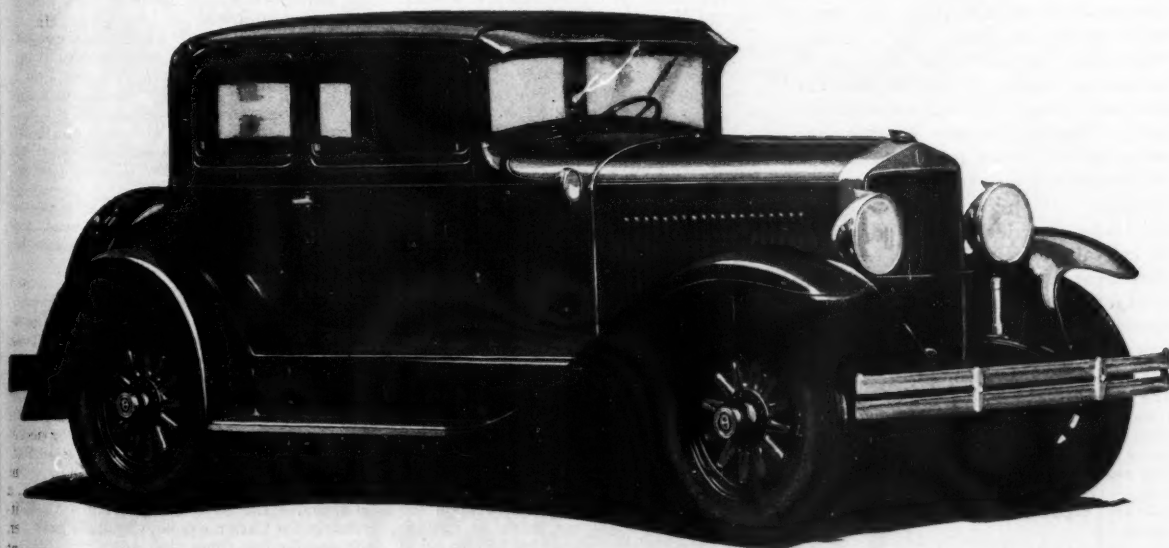
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Quiet and quickly responsive—"third" in the Graham-Paige four-speed transmission (standard gear shift) rapidly accelerates in traffic, and up steep hills. Fourth speed reveals a new smoothness and swiftness when the road is open. We invite you to enjoy the advantages of driving with four speeds forward.



Five chassis—sixes and eights—prices ranging from \$860 to \$2485. Car illustrated is Model 619, four-passenger Coupe, with 4-speed transmission (standard gear shift), \$1575. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

*Joseph B. Graham  
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# GRAHAM-PAIGE



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This sterilized  
powder puts  
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**D**ESPITE faithful brushing with flavored pastes, gum troubles are steadily on the increase. Soft, easily-irritated gums need a dentifrice that concentrates on results instead of taste. Pyrozide Powder has been doing this for twenty-two years. Today, largely on dentists' prescriptions, more people than ever before are turning to it for gum protection.

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The distinctive taste of Pyrozide comes from its Dentinaol medication. This scientifically compounded powder allays irritated gums and aids in making soft gums firm and resistant. It keeps the teeth clean and white—removes the daily secretion of salivary deposits that harden and form tartar.

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She wore a plain black velvet dinner gown. It had no adornments whatsoever, and its very simplicity emphasized her slim figure and smooth skin. There was something quite cool about that skin; it seemed so white. Her regal little head reached past Michael's shoulders. She was very tall. Her thick straight black hair was combed in a low coil that rested on her slender neck. She had a determined-looking chin. Her mouth was a trifle too large. A generous mouth, thought Michael. Her nose was straight, Grecian. And when you glanced into her brown eyes, you knew that here was someone who always would give a square deal.

"Your name should be Diana—or Joan of Arc," he said, and then grinned with embarrassment, for Michael suddenly remembered that during the exciting tumult of introductions he had missed her name entirely.

"It's Carlyn—Carlyn Dane."

Here were no deadly sweet sounds. Her voice was low—husky tones that held him enthralled.

"What do you do?" he asked, and subsequently wanted to kick himself. His brain stood still, he could think of nothing to say.

"I try to write—"

A burst of loud laughter, of blaring jazz music, of shrieking voices raised in conversation, drowned the rest of her reply.

They were quickly ushered in to dinner, and Michael was abruptly jolted back to earth. He sat at the Dane girl's left, an elderly man was seated at her right. He gradually began to notice that all her attention was centered upon the old companion. A little beast started to prowl around Michael's brain. A beast, born on the day Fay Waring Bennett's housekeeper spoke her mind. The beast talked a great deal to the mental Michael.

"Don't let her fool you. She's false, like all the rest. Remember how Bud introduced you, 'Just a working friend of mine!' She doesn't know who you are, and she's sure the old man has money. Don't get hurt again, Michael, my boy. Just watch!"

He watched. It was a revelation. The way this writer girl played up to her ancient dinner partner.

The old man talked fast and often. Every minute he leaned close to Carlyn, patted her hand, and waggishly instructed her to call him by his first name. He told her lots of other data. Facts that Michael could not help overhearing.

"I'm the greeting-card king of America." The man was actually serious. Michael groaned. The Dane girl seemed so interested.

"Yeh. I commenced on nothing, absolutely nothing. Wrote most of the verses for the greeting-cards, myself. Remind me to send you a few of the best sellers. Now I have so much money I don't know what to do with it all. You know, I'm a widower." He winked roughly, and became very coy. "Yes, I'm looking for a young wife. Someone I could show off. Someone like you, who's got class!"

Michael could hardly believe his eyes. The Dane girl seemed all attention. He shuddered. Then she was just like Fay.

"Sisters under the skin game," he muttered. The monotonous rhythm of the old man's voice once more broke through his thoughts:

"I have one hobby—collecting wild flowers. Yes, I love them. No, I don't dance, I was hurt several years ago in a taxi accident. It's difficult for me to get around. I limp a little; not much, you really can't notice it. I have two cars. I wish you would let me place one at your disposal."

Michael rudely turned his back upon the Dane girl. He could not listen to another word. Later, he discovered that he also could not get her out of his thoughts. It was dreadful—to know all women were false, including lady authors.

A week went by. A week of trying to forget the brown eyes of Carlyn Dane, her white skin, her smooth black hair, that husky voice. A week of idle loafing and of being kidded by the boys in the office because he failed to bring in more policies.

"What's the matter, 'Insure Mike'? Is the new lady a tough proposition?"

Their continuous teasing forced him to arrive at a dreadful decision. By golly, no woman was going to make an idiot out of him, taking up his thoughts, when she was two-faced, like all the rest. Just an old man's darling. He would fix her. Yes, he would. Let that antique millionaire buy her some insurance as well as a limousine.

He telephoned Bud Nixon.

"Would you ask the *one* client to let you have the Dane girl's telephone number?"

Bud, always agreeable, obtained the desired information. Afterwards, when he talked to Michael, the latter should have known Bud was laughing.

"I hope you're not going to try to insure this lady," he said.

"Of course I am! You don't suppose I want to see any woman socially!"

"Well, if you can insure her, you're the best agent in the world!" And for some unknown reason Bud hung up the receiver.

When Michael telephoned the Dane girl, she seemed glad to hear his voice.

"Certainly, I'd love to talk to you. Why don't you come up this evening?"

So he went to visit Carlyn Dane, telling himself that he hated her, and he was only out for business. She did not live in an elaborate apartment. There were no Fay-like dolls and fancy cushions. Just a snug place with chairs that were chairs, not decorations, and sofas that made you long to sink down, never wanting to rise again.

It was odd, but Michael Phillips who had expressly come after an insurance policy looked at Carlyn and completely forgot to talk business. Indeed, he scarcely said a word. He felt all hands and feet while he sat there, wondering how on earth one girl could be both entertaining and exquisite. Merely gazing at her, listening to that voice of hers, made him feel peaceful, rested. For once in his life Michael did not even brag about himself; never mentioned his fortune, or the insurance pastime.

It was at the very end of the evening that he clasped one of her cool hands within his own, and asked a question. A question which had been haunting him for a week:

"Tell me, why did a girl like you bother with that old greeting-card fiend? Does money really mean so much?"

"Oh, wasn't he awful? But you see, I felt it my duty. After all, I work for my living, and he was a great prospect. It's good I can't annoy you, 'cause I gather you haven't any too much money!" And she smiled.

"I don't understand." He could not think.

"It's perfectly clear. I told you when we were first introduced. I try to write policies. I'm an insurance agent. I—"

Carlyn Dane never finished that sentence. Michael Phillips threw back his head and laughed. It was several minutes before he could tell her why.

The boys at the office were gathered around "Insure Mike's" desk. They gazed at a new policy. They were too awed to speak. At last, one did break the silence.

"S too bad that kid's retiring. Yuh gotta hand it to him. I'd like to see my wife give me a policy. Fat chance, even if she had money. And on his honeymoon too. One hundred thousand dollars . . . some bride. Jiminy crickets! And he don't even need it. Well, them that has gets."

Of course the boys did not know that in exchange for Carlyn's policy, Michael gave his wife one for five times that amount.

Thus ended his business career. Perhaps you are wondering how I found out so much about Michael. Bud Nixon was his confidant, and Bud does happen to be one of my best friends, but that really is not all. Michael's eyes, the lovely compliments he pays and the endearing way he says them. I did not obtain such facts from Bud. I must confess, I was one of the ladies whom Michael insured!

THE CREAM OF THE CROP

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"IT'S TOASTED"  
**CIGARETTES**

"I think they're marvelous" *Princess Norina Matchabelli*  
Princess Norina Matchabelli, the former Maria Carmi, Popular Italian Actress

The finest tobacco—long even cut—  
no dust—"It's Toasted"—all im-  
purities removed—flavor improved.

**"It's toasted"**  
No Throat Irritation - No Cough.



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of  
FRAGRANCE

Le Jais      Fleurs d'Amour

Savons d'Argent

ROGER & GALLET

PARIS      NEW YORK

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## Beethoven by Emil Ludwig (Continued from page 27)

then, and you must be my companion . . ."

Thus he began to prepare himself, deriving new strength from his misfortune. Now famous, he wanted to hurry through other countries like a mute harper, accompanied by a kindly boy, and showing himself to the world only when at the piano.

Just at this time, his passion for life, his desire for happiness, fame and love grew stronger. The beautiful Countess Guicciardi held him under her spell.

"I am living somewhat more pleasantly again," he wrote to Wegeler, "as I spend more time with other people . . . This change has been brought about by a lovely, bewitching girl who loves me and whom I love . . ."

Now at the end of his first youth, these confessions seem to provide the text for a rejuvenation, to which his compositions of this period formed the music. The "Men of Prometheus," the glimmer of the piano sonatas, the assurance of the violin sonatas of that time (opus 23, 24, 27, 30, 31), the brightness and freedom of the Second Symphony—everything suggests elation, a triumphant vital energy.

Again he had seized his weapons, this deaf man who refused to despair. He wrote to a friend, with the perfect gesture of the prophet: "I am not satisfied with my previous work; from now on I will take a new direction."

No other artist was ever so close to nature as Beethoven. Though he no longer heard the notes of the birds, which he had previously woven into his orchestra, particularly the call of the quail—his inner ear still heard the voice of the wind, the songs of the clouds, all those melodies between heaven and earth.

From the beginning these had permeated the great movements of his works. The powers of nature breathe, mount and sing in the swifter, more somber pieces; and his relations with humans, and especially with women, seem to be echoed only in the humility and sweetness which pervade many of his slow movements.

There was no flourishing peace of mind for him in the city. He was distracted by his fame, however indispensable, and by the society on which this fame was founded. At the beginning of his thirties Beethoven, who was previously valued more as a piano virtuoso, was looked upon as the leading musician of the most musical city in Europe. The Theater an der Wien engaged him as a composer of operas, although he had not yet written any. For a time he even lived at the theater. His reputation had spread abroad; soonest of all, he became famous in England, where he received an order for two sonatas; before long he could demand for the English edition of six works an honorarium of £200, which at that time was enormous.

In his attempt to put himself on a sure footing through these successes of his thirties, he carried his calculations too far. He delivered an ultimatum to the theater, which was managed by a committee of nobles, threatening to accept appointments abroad which were by no means assured, promising an opera a year on payment of expenses and royalties.

But the negotiations were broken off, as the result of his eccentricities, for as his deafness increased he became more abrupt and unreliable. Thus he was treated more coolly by these aristocrats who had heretofore used him to grace their society. As he looked upon their assistance purely as a stepping-stone to freedom, he spoke now of the "princely trash," although for many years Lichnowsky alone had given him 600 guilders annually. When, at his castle in Gratz, they wanted him to play before French officers whom he did not like, or at an hour which he did not like, and, only half in jest they threatened him with detention in his room, this new Tasso ran hatless through night and fog out of the castle where he had been a guest for a month, reached the next town on foot, and hurried back to Vienna by the mail-coach.

And yet he chose the two friends of his middle period from the musical nobility. Count Brunswick and Baron Gleichenstein, two Vienna cavaliers, who were good-natured and amiable, "impressed him without any trace of arrogance and were thus able to obtain a great deal." With opus 57 and opus 77, Brunswick carried off as dedications two valuables of the highest rank.

There was only once when Beethoven wanted to dedicate a work to a son of the common people, and on this occasion the hero ruined it for him. From the beginning his Plutarchian sense of immortality had made him sympathetic to Napoleon. The campaign in Egypt had fascinated him, and as early as that Beethoven planned a symphony for him. Four years later, when he wrote his third symphony, he added in pencil under his name, "written to Napoleon."

The symphony was just finished, and had not yet been played or printed, when his pupil Ries came in with news of Napoleon's coronation as emperor. Beethoven flew into a rage and cried: "And is he too just like everyone else! Now he too will trample all human rights underfoot. He will put himself above all others, and become a tyrant!"

Beethoven went to the table, and seizing the title-page he tore it completely in two and threw it to the floor. The first page was rewritten, and now the symphony received its present title, the "Symfonia Eroica."

In this heroically excited time the connoisseurs grasped the work when it was first played in private. Louis Ferdinand had it repeated from beginning to end. Publicly it had a revolutionary effect in a manner which spoiled the impression: the critics discovered in this first purely Beethovenish symphony "too much of the shrill and the bizarre, so that it is extremely hard to understand, and the unity is almost completely obscured."

Immediately after the heroic symphony he planned the heroic opera. As this was November, 1806, Napoleon was in Vienna. At the premiere of "Fidelio" his officers occupied nearly the entire house, which had a great deal to do with the poor reception of the work, for this new music must have had an even stranger effect on French ears. Also, after the occupation the enemy had cut off the suburbs from the city; everyone was frightened away; at the second performance the theater was empty.

Beethoven was not naturally at home in the lyric and in operatic flights, where so many factors interfere with the stream of feeling, and the duality of plot and song puts the musician in such chains as only the born dramatist can burst. He was always a rhapsodist and an epic poet like Homer, whom he read all his life and placed above all others.

Since his forms were boundless, they made the people of his day uneasy. Audiences who were charmed with his improvisations resisted his new symphonies. If he chose to rove while he himself played the piano, people were willing to follow him; but he should not destroy the forms of Haydn and Mozart.

But in Germany the new symphonies soon established themselves. The Fifth Symphony directly influenced the best masters; Mendelssohn and E. T. A. Hoffmann understood it.

The full purity of everything that Beethoven produced was assured by his inner ear. Neither his contemporaries nor posterity could detect any evidence of the master's deafness; and as a composer he never complained of his fate, since it did no injury to his works. But during these fifteen years of his middle period he noticed with terror the increasing dangers and humiliations which his affliction caused.

His trustfulness and affection receded before the suspiciousness of the deaf. Because all voices about him sounded faint, he felt that he was being deceived. Furthermore, he had been short-sighted from youth, wore glasses, and was afflicted with an eye disease. Thus, since he could no longer rely upon his own



senses, his unrest increased to the point of morbidity. Suddenly he began to suspect musicians and publishers, strangers and friends.

Stephan von Breuning followed him from Bonn. This friend of his youth took care of him; they lived together for years. Suddenly some trifle suggested to the deaf man the thought of betrayal, and he wrote to a pupil: "Since Breuning did not hesitate to give you and the housekeeper the impression that I am a poor, sickly and petty man, I ask you to transmit my answer personally to Breuning . . . His attitude shows that friendly relations should never have arisen between us . . . No, he shall never again lay claim in my heart to the place he once held!"

Soon afterwards, without any meeting or explanation, everything was suddenly reversed. He sent his friend his picture, and wrote: "Let this picture, my dear good Stephan, conceal forever all that temporarily came between us! I know I have given you pain. I was not moved by malice . . . but I had become distrustful . . . Forgive me if I caused you any unhappiness; I myself did not suffer any less. As I did not see you near me for so long, I felt quite vividly how dear to me you are, and always will be."

Not everybody had the same patience and sympathy with him. When he changed his lodgings abruptly, or fought with the servants, or had a window cut in the wall of his room in order to get more air, or lived in four different places at once, or was deceived occasionally by his help and thought he was deceived always—an invisible circle of secret scoffers arose about him. And because he noticed that he was looked upon as queer, his misanthropy increased. Then again, this pure character would be overcome with remorse.

War and siege told greatly on his nerves. It was touching to see the deaf man when the French arrived, fleeing into the cellar with his brother and covering his head with pillows in order not to hear the cannon. He cursed the war, the shortage of money, the bad bread, and claimed it had affected him body and soul.

For the war robbed him of the freedom and security which he had recently won for himself. Not until Napoleon's brother summoned him to Cassel and he threatened to leave Vienna, did his titled patrons club together to provide him with an annuity for life and thus retain him for the city which had become his home.

Then he made plans for a contract which was bold and just, naive and exacting. No musician before him had ever dared anything like it, for it said here: "Beethoven could not be held to any obligations by this stipend, since the main purpose of his art, namely, the invention of new works, would thereby suffer . . . This payment must remain assured to Beethoven so long as he does not voluntarily renounce it . . . The stipend must also be paid by the heirs . . . If the gentlemen should consider themselves as collaborators in every new and greater work, this would be the point of view from which I would prefer to have the matter considered, and thus there would be no tendency to think that I was getting the honorarium for nothing."

There may have been more admiration than amusement showing on the faces of these noblemen when his friend Gleichenstein carried on negotiations with them in the artist's behalf. Archduke Rudolf, Prince Lobkowitz and Prince Kinsky actually did pledge themselves to pay Beethoven 4000 guilders a year, whether he wrote or was ill, with the one reservation that he had to continue living in Vienna or Austria, and indeed for life. This contract, which Beethoven's patrons signed in his fortieth year, was a new thing, and seemed to provide a permanent assurance that a man without a family could live in peace.

But the very first year, the military reverses lowered the money to one-fifth its former worth. The question of depreciation arose. The archduke alone was willing to pay the full monetary value. Beethoven felt that he was cheated. He threatened to sue, and later did go to court. Yet at the same time, on the



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occasion of a benefit concert for the poor, he gave away his manuscripts.

The idea of an annuity originated with a woman who wanted to hold Beethoven in Vienna. The Countess Erdödy, a mother at sixteen and thereafter an invalid almost completely confined to her bed, lived wholly in music, and for a long time contrived to attach Beethoven to her house. She understood his work and his suffering, and assembled the most sensitive audiences, so that one musician considered him "a fortunate artist, for being assured of such hearers." In this instance his enthusiasm remained ethereal; yet here also, his suspiciousness led to a break, which was not patched up until some years later.

He also respected the Baroness Ertmann, his best female pupil, as profoundly as she worshipped him. Yet no marriage came of this, or of anything else.

He felt a stronger affection for Therese Brunswick, his friend's sister, a thirteen-year-old countess, all Iphigenia, who lived on her estate in Hungary and had made him a member of the "republic of distinguished men" which she was quietly assembling.

Particularly now that his years and his deafness are increasing, he is earnestly in search of the peace and warmth of marriage.

The love music of that middle period reflects the dream life which Beethoven's renunciations aroused within him. The most effective instance of this is the "Kreutzer Sonata." Here it stirs and emerges for the first time, after much pondering. Memory! Yes, so it was!

After such dreams a real passion was soon to be converted into drama.

IN THE Malfatti family there were two remarkably lovely sisters, half Italian, and musical. Therese was fifteen years of age, with thoughtful sensuous eyes, short, dark-brown hair, dark complexion and aquiline nose—a girl who was precocious, mature, changeable and pleasure-loving. Gleichenstein preferred the quieter, blond Anna, but his demonic friend, Beethoven, fell in love with Therese although he was more than twice as old as the spirited child.

This time he intends to observe the proper formalities, to make no mistakes, for here at last everything seems favorable to him with both the girl and her father. But he did not perceive that all this applied solely to his intellectual greatness, and that the flattered girl would think a long while before accepting a deaf goblin.

Beethoven had hopes. He wrote a kind of music which was new to him, accompaniments for six Goethe love-songs, which he sent to the girl, for the decision seemed imminent. He vacillated between fear and hope.

At last, it seems that he sent his friend Gleichenstein to plead his suit. As to the answer, we only know the verdict of a physician and uncle who was certainly not to be gainsaid: "Beethoven is a muddle-headed fellow—though he may be the greatest of geniuses!" His friend wrote him the truth.

Yet he did not give up! For the next two or three years his desire for a shelter increased. Did he not have the great diary of his life in music, the lesser one in words would suffice to depict this battle grippingly: "O frightful force of circumstances, which balks my yearnings for a home without making them any less intense! O God, God, look down upon the unhappy Beethoven, do not let this continue longer!"

He now became acquainted with Bettina Brentano, and at times was won over by her liking for him and by the pliancy of her esthetic nature. They lived in proximity for some weeks, until she returned to Vienna, plying him directly and indirectly with letters, after her fashion, until he answered.

When one hears what Bettina says of Beethoven in her letters, what she is to him and how much he loves her, one finds it hard to believe that this girl, who was romantic, free in her choice, and imbued with a genuine

appreciation of the uniqueness of this man, could have put herself at a distance from him unintentionally, since she met him just when he had been so deeply disappointed by the young Malfatti girl. But she returned to safer ground, where she could permit herself to dream of the demon. She married a young poet, and after completely turning the head of the deaf genius, she was content to recount her feelings in a series of letters by which, as she afterwards published them, she enhanced her own interest.

Furthermore, she tampered with these letters. Two which are undated were invented by her either wholly or in part. For they cannot be found among her papers, which contain every line of famous origin, whereas Beethoven's one genuine letter was published by her and kept as a relic.

Throughout the desperation of this period, the deaf lonely man plunged again and again into his bath of music. It was at this crisis that he reached the highest development of his life's desires. He wrote the A-major symphony—he dreamed.

In a thousand sanctuaries of the peopled world, on the walls of rooms where men foregather in the evenings to seek one another's company after the day of toil, hangs the cast of Beethoven. Why has this bit of cold plaster conquered the earth no less effectively than the music which he created?

Thoughts rage behind this splendid brow; a quadrangular nose, the nose of a lion, presses upon the strong jaws; the chin is broadly set; all the bones of this skull are powerful, and yet the mouth is defiant in its renunciation. Nothing tender, nothing beautiful; this head must be nurtured by folk blood, of sturdy stock.

In this genuine cast of his head, where the effect is stronger than in the best pictures, the only departure from reality is the fact that he is sleeping.

The build of this little man, similar to Napoleon's, has been praised by physicians and friends; "of a robustness and sturdiness which no other man of distinction has had the good fortune to possess." Another person admires his powerful muscular system. A third calls him cyclopean, thinking him equipped to reach the age of Methuselah, and deciding that "the hostile influence must have been a powerful one which could break this sturdy column so early."

As his friends were quick to recognize, this influence emanated from his nerves. They all speak of him as sensitive in the highest degree, observing his swift change of mood between cordiality and suspiciousness. And just after reading of the friendliness in his dark, flushed face, and of his boisterous laughter, we learn: "When the hair rises during a thunder-storm, he really suggests Ossian and the demonic . . . His whole attitude reveals that tension, that restless, apprehensive anguish of the deaf, which he feels keenly. One moment he interjects some remark which is cheerful and unrestrained; immediately afterwards, he sinks into gloomy silence."

He lived temperately and hygienically. He knew the uses of wine, without drinking much of it; and he liked to converse at the tavern.

As he sat there in a circle of acquaintances, he "seemed to be happy . . . It was not really a conversation which he conducted, but he talked alone, and for the most part quite steadily, as though at random. The others contributed little, merely laughing or nodding their approval. He also philosophized after his fashion . . . he expressed everything with the greatest carelessness and without the slightest reserve, spicing it with highly original and naive judgments or amusing conceits."

Towards the close of his forties he conversed with the world only in writing. Many pages have been preserved; astounding dialogs remained unfinished.

Now he could no longer hear his own music he had to renounce his own calling as virtuoso. Conducting was also denied him. He wanted to conduct that child of sorrow, the revised "Fidelio"; but at the rehearsal he uttered the

strangest sounds, the tempo suffered, orchestra and singers fell into confusion; and when they broke off for the second time, he knew not why, he summoned his pupil Schindler, and handed him his score in order to find out what was wrong.

The effects of this on his work were momentous. For it continued to develop under total deafness, and only now reached its gigantic stature—which is the highest that can be said of a musician. He converted his feelings into music with greater directness than previously, with less reserve, yes, less consideration than anyone before him. He was all the freer to write anywhere, and preferred to work outdoors. He was to be seen in the woods, "with a sheet of music in his hand, most often standing as though listening; he would look up and down, and then begin writing." He also had his unproductive periods: "I have often been unable to compose for a long time, then of a sudden it returns again." On these occasions, to be sure, he would produce several pieces at once.

But he did not leave things in the form in which they had occurred to him. This practise, which is often revealed in the manuscripts of Mozart, would have been alien to Beethoven's synoptic and self-contradictory nature. He would take notes as they occurred to him, sometimes during the night, and afterwards never tired of changing what he had written, until the original copy would even become undecipherable, as in the case of the symphony in D-major.

At times he would succeed in writing valuable works at headlong speed. A great violin sonata was originally destined for a mulatto who waited in vain for the promised piece from one week to another. The concert was near, and he had announced on the program a new sonata by Beethoven. Finally, at five in the morning, Beethoven called in his pupil Ries to copy down rapidly the violin part of the first allegro. The piano accompaniment was left to consist of scattered notes.

The violinist had to play the variations at the concert from the manuscript; but afterwards, when he demanded the promised dedication, he did not get it, for they had "disagreed over a girl"—and so his name sank into oblivion, while a Parisian violinist has his name pronounced by millions after the passage of a century. For his name was Kreutzer, and to him the "Kreutzer Sonata" was dedicated.

At the dress rehearsal on the morning of the première of the revised "Fidelio," the overture was still missing. They waited; they sent inquiries; and they found the master fast asleep beside his *Zwieback* and wine, while the sheets of the overture were strewn over the bed and on the floor. A light which had burned itself out indicated the hour when he had finished.

NOW, ten years after the failure, "Fidelio" became a triumph. During the Congress of Vienna the opera was given repeatedly. Weber brought it to Prague. It was victorious in Berlin. And young Meyerbeer wrote the piano transcription under the master's eyes. Also, for better or worse, Beethoven had to write an official hymn; and this cold battle symphony, "Wellington's Victory at Victoria," together with the victory cantata, was the greatest success of his life.

By his forty-fifth year his fame abroad had reached its height. Whoever came to Vienna wanted to see him. He would receive his visitors according to his mood at the time: amiably, gruffly, or not at all.

At this period of his greatest fame he had no money.

The war had disrupted the exchange and damaged property. Two of the three guarantors of his annuity were affected. Lobkowitz was ostensibly insolvent; Kinsky was dead, and his widow refused to continue the payments. Beethoven entered suit against the two of them, demanding payment on a gold basis. He wrote frankly to the third, the arch-duke, of his anger with the other two.

His distrust grew greater in the belief that





## *God rest Ye, Merrie Gentlemen*

LANCASTER is beaten. The white rose mocks the red. Another winter . . . another Christmas . . . and England lies under forgetful snow.

Yew logs blaze beneath tavern rafters. All night the sound of singing comes from the castle. The boar's head is crowned with rosemary. The spiced brown bowl is passed from hand to hand. Lancaster or York? Who cares? Noel.

\* \* \* \*

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the contract made him a prisoner for life in Austria. At the same time he felt that he was being cheated. He was disturbed by these lawsuits for three years. They ended in a compromise.

At this time his English publisher left him without money. The King himself, to whom he had dedicated the symphony on Wellington, had not even done him "the honor of an answer."

This sudden neediness was the result of his inborn generosity and disorder. He gave un-availing concerts for the wounded, lent money to pupils, allowed himself to be deceived by his servants. He could have been rich or could still become rich, if only he had someone to watch over him with love and to share with him candidly.

Suddenly fate seemed to offer him some recompense for his constant deprivation. It seemed, since he was denied a wife, at least to make him the gift of a son. But this gave rise to the gravest catastrophe.

His brothers, the heirs and descendants of his proletarian youth, who should at least have given him their solicitude in return for all his sacrifices, led to his complete collapse. Johann had been drawn into a marriage with his cook some years before, although Beethoven had hurried to Linz and sacrificed a whole month in the attempt to prevent this. Karl, to whom he had, by his own words, given as much as 10,000 guilders in the course of time, showed his gratitude by appointing him joint guardian of his child, along with his wife, a loose woman who had previously been convicted of embezzlement and whom Beethoven despised and always spoke of as the queen of the night. His first task now was to put as much distance as possible between her and the child, to remove him from her influence.

For the pathetic man looked upon the eight-year-old boy wholly as a son, and undertook his training with religious earnestness. After forty-five years of loneliness, he liked to call himself father, and the boy his little *Karlchen*. And with so much genuineness and simplicity, he would necessarily have been defeated in the ensuing struggle even if the boy had been of good character. For although Beethoven had gone to court and had the mother's rights as guardian annulled, she was allowed to see him once each month, but contrived to see him oftener, and taught the child to doubt, and even to hate, his second father.

When the boy was first taken to a boarding-school, Beethoven seems for once in his life to have passed by a girl who secretly cared for him. He had paid compliments to the brighter of the teacher's two daughters, but he did not notice the quieter one, suspecting nothing of an affection for the ugly, deaf, nervous man which she confided for years to her diary.

At this school the boy was followed by his father's suspicions. In lengthy letters Beethoven warns the teacher never to let him go out lest his mother contrive to see him. He devoted much of his time to this new duty. The master of Europe, for all the demands made upon him by his vast artistic projects, gave the boy piano lessons himself, and later indicated to Czerny exactly what fingering he was to be taught.

He soon took the boy out of the boarding-school in order to superintend his education better. And above all he hoped to bring closer to him this one soul granted him by nature. So, with his yearnings for warmth, home and family, he organized a household for the first time when he was nearly fifty. His diary indicates what disturbances and sacrifices necessarily followed this change in his way of living.

When Karl's mother was bribing the servants to let her see the child against his orders, the deaf man did not discover the plot for some weeks. At the same time he was disturbed when he thought of the privileges to which his sister-in-law was naturally entitled.

But like his servants, the widow deceived him, even while he was pitying her. She forced him into further litigation by attacking the validity of his guardianship before a new court.

Beethoven lost his suit, was deprived of his charge; renewed the case, and finally won it; all this in the midst of mental torment. These lawsuits, which replaced the former litigations concerning his income, lasted for five more years, until he was fifty.

He was distressed most by the so-called son's development. As the boy was now half-grown, Beethoven saw that he was worthless. He now admitted even to the archduke that his son had "almost gone to pieces morally . . . and no help, no consolation! It is as though all my plans had been blown away by the wind!" The youth was not without talent, but he was vain and unruly. He got into debt, was soon pursuing women; and one day when he ran off, with the usual moral pretext of seeking his mother, Beethoven took all the blame upon himself, ran to a friend of his and exclaimed in tears: "He is ashamed of me!"

At the same time he was approached by his second brother, who wanted to exploit the eccentric's connections with the great. Beethoven, who had often demanded things for himself, but never begged, had to write his wealthy friends in order to sell an expensive pipe bowl for his brother, since "my brother needs a great deal, must retain his horse and carriage in order to live, for his life is very dear to him, however willingly I would lose my own!"

Now his health also began to fail him. An eye complaint, apparently rheumatic, was bothering him; but at about this same time the trouble with his hearing seemed to abate. Once at the opera he heard long passages of the "Fidelio," but soon afterwards the lock was fastened more firmly than ever. Intestinal troubles sapped his vitality, and when people tried to console him, he said: "A wretched fellow who does not know how to die! I knew that as early as fifteen. But I have still done so little for art." When they offered objections he only said softly to himself: "Quite other things hover before me." And suddenly he would shake off such moods and begin punning or making blunt jokes; or he would deliver absurd harangues and cut scornful capers.

He still continued to battle. His dream of the world, of fame and travel, was not yet over. Vienna was becoming more and more foreign to him; he now began to hate it. He rebuffed the most faithful. The suspiciousness of the deaf disrupted his relations with those who were closest to him.

He was at peace only when alone with nature, apart from all human society. "My wretched hearing does not torment me here. But it is as though every tree in the country spoke to me: holy, holy. In the forest—enchantment! Who can—express it all? When all goes wrong, we still have the country, even in winter. It is easy to get accommodations with some peasant—at a price which is certainly cheap for now."

Again and again he infuses his pages with these sensations of happiness. And at such times he always addresses himself first to God: "Almighty—in the forest—I am happy—what splendor—in such a wooded region—on the heights—is rest—rest—to serve Him, to serve."

His last sonatas (up to opus 111) are all variations on the great theme of his life, the conquest of fate. But the ingenuity of the virtuoso has been replaced by dreams that are sweet and heavy. As the pressure of his emotions heightens the strength of his colors and decreases their transparency, these last works of Beethoven remind us of the last works of Rembrandt.

In the middle of his fifties he completed his two final compositions of magnitude—the *Missa Solemnis* and the Ninth Symphony.

The mass was begun later and ended sooner, during the years of the worst distress and disorder; yet, as he says, he wrote it "in a state of absolute withdrawal from the earth." At times he admonishes the singers: "Perfectly simple, please, please, please!" and he exclaims to himself, "There is nothing nobler than to approach the Divine more closely than others have done, and from here to spread the rays of the Deity among the human race."

What with his household and his nephew, at

this period of his greatest suspiciousness, his disordered affairs involved him in the most remarkable transactions. Since he hoped that this work, which he called his greatest, would provide for him in sickness and old age, and especially would be a protection for his nephew, he negotiated concerning it in several different quarters; and then, forgetting his obligations, he put the publishers in a position which only the purity of his character made pardonable. As he baited one by showing him higher offers and suddenly promising another mass, he was having protracted dealings with another. Then he offered the work to a third, though still obligated to the first two.

Finally he had the mass printed by subscription. Because of his name, the emperors and kings of Europe, the German princes, participated.

At the age of twenty, when Schiller's "Hymn to Joy" was new, Beethoven had wanted to set this poem, his life credo, to music. Thirty-four years later he did so. He pondered for a long time over the transitional words at the close of the Ninth Symphony. Then he exclaimed to his pupil: "I have it! Let us sing the song of the immortal Schiller!"

Immediately after finishing the work, he gave a performance of it. It was his last concert; he was present at the rehearsals but did not conduct. When the public heard the Ninth Symphony for the first time they shuddered. In this hour their life struggle was reconstructed. Anyone who had ever been in conflict with external forces sensed the ominous significance of this music. For no human being since Aeschylus had represented in such magnitude the resistance and defiance of mortals who are the playthings of fate.

That was the most fateful point in Beethoven's entire life. He had depicted gods and half-gods, slaves and emancipators, his lifelong battles with the powers of darkness. He had carried away three thousand people; at last they had understood him. But though he had dreamed and pondered these choirs of freedom, and had really mastered fate, he did not hear the cries of the unchained; the delight of thousands of human hearts remained dumb to him.

When the pupils had brought their exhausted master home, they hesitatingly laid before him the records of the box-office. He had hoped that this concert would net him a great deal for his foster-son. Now he read that of the 2200 guilders which the overcrowded hall brought in, after deductions for copies of the music and the cost of the hall, only 420 guilders were left for him.

"At the sight of this he collapsed. We picked him up and laid him on the sofa. We stayed with him until late in the night. No request for food or anything else, no further word, was audible. . . . The next morning his servants found him in the same spot, asleep in his clothes of the evening before."

He now, a year and a half before his end, changed quarters for the last time, established himself for the hundredth time. Homeless and restless, he has been abandoning streets and houses all his life. He has never been detained by kindly hands, but has been deceived and driven off. He is a gloomy fugitive, and a deaf old man. Always in flight, always an alien, in his search for an abode, he seems to be avoiding the earth and mankind, with the region of the stars before his eyes.

But in reality he is seeking nothing other than the little house which he has so often imagined in the country, with someone to manage him and care for him. Throughout his life Beethoven has been seeking the person to whom he might address the "please and thank you" which permeates the middle movements of his chamber-music and his symphonies.

Now, like a black knight returning to arms, he prepares for his last rally. He now moves into a dark, high-arched, escutcheoned house named Black-Spaniard. Here he once more distributes his belongings.

In the music-room two grand pianos are

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shoved one against the other. Above them there is a kind of prompter's box, sound reflectors employed to aid him in hearing. Near by, in dust and the remnants of meals, lie two ear-trumpets and two violins; and behind these odd instruments stands the bed, for he sleeps here, and writes in the small bedroom adjoining. Yet as he works, he always faces the door, so as not to be taken by surprise.

Marvelous trinkets, little figurines, stand on the writing-table, which was once large but is now narrow. In the center he has placed under glass this profession of faith which had been taken from a pyramid and copied in his own hand: "I am that which exists. I am everything that is, that was, that will be. No mortal has lifted the veil from before me. He is solitary and alone; and to none but him all things owe their existence."

It is hard to live among men with such a motto before one's eyes. People still see in him only the deaf old man with the shabby coat, the comical movements of his hands, and the shrill laughter, who haunts his room like a ghost.

At the last he still clung to the two friends of his youth on the Rhine, Breuning and Wegeler. He corresponded with Wegeler; and as Breuning lived near him, Beethoven often visited him and dined in his house, calling his son his little Ariel, concerning himself with his piano instruction. His letters to Wegeler became more tender; and of a sudden he began thinking of all his comrades and friends from the Rhine country. People who had long been forgotten received melancholy notes from him. In a letter to Wegeler he made a list of his honorary fellowships, and said: "I still hope to bring a few great works into the world, and then to close my earthly career among good people somewhere, like an aged child."

But people were malicious; and particularly, as is usually the case with artists, his relatives. The nephew idled instead of studying; he squandered money, and then was afraid to come home. The father trembled, and the youth, on turning up again a few days later, heard only words of forgiveness, petition, humility.

The son now came to despise the old man thoroughly, and merely used him to pay off his debts. Mother and son hatched new intrigues against him. Then Beethoven exclaimed: "Must I get involved again in these vulgarities? No, no more! . . . My heart has suffered too much from your underhanded conduct towards me . . . God is my witness; my one dream is to get as far as possible from you and this wretched brother, and this repugnant family which has been saddled upon me. May God hear my wishes, for I can trust you no longer. Unfortunately, your father; or better, not your father."

Thus, in the midst of admonitions, his irritation would get beyond him. But the next day he would regret this outburst.

The youth hated this second father, and as he himself admitted, was ashamed to be seen on the street with the conspicuous old man. He became deranged, put a bullet in his head, was taken to his mother, and soon recovered.

In new quartets his career ended: during his last years he wrote almost exclusively in this form. And as his own life was wretchedly declining, his music was suffused with a sense of happiness and vitality. At the same time his works become longer and richer.

His next plans are for a requiem and the Tenth Symphony. Pieces of this work must have been lost, because just before his death he spoke of the sketches as though they were completed. The other subjects which occupied him during these last two years were Faust and Saul. He had always considered the Faust legend as material for an opera, while with Saul he intended to write an oratorio in the old modes, for which purpose he studied the music of the Jews—another detail wherein he resembles Rembrandt.

The last quartets were played at an inn privately by his "personal quartet." They were also given once in public, and though they

were treated with silent respect, they were hardly understood. The public was beginning to forget him; and when his patrons arranged two concerts for him, no subscriber paid for his own loge, the court did not appear, and the concerts yielded him almost nothing. At this same time he made a vain attempt to collect his works.

Brother Johann used this calamity to advantage. Beethoven had again approached him, about five years before his end, in the days of illness when he had despaired of his son and was yearning for the affection of some kinsman. Why shouldn't they live together during the summer? Beethoven wrote to suggest this.

The brother did not refuse him—as there might be something in it for him. Had not the queer old codger himself written to say what the publishers were offering him? "They are scrambling for my work . . . If only my health improves, I may yet be in clover." Beethoven's letters quickly became more intimate. He now accepted money from his brother, offering his contracts as security. "Meanwhile put kitchen and cellar in the best condition, for presumably I and my little son will take up headquarters with you, and we have formed the noble intention of providing all the food. Now farewell, dear brother! I embrace you with all my heart!"

How happy he was, with the new prospects of a home! The childlike old man did not perceive that his brother, at the frank instigation of his wife, had hopes of using him to advantage. The master hesitantly granted him the rights to new works. And the bank stocks? For he had confided everything. But on this subject the old man guarded his treasures like a dragon. He would not surrender the stocks destined as a heritage for his nephew.

Dissension again developed—and hate and distrust followed.

The brother took manuscripts and books. Beethoven writes: "Esteemed brother! . . . the book! the book! To be sent promptly and with dispatch to Karl in Vienna! Farewell, my esteemed brother! God be with you! Your Ludwig."

Thus in his old age he trembled on the border of madness.

But during the last summer of his life the lonely man made one more attempt to procure stability. With his son, he went to his brother's, where he sat each day, at the table of these people who deceived him and despised him. Here he wrote his last quartet. He began working about six in the morning. The cook, who came to make his bed for him, broke into laughter when she found him humming and singing, and beating time with hands and feet. He drove her out of the room. The people in the house now decided that he was completely crazy; they let him roam alone in the fields, work again after dinner, and wander until sundown.

Suddenly, on the first of December, he left on a milk wagon. He was agitated, suffering, and insufficiently clothed. He was compelled to spend the night in an unheated inn; and the next day, with chills and fever, he was lifted into an open wagon, bound for home. King Lear on the heath goes towards his death.

He lay between life and death for eight days. No one was seriously concerned about the invalid.

A doctor came, but had little understanding of Beethoven's troubles. For a month he tried feeding him all sorts of medicines—and in but one particular was his diagnosis correct. This was when he attributed the heart complaint to "a deep suffering, the enduring of ingratitude and of undeserved vexations."

Finally Schindler got Doctor Malfatti. But though the quarrel over his niece was a dozen years in the past, it took pleading before he could be prevailed upon to come, and even then he only attended an occasional consultation.

When Beethoven heard that funds were running low, he was greatly worried, and when reminded of his bonds he again refused violently to part with them: the heritage for the son dared not be touched! Through his pupil in London

he tried to induce the Philharmonic Society to give a concert of his works and to send him money in advance: "for, if things go on like this, my sickness will certainly continue until half-way through the summer, and what shall become of me then? What will I have to live on until I recover my lost strength and am again able to support myself with my pen?"

So at the last he returned to the distress and poverty of his youth. He was back in the condition which his career had once enabled him to escape.

Those around him were complaining, while he still hoped. Whenever he read, he turned to the Greeks, to Scott, and especially the works of Handel. Schubert came and slunk away; and once when he found Beethoven improved the two of them read Handel's works together. Then the old man asked to be given some of Schubert's music. When he had read it he said: "There dwells in Schubert a spark of the divine!"

With these words the dying musician seems to bequeath the invisible master-ring to one who was next greatest after himself.

HE LAY there, expiring. A few clumsy hands exert themselves—a dry pupil who worshipped him, a friend of his youth who pitied him, and a physician who found fault with him. But there was no woman to watch over him with imploring eyes as he lay on his hard bed; there were no prayers of a child; there was no caressing hand laid against the chill forehead.

Where were they now, those counts and princes who graced their soirées with his name while he was still a virtuoso? Those countesses who crowded about his piano? Where all the musicians whom his continual output of new works enabled to demonstrate their arts? And the thousands who had composed his audiences, who had thronged the concert halls for thirty years; the young generation that grew up with his trios; all the women who had languished at the notes of his cello?

The greatest musical city of Europe knew that Beethoven was dying, but that did not arouse them from their negligence. The gloomy house in which he lay was not besieged like the castles of dying kings; it stood alone.

He lay inside alone, a dying king. He had been entrusted with the mission of bearing the character and the reputation of his people across the seas; he was the voice of his own century and a symbol for centuries to come; he was chosen among men; and he went his way alone, a giver to whom nothing was given, a commander whom none obeyed, a master without disciples, a prophet calling into the void. A great saga was closing before the eyes of mankind, yet no one saw it: no one understood the meaning of these events.

Three days before his death he wrote a will favoring his nephew. The next day the doctor advised him in writing to call a priest. He read the words slowly, pondered them, and finally said, "I will." The priest came, and Beethoven took the ceremony calmly. Schindler and Breuning were present. But the priest was hardly gone before the dying man opened his lips and said in Latin:

"Plaudite, amici, comedia finita est."

After these words he sank into his death struggle; the body fought unconscious for forty-eight hours more. In the midst of a great spring storm this heart ceased beating.

He was not yet dead when his brother arrived and began arranging to have everything removed. The friends put him out of the room. Only a few remnants of unprinted music were found. All his intellectual possessions had been given away, but a hundred pounds from his London publisher still lay untouched and served to provide a magnificent funeral.

Later the friends found three manuscripts hidden away in an old half-decayed closet: a despairing will which he had written in his thirties, a despairing love-letter which he had written at forty, and seven bank stocks. For all his destitution, he had preserved this money for the son from whom he had hoped to receive some slight modicum of human happiness.

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## He Loved Flowers by Lew Levenson *(Continued from page 72)*

quirks. Me here in the show business can't begin to tell how funny actors and actresses can be. And when it comes to a little guy like Lubie Becker, a Cincinnati-born German who'd never hoped to make a hundred a week, suddenly coming into a hundred extra over his seventy per—well, it unsteadied him.

Here's what he figured: If he could clean up a hundred getting orders for Winston in the plant, what couldn't he do if he got other order-takers in other plants?

Well, good liquor gets people and Lubie saw to it that he sold only the best. By the end of another year, he was stepping into the ten-thousand-dollar class.

Then Winston was arrested. Lubie went to the jail to see him and arranged the bail bond. When Winston came out, they talked things over. It was a cinch the bootlegger'd go up. Lubie never had asked him where he got the booze from. Now he had to know.

SO WINSTON, on a promise from Lubie that he'd kitty out ten cents on every bottle, gave him the lay of the land. A revenue detective handled the immediate graft. He got the stuff from several sources. The country was honeycombed with routes, and trucks with certain markings, which were changed every three days, were passed through.

This was in 1923. Lubie still kept his job that year, but Sonderson finally got wise to him. Sonderson called him into the private office and talked a lot about ten years with the firm, sorry to lose you, and all that. Lubie caught on. He quit.

As soon as he left Sonderson, he spread out. He moved to a nice apartment on Monument Avenue, but he had no car and needed none. Day after day he would wait for the reports, give orders to two helpers for deliveries and pay out his own rake-offs to the dicks and to Winston.

The Carolinian was up for a year and a day. He came back with a good tan on his cheeks from working the roads. He was just the man Lubie needed now, a great scout. He ranged around the country, interesting grocers, tobacconists, ex-barkeeps.

The deeper Lubie got into the booze racket, the more fascinating he found it. There was no end to it, or so it seemed the day Izzy Volker from Chicago dropped into Dayton and explained to Lubie that he'd like to quit the Chi crowd.

Izzy made a big hit with Lubie. Lubie knew nothing about Chicago gangs or New York rum-runners. All he wanted was truckloads of liquor and men to sell the stuff for him. He told Izzy to go around, do what he pleased, make whatever arrangements he cared to. He'd split the bottle rate—now a full dollar.

Izzy needed Lubie bad. Izzy couldn't get liquor for love nor money. Lubie could get all he wanted. Why? Because Lubie paid all his bills and rake-offs to the dot. So the combination was nearly perfect. With Winston taking care of the small fry in the small towns and Izzy going after Wheeling, Columbus, Akron and even Pittsburgh, Lubie was in a fair way to become the king-pin bootlegger of the Middle West—leaving out the Chicago and Cincinnati districts.

In the meantime things was happening to Lubie.

He took the largest apartment he could find. He fitted up an office with beautiful furniture and things. He had a woman stenographer, a girl Izzy brought around. Her name was Irma Evans. He never paid much attention to her until he found she liked flowers, too. One day he came home from an inspection of his warehouse to find her pottering over his flowers. She was putting in a new window-box of early daisies.

She looked up at him and said something that hit him square between the eyes.

"I love flowers," she said.

"So do I," he told her.

From that moment they were great pals. He told her all his business.

"I dunno," he said once, "I dunno how on God's green earth I got this way. I dunno why I'm buying and selling liquor like mad and making money I don't know how to spend. What's it all about? What's it all about, anyway?"

She told him it was all for the best.

"This thing'll run on by itself, Lubie," she told him. "You've worked this out magnificent. With Inspector Horgan on your side, they'll never arrest you. And the boys are turning over twenty-five thousand dollars a month."

"But I love flowers," he insisted. "I wish I could wash all this up and go somewhere and just grow things. I'd like to get on a farm."

She had an idea. "How much you got in the bank, Lubie?" she asked. "My Lord, it's over seven hundred thousand! Do you know what you could do with all that?"

He didn't know much of anything except making money by his fool commission scheme with liquor. He told her so.

"Buy land downtown on Main Street and open up the greatest florist shop in the world." She laughed. "And greenhouses by the millions. That's what you could have. Odd plants, funny trees, wonderful roses, and in the fall asters and those rhododendron things."

The idea went to his head. From that moment he could think of nothing else. Dayton is no great shucks of a city—a nice one and all that, but boys don't buy a lot of flowers for girls in a town like Dayton. Still, Lubie was building a flower store that would make any florist's on Fifth Avenue look like a Greek peddler's outfit on the Bowery. He got realtors to hunt property. He paid architects to draw plans. He wrote to California for a famous Japanese flower man to take care of the nurseries. He plumb forgot all about liquor.

Irma Evans began to take care of that. She might 'a' got away with thousands then if she'd 'a' wanted to. Lubie wouldn't 'a' missed it.

Then—with the land bought and a building going up at Main and Second—things began to happen. Izzy heard from an old friend. A cargo ship was coming in through Atlantic Highlands, opposite Staten Island on the Jersey shore. There was fifty thousand dollars' profit in it, a quick turnover, if the stock was bought up before landing. Five thousand down did the trick. Izzy told Irma. Irma passed the news on to Lubie.

"Go ahead, dear," he told her. (He was calling her "dear" by then, and that meant that they was sorta living together.)

The liquor never showed up. Inspector Slayton don't know where it got to. He thinks it was swiped by hijackers on the way in through Pennsylvania. He thinks that's how Izzy got the biggest idea of all, later on.

Then a Canadian shipment went the same way. The driver was gone too. Horgan, the revenue, was nice enough to send a man out looking for it. Evidently it was put out on the Chicago road.

Evidently some of Izzy's old friends in Chi had grabbed it. Now here's where the rub come in. Who was to pay for it? Lubie didn't want to. And "Shovel" Ricca, the bootlegger who routed the Canadian stuff down, wanted his jack. He came down to Dayton and told Lubie so.

"I paid nine thousand for it. I'm entitled to my two grand profit. I'll let that go, though. But I want my nine."

Lubie wanted to argue. Finally they settled for six grand. Then another row started. Ricca wanted Lubie to post one of his own men somewhere on the route whenever a shipment was coming through. Then there'd be no question of who was to pay. Lubie wasn't wise enough to duck. He was too much of a simp.

He said o. k. And a guy named Hardman, a big, raw Minnesota guy, was made Lubie's guard from the Lakes and East.

Now Izzy was just waiting for a chance to make a bit of extra change for himself. He paid no attention to the northern route for a long while. A few months later he must have engineered a hijacking raid on some of his own goods coming in from the East direct. The split was probably made with Ricca or someone in New York.

Lubie was busy that week, for the florist shop was nearly finished. He hadn't watched how the shipment was routed through. Ricca claimed it had gone through the North and that the pinch took place around Sandusky. Izzy agreed with him. So Lubie was out fourteen grand.

He paid and seemed to keep right on smiling. He was too happy about the shop. He didn't need money a lot. He now lived in a beautiful dump out in Hills and Dales with the millionaires; and of course he had a couple of cars.

The shop opened. It was a palace. Four stories tall. Covered with beautiful vines. Flowers at each window. A little garden plot in front. Room for seasonable shrubs and trees at the sidewalk level. Inside, it was fitted out with greenish marble, fountains, and pools with real live fish in 'em. In the rear was a garden walk, with marble seats.

He called the store "Lubie's." His own name was good enough for the most beautiful flower store in the world.

He let Doctor Takaru, the California Jap, run the place. Takaru knew his business. All Dayton started buying flowers. They sold seeds like mad, shrubs, plants, trees by the carload.

Lubie settled down to a glorious life. He still trusted everybody, that is, everybody except Ricca. Izzy was bringing in lots of coin. Winston was still the good old right arm with the local trade. Every time some prohibition agents got the gate a lot more jack had to go for "protection." But Lubie could pay more than anyone else. That's how he hung on to the business and kept in with all the gangs.

That is, all except Louis Forshel's gang. Forshel never seen Lubie. But he'd heard of him. He called him "the hick rum peddler." He laughed at him as "the fag who'd never packed a rod." He promised "to take him." He bided his time.

Izzy was given a double rake-off now. He was getting it from Ricca and Forshel and also from Lubie. Last September the big trick was pulled. Here's how it happened:

Someone tipped off a crowd in New York about a steamer from Liverpool that had been routed to Halifax and then slipped into some jerk-water town down the coast near Tom's River—in between Asbury Park and Atlantic City. The pinch was made and the stuff hooked. Ricca, acting for a big New York mob, got half the pinch for practically nothing.

Izzy was tipped off to tell Lubie.

"It's a great chance," Izzy said. "I'll get you wonderful Scotch for thirty-six dollars a case. You can turn it over at regular prices. As for the other goods—champagne and cordials—we'll clean up big."

LUBIE couldn't resist. He was like a drunkard who always wants one more. He decided to risk \$90,000—ninety grand—on the deal. That'd be about nine trucks of the stuff. It was to be routed out of some Jersey town down around the West Virginia mountains and then up the Ohio valley. Lubie posted his truck signal for the week, "A1," a capital "A," a small "1."

Only one angle was difficult. He wanted Hardman to come in with the stuff. But Hardman couldn't stay with nine trucks. And nine trucks couldn't make the trip together. So the shipment had to be made catch-as-catch-can.

It never reached Dayton. Probably it never reached nowhere. The liquor was probably safe in some New York warehouse. Maybe it's there yet. Or maybe there never was no such

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liquor. Anyhow, down in West Virginia there's a town of Appleton, five hundred inhabitants. Just inside of that town they found a truck of some sort with the "Al" scrawled on it. In the seat was Hardman, stone-dead.

The news came to Lubie by way of Izzy Volker. It was bad enough, said Izzy, that Hardman was killed. They'd trace him to Dayton. He thought Lubie'd better lay low.

"Why?" said Lubie. "I ain't had nothing to do with this. You ain't seen my name on anything. I'm in the flower business. Let's forget about the whole thing."

But Lubie wasn't let forget. Ricca came to town the next day.

"What's up?" Lubie asked as he came in the private office in the flower shop. "And who told you to come down here?"

"Listen, you small-towner, I come where I please," said Ricca. "I come here to collect."

"Collect what?"

"Ninety grand!" He said it cool—like it was ninety cents.

Lubie jumped to his feet. "Not this side of eternity!"

Ricca was at him. "Your own man was driving one truck. You had the liquor. It was in his hands. We want our jack."

"You heard me," the old whip-snapper cried. He seldom got angry any more, but this looked like a hold-up plain and simple.

"Your man Izzy's double-crossing you," said Ricca. "That's the whole story. They kicked him out of Chi because he's a no-good, two-faced skunk. But he works for you, and you've got to pay. Why, we ain't even asked you for a deposit on the shipment. Now we got to have ours."

"Go get it," Lubie said.

He turned his back and walked out—dangerous business, for Ricca was probably loaded to the waist-line with rods. But Ricca didn't shoot. He walked out after Lubie and took the next train back to New York.

Now, the funny part of this story is that no one really knows where the liquor did go to. Ricca said he shipped it. Izzy planned to frame the hijacking, all right; then he was going to send the liquor through Kentucky and Indiana to Elkhart, where it was to be stored for Chicago trade. But he never got his hands on it.

It couldn't have been no local West Virginia trick either. Inspector Slayton's idea is that Lubie was smarter than anyone guessed. He thinks Lubie might of framed the hijacking and did get the liquor. That's why Ricca acted so abruptly. That's why Louis Forshel got into the argument with both feet.

Back in New York there was some huddle on Forty-seventh Street. To have been double-crossed by a hick from Dayton slayed most of the Ricca-Forshel gang. They were actually losing forty-grand on the deal, not mentioning the fifty-grand profit from Lubie—and, if the stuff was hijacked, an additional fifty at least. They must have stormed and stewed and then vowed vengeance.

I've eaten lots a times at Sturner's, around the corner on Broadway. I know the whole gang around there by sight. I hardly know Joey Schenja. Maybe he's waited on me once or twice. But Inspector Slayton gave me the statement he made when they arrested him and I got it here. It's in his own words.

Here's the way it goes:

"Deposition of Joseph Schenja, 714 Ninth Avenue, New York, before a court stenographer, at the 47th Street Police Station, New York City, Borough of Manhattan, Oct. 17, 1926.

"I might have went with Augie Benz and Eddie Goldberg to Dayton, but honest I don't know a thing about what happened.

"I work at Sturner's. I been there for two years. I work from eight P.M. to six A.M., except when the cops closed it up after midnight for a month or two after Gatsby's girl was knocked off sitting at a rear table downstairs one morning about four. No, I didn't work that table. That was the Slovak's hustle. But I know most every one of those

names you mentioned, Ersk Mittag, Louie Elsner, Maxie Sapirstein.

"Yes, Maxie comes in around twelve every night. He tips the Slovak off to the whereabouts of the crap game. Say it's up in an apartment on 73rd Street, see? He sits down at the Slovak's table and writes 73 on the back of the bill of fare. Then he gives his order. The Slovak has the password for the night.

"If it's flashed to him, he tips off the gang. They taxi up to the corner of 73rd and Broadway. They's usually a lookout standing around there. They stop and get the right address. It may be in Brooklyn somewhere. It may be in some big hotel.

"That's to prevent the gun mob from rushing a crap layout. No one wants to be shot full of holes or rolled on a barrel, specially when he's carrying a hundred grand.

"Well, as I was saying, I hadn't no slant at all on that gun mob. Nobody got nothing on me. And no one ever said Augie Benz or Eddie Goldberg was any of that swill. Augie used to tip the races. Banton run him out of business when he come in as D. A. Then Augie went in for a little bootlegging. I know, 'cause he gave me a bottle every now and then.

"I don't know what Eddie Goldberg used to do. He's pretty hard-boiled, at that. Anyhow, he looks like a tough egg. He never seemed to do nothing. Never mixed with the crap fiends. Never hung around with Maxie. Didn't know Gatsby. Looks like a pug, that's what, with his busted nose. Nice guy, though. I like him. Soft-hearted. Swell to me.

"Well, it was one night about five weeks ago, about ten after ten, when Eddie come in. Benz had been sitting at one of my tables, one of the two in the booths. He'd been drinking tea and lemon, pouring a little Scotch in it. Eddie sits down with him.

"Gimme a Swiss cheese sandwich and some East Indian chutney on the side," he says to me. 'Say, heard anything about the bike race in the Garden?'

"Oh, MacNamara and Georgetti'll win," I says. 'It's a set-up. They's two laps ahead and the race'll be over at eleven.'

"Georgetti races with Bobbie Walthour-min, Chi, week after next," says Augie. 'Leastways they'll team up if the wop wins this grind. Mac's goin' to the Ould Country to see the folks and kiss a few Blarney stones when they ain't lookin'.'

"Guess I'll go over and see the race," says Eddie. 'Hurry up, Joe, and get that sandwich.'

"Well, I goes to the delicatessen counter and orders it and of course they ain't got no East Indian chutney. I come back and tell Eddie.

"What a joint!" he says. 'I'd give a hundred bucks for some chutney. Honest, I would!'

"We ain't got none," I says.

"But you can go out and get some. They's a real delicatessen half a block away that's got it.' He stopped and looked at me. 'I sure crave it. Say—how'd you like to go to Chi to see the races—free tickets, free fare?'

"You're kidding, ain't you?" I says.

"I'm not. Augie here knows a passenger agent of a railroad what goes to Chi. He give him a good thing on the third race at Tia Juana yesterday. I'll give you the free ticket to Chi this guy promised Augie and me if you'll run down to Lieberman's down the street and get a bottle of chutney.'

"Apple sauce!" says I. 'I'd rather take a two-bit tip than a phony promise like that.'

"I tell you this ain't no kid," says Augie. 'We're going too. And he's giving us a drawing-room or something on the train.'

"But I ain't got no money for hotel fares," says I. 'And the old man'll fire me if I go. But gee, I'd love to see them pedalers.'

"Then come along," says Eddie. 'It's a cinch. And we'll pay what little expenses they is on the road.'

"But I tell you the old man'll fire me," I tell him.

"If he starts anything with you," says Augie, 'I'll cut off his booze. And you know how far he'd get if he didn't have the stuff around.'





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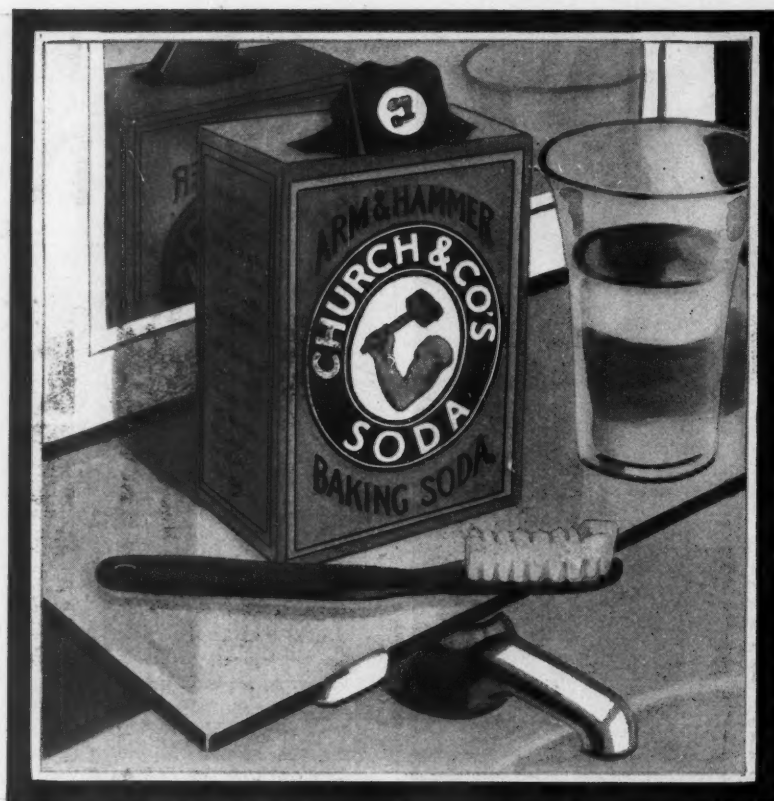
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"Oh, lay off that kidding," I says to him. "Kidding nothing!" he tells me. "Call over the old man. I want to see him."

"He says to Sturner, 'Listen here, Sturner,' he says, 'Joey here's the best hash-slinger in New York. Now he's a six-day bike fan, and you ain't never give him a chance to see the sprints 'cause he works too hard for you. Now Georgetti's gonna go to Chi for the six-day grind out there. We two's got free ducats for the ride out there and we want to take Joey here. Whaddye say?'"

"Nothing doing," says the old man.

"See here, Fred Sturner," says Augie, "you been getting away with murder around here for a year now, peddling booze. You think the gang hangs out here because you give 'em a swell feed, don't you? Well, they ain't. The food's awful. It's because you got the good liquor in your teacups and the tip-offs to the crap layout. You do what I say about Joey here or I'll cut off the booze so fast you'll die of thirst."

"Well, the old man shushes him down and says o. k. The three of us went and took the train. We had one of them compartments and Augie and Eddie settled down for a lot of heavy drinking.

"Then we hit Chi. I ain't stuck on the town, though I will say we had a good time, better'n I ever did have in New York. We went to the bike races. Afterwards Augie went to the clerk and told him he wanted to buy an automobile right quick. He told him he'd give him a hundred-dollar bill if he'd dig up a good sedan in a hurry. The next morning we owned a swell car and with half the boys and girls in the hotel watching us, we started East.

"Augie then says he was glad we had the car. He says he wanted to always meet a aunt of his who lived in Dayton, Ohio. When we got to Dayton, Augie says we should register at the best hotel in town, while he goes out looking for his aunt.

"That was one Monday morning, you see. They left me in the hotel while they went out hunting for Augie's aunt. They was gone no more than twenty minutes.

"We found her," says Augie, when they come back. I was dog-tired, but they wanted to eat down in the restaurant, so that's what we did. Then we hired a bell-boy to show us the town. They wasn't much to see in that town and I says to Augie, 'What's the big idea of staying so long there?'"

"Then coming back what happens but the car breaks down on Main Street right in front of a lot of traffic. The cop comes over and bawls us out for blocking things up. Augie sasses him back and he rushes the three of us over to the station-house. There the lieut looks us over and can see we was gentlemen just traveling around from New York, so he lets us go. We stake everyone there to cigars and shakes hands with the cop what pinched us. After we come back, I was tired and stayed in while Augie took Eddie to dinner with his aunt.

"Well, we slept overnight there and then we started back.

"I ain't seen either Eddie or Augie since they dumped me out at 47th Street and 7th Avenue. I don't know where they are."

That's all there was to the statement Inspector Slayton handed me.

"I don't see why you spoiled a good story by making me read all that," I told him.

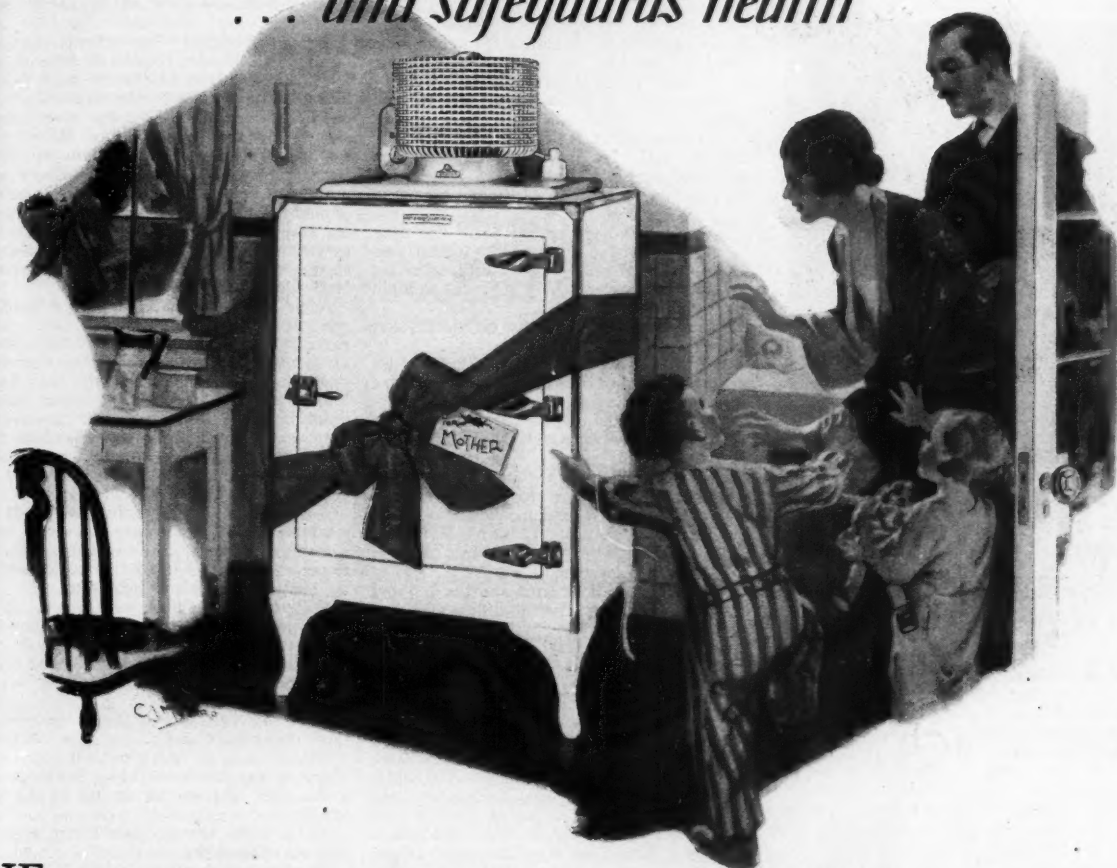
"Well," said the inspector, "I'm going to lay the cards on the table and see if you can read 'em. It's not a cinch."

He told me that Lubie got one or two warnings from Louis Forshel's gang. They told him to pay up or be shut up. He laughed at them until Izzy dropped in one day on a rush trip and warned him that gunmen were out after him. Then he got scared. He called Irma. He told her he was going to go to the country for a few weeks and that she should take care of all the commissions, splits and rake-offs.

He was not a little afraid and he began to

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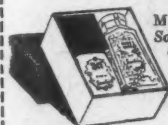
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pack up his things, planning to go to the nurseries, out on the Miamisburg pike. A car was ordered and he stood ready to leave when the phone rang. It was Doctor Takaru.

"I have a new *araki*, Mr. Lubie," the Jap said. "It's the finest I've ever seen."

Lubie musta remembered that poor withered *araki* tree for which he paid a week's salary years before. "Gee, I'd like to see it," he said. He hesitated. "I'll take a chance," he decided.

He ordered the car driven to Main and Second, in front of his store. He went inside. The Jap showed him the tree, a gorgeous thing, with silky leaves, that looked like gray tears. "That ought to go out on the street," said Lubie.

"Jack, our porter, is sick today, Mr. Lubie," said the Jap. He looked around the store. The clerks were all busy.

"Come on," said Lubie. "I'm not too proud to take it out myself."

It stood in a heavy green box. The little brown-skinned Jap and Lubie tugged and pulled, laughed and panted, until, with the aid of one of the clerks, they got it out on Main Street, in front of the store.

"Now see it's taken care of, doc," said Lubie.

Just then Irma drove up, in the roadster which she used herself. She stood beside Lubie as he gazed at the tree.

"A peach," Irma told him.

"Not a peach—an *araki*," said Lubie, laughing a little at this gag.

Irma walked away, the doc followed her and Lubie stood there for just a moment. Nobody knew just what happened next except there was some shots and Lubie fell over dead.

The street was full of people in a minute. Cops came. They roped the place off. They made a big fuss about Irma and the Jap and listened to the story Irma told over and over again.

Who did it? Not Izzy. He was in Oil City, in Pennsylvania, that day. Not Irma. She was in love with Lubie, and they was happy together. Not the doc. He was a square guy who'd died if Lubie coulda lived.

I'm not going to make a mystery out of it. It was plain to every dick in the Dayton force that it was a bootlegging killing. The whole story about the ninety-grand shipment came out. But there was no one in Dayton who could have killed Lubie, and, with roads watched half an hour after the crime, no one traveling across the whole state who coulda done it.

Meantime, at the hotel, Joey Schenja, Augie Benz and Eddie Goldberg were having the time of their lives. The cops knew they were in town. They were roughnecks, all right. But they were jolly and noisy and no one kicked because they was spending their money in Dayton.

Then they beat it back to New York and disappeared. The murder was unsolved and when Dayton people read that Lubie was king of the bootleggers, some of 'em were glad he was dead and others cried a little, 'cause they was afraid they'd lose their good booze. The store went to Irma—the money, mostly to her. She kept things going as always, except that the higher-ups wouldn't deal with her no more. Winston came in, took his share. Izzy came back to Dayton for the murder investigation, then disappeared. "I think he went to Havana," said the inspector. And the *araki* tree flourished.

But it grew funny. *Arakis* have soft, sorta pliable bark and slender trunks. Here, though, was a tree that had a bulge in it, just about five feet from the ground. Instead of growing straight, the trunk, for no reason at all, was bent a little. Doctor Takaru was puzzled. He looked the tree over and decided it was healthy enough to lose a little sap and not die. So he cut out the bulge and peered into it.

Inside was a bullet.

Now this bullet puzzled him and he took it to the police on the O. T. It wasn't the same kind of bullet as had been in Lubie's body. It

was some different size—I don't remember what. No one could make head or tail of it in Dayton. But some one of the local dicks decided to send it on to Inspector Slayton. He had it charted and decided it came from a toy machine gun, the kind you carry up your sleeve. The bullet in Lubie's body came from an automatic revolver. But a funny angle was that the bullet in the tree had the same marking as those found in Gatsby's girl. And she was shot in Sturmer's back on Broadway, New York.

A clean-up started. Joey Schenja was taken down to the station-house and when it was found he had been in Dayton that day, it looked as though the mystery was solved. A check-up was begun. Well, sir, it was impossible for Joey to have done it. He was just a stupid dolt, a dumb *Klotz*. As for Augie Benz, maybe. As for Eddie Goldberg, still more maybe. But what murderers go sailing around the country, getting pinched for speeding, stopping at the best hotels, being as noisy as you please, signing their right names and staying in town for a day after the crime? Nervy guys they'd be, all right.

Augie showed up. Never had a machine gun, he said. Where was the car? In a garage. And he took the bulls there. They let him go. Still, it looked funny that they should have been there, men who knew Louis Forshel and, in all probability, Ricca, Lubie's deadly enemy. And it was still funnier that they should have got in town earlier that day, that they should have left Joey in the hotel while Augie went out looking for his aunt.

Who was the aunt?

Augie couldn't get out of that one. That one stuck him. But he said they was sick of Joey, with his dumb cracks, and they'd lied to him to get some fresh air. And it was while they were out that Lubie was knocked off.

Augie was took back to Dayton. They grilled him, as the papers say. You couldn't get a thing on him—except that little ride around without Joey. But late that night, while the Dayton dicks was after him, he suddenly turned on them.

"You say there was bullets in the tree like those that killed Gatsby's moll," he told them. "Well, that's right. But get this straight, now. Them bullets didn't kill Lubie Becker. Can a man get sent up for trying to rod and missing?"

"If he hurts the guy he's trying to kill," said one of the dicks.

"I mean if he shoots and misses."

"They can't get him for murder."

Augie jumped up. "Where's the D.A.?" he asked. When the D. A. got there, Augie tried to make a deal. They wouldn't have none of it. But they listened.

Augie and Eddie had tried to kill Lubie. The whole trip to Chi and then to Dayton was for that purpose. They'd planned to take a trip, to wait until they could catch Lubie either at his apartment or the store, and then shoot him. The trick was to be done by a swing gun, a little machine gun held in the hand, with chambers for six bullets. The idea, said Augie, was that no one can shoot straight enough to kill from long range. But with a gun which swings in a circle, one of the bullets would find its mark.

None of 'em did, however. They dug up Lubie's body and looked some more. But no bullets from the swing gun was in it. He'd been shot by someone else. Anyhow, Augie was arrested and they went hunting for Joey's friend, Eddie Goldberg. Joey was held as a material witness. But it looked as though the case would never come up. For how could a man die from .32 bullets when only .38's was found inside of him?

Finally the trial went on. Joey was released, so's to testify. Augie didn't have a chance. Bootlegger or not, Dayton liked Lubie, and they wanted to punish the man who even tried to kill him. The conviction he got was a lucky break, though. It made Augie confess.

Lubie had been surrounded by double-crossers. Izzy was the worst. He came from

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Chi, though, and didn't know the New York gang. Long before Izzy's time Irma had been sent on by Louis Forshel, to look the ground over.

She was—Augie swore—Louis's sister. Louis had been out to ruin Lubie Becker from the start. If he coulda got him by having his sister live with him—well and good. If not, he'd get him some other way—by hijacking—and when that failed, by murder. Now Irma had no tip-off on the coming of Augie and Eddie. But she was playing her own sweet game. She'd got the store tied up and the bank-accounts—in Lubie's will. He was due to get killed. So she killed him.

Izzy Volker's warning, Lubie's fright, everything suggested to her the murder. And what was easier than to kill him on the street, while a street-car was passing, drowning out the noise?

No, they didn't get her. Augie, she knew, would cover her, because she was Louis Forshel's sister. But when he was convicted, she knew he would confess.

She beat it back to New York. They never did catch her. But wasn't it funny that she should have shot Lubie just when Augie and Eddie were taking a crack at him, too? I don't get that. It's too odd not to be a frame-up. The inspector says "No" though. He says it just happened that way—the one chance in a billion.

As for Joey—poor guy—he's still slinging sandwiches at Sturmer's. The old man took him back when he got out of jail.

"They used me for a cluck," he said to me today when I went in to see him. "I was the cover. I could blab my head off. No one would take me for a rod stiffener."

"Get me a combination ham and tongue and lots of cold-slaw," I said to him. "And be quick about it or I'll tell 'em about the rod you packed that day in Dayton."

"G'wan," says Joey. "Rod, my eye. I'm just a cluck."

## Friday by Irvin Cobb

(Continued from page 78)

fellow and I had many a good laugh over it together any time we were off by ourselves somewhere, but when Crusoe was around I always called him 'Papa.'

"He had to wear one of these comedy North Pole outfits, too. It kept him sticky with perspiration and most of the time he was either scratching publicly or swearing privately or doing both at once. He realized though that in the interest of harmony he'd have to grin and bear it—that, or bust up the whole show."

It didn't take him long to appreciate the fact, which I'd already done long before, that if we wanted any peace we'd have to go on wearing those tailor-mades that Crusoe was so proud of, just as we had to go on pretending to accept his peculiar brand of theology."

"Did you say 'pretending'?" I asked him. "Weren't you really converted?"

"Don't make me laugh," he says. "Honest, now, with the primitive raising I'd had and the early training and the elemental instincts and all, would anybody expect me to fall for his line?"

"Remember, I was but a poor deluded aborigine. Doctrines never had worried me; I wouldn't have known a dogma if I'd met it on the big road. Constituted as I was, I just said to myself, 'Here's this world, and a pretty good world, too, taking it by and large. And here I am, set down in the middle of it. All right, let it go at that. I don't know how I got here and I haven't got the faintest idea where I'll go when I leave here. I only know I'll be on my way. To be sure, there must be some mightier creative force than I can conceive of—nature or something—that organized this scheme of things, myself included. I don't need to prove that; the proof of it's right here. I can cut down a tree but I can't make a tree. I can catch a fish but I can't



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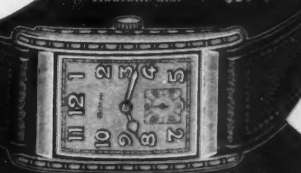
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reproduce a fish. For the sake of the fellows who elect themselves as the medicine-men, I'll accept the fetish or the idol they've made out of mud or driftwood to represent that higher power and I'll call it by the funny name they've thought up for it.

"And for the sake of the women, they being predisposed that way by reason of the peculiarities of sex, I'll go to services once in a while when the fishing or the hunting or the fighting isn't good; but I'm not conceited enough in my own mind to think that my Maker is going to drop everything else and tie up the whole works merely because I get down on my knees and beg Him or Her or It, as the case may be, to help me along in my own private and selfish desires.

"No, I'll take things as they come. If the boys over in the next tribe have set up a different bunch of wooden gods, why, that's their business. I'll fight 'em and if I can I'll kill 'em, and if I catch one of 'em alive I'll help to eat him, not because we differ in our religious convictions or because I've got any special grudge against them as individuals, but because it's the custom of the country, and they make good eating, especially if young and tender and cooked right.' Those in brief were my sentiments.

"But now I ask you, how could I hope to reconcile my simple savage's ethics with the view-point of an orthodox white like Crusoe who insisted on mixing up his ethics with his religious principles? To begin with, being white and orthodox, he couldn't accept things as they were. He had to keep trying to pry into mysteries that couldn't be pried into.

"As near as I could figure out from talking with him during our first few months together, his breed were divided into two large general groups—those who weren't sure they'd picked out the right formula for insuring salvation and so were tormented with vague doubts and kept switching around from one non-union branch to another even at the risk of being bumped off in an unpleasant manner by the closed-shop crowd they'd just quit, or perhaps by one of the opposing crowds of which there seemed to be a great number; or else those who were absolutely sure they hadn't made a mistake and therefore could give themselves over with a whole heart to the happy job of exterminating the deluded independent vote wherever found.

"After we'd gathered in that marooned Spaniard and that stage-daddy of mine, I got a pretty fair idea of the religious controversies among the civilized races from listening to the debates that went on of an evening around the camp-fire. The Spaniard always spoke of himself as a son of the True Faith but Crusoe referred to him in tones of contempt and pity not unmixed with abhorrence, as a Papist. And Brother Spigot returned the compliment by calling Crusoe a heretic, whereas Crusoe insisted he wasn't even a non-Conformist but a genuine Old Line Dyed-in-the-Wool Henry the Eighth Conservative. Otherwise they got along fairly well. But you could tell that was only because neither was in the majority.

"Crusoe made it pretty plain that while there was absolutely no hard feeling between them and while he rated the Spaniard as a pretty good fellow aside from his perverted and ignorant and heathenish beliefs, still if he ever caught him on British soil he'd feel it his patriotic and Christian duty to turn him over to the authorities and stand by while they served him up as a London Broil. And the Spaniard said that there were times when he almost felt he could love Crusoe as a brother—that is to say, he felt like that under the present existing circumstances, but if they both were only back in sunny Spain he'd be compelled as a matter of conscience to facilitate matters so the Inquisition could save Crusoe's precious soul for him by grilling him over a nice slow fire. In fact, he said he'd be only too proud and happy to do as much for anybody whose spiritual welfare he has as much concern for as he had for his friend and benefactor Crusoe's.

"Of course I had to let on to be on Crusoe's side of the fence—he'd got first whack at me;

but that didn't keep me from thinking to myself when first one and then the other had the floor: 'Well, what do you know about that?'

"Speaking of the Inquisition and pleasant kindred topics reminds me of how Crusoe was forever ding-donging away at me for having once been a cannibal. At the outset I tried to give him my point of view, which was a perfectly rational and normal one, as it seemed to me, but after a while I gave it up—saw it wasn't any earthly use to shoot real logic up against the kind of a mentality he had. It was like using moth balls on a mastodon. Why, he'd wake me up in the middle of the night when I'd gone to sleep dog-tired from listening to him all day, and reopen the issue.

"'But you eat human beings,' he'd say, for maybe the thousandth time. 'You cook their flesh and eat it.' 'Yes,' I'd say, 'but we knock 'em in the head first. And after they're properly cooked we don't waste 'em. And there's no personal grudge about it and no politics—not a notion in our heads of reforming another fellow's morals by leaving him on a gridiron until he's well-done. And besides,' I'd say, 'we don't burn 'em alive as you tell me you do on your side of the ocean.'

"'But that's for being witches or for being backsliders or for refusing to recant of their idolatrous practises—for doing something against organized society or the law,' he'd say. 'That's absolutely necessary for the good of the State.'

"'How about hanging people, then?' I'd ask. 'Our folks never went in for that even after the Spanish and the Portuguese conquerors showed us how it was done.'

"'What else would you do with a traitor or a petty thief except to hang him?' he'd fire back at me. 'First brand him, perhaps, or cut his nose off and whip him or possibly stick him on the pillory by way of preparing him for the main event, and then hang him.'

"'I'm afraid I don't quite get you,' I'd say, 'but I judge that's because among us there are no traitors and no petty thieves. We may loot from our enemies but that's according to the rules of warfare everywhere, I gather. But inside the tribe we never rob one another.'

"Then he'd go on to expatiate on the beauties of his system of jurisprudence, as he called it. He said there were over two hundred separate crimes in England that you could hang a fellow for. Or maybe it was two thousand—anyhow the figures were very large and gratifying. He said witch-burning seemed to be dying out in certain localities though—which was a pity, it being a sound old institution and one that had been justly popular and justly revered for centuries. He said things weren't like they'd been in the good old days and he deplored it. But he was sure the gallows would endure as long as the civilized races endured—that and the county jail.

"More than once he said to me that sometimes he thought maybe he'd made a mistake by not putting up a gallows instead of a flagpole when he first got cast up on this island of his. He said possibly he might do it yet. 'It's like this,' he said, 'suppose some day a ship comes along—a ship loaded with Europeans who might rescue us. If they stood off at a distance watching, they might see the rude hut I've built here or, through their glasses, they might see me, sunburnt black and dressed only in these shaggy clothes, and you alongside me—and there's no disguising the fact that you're a native—and then likely as not they'd say to themselves: 'Those are wild men on that shore,' and they'd up with their anchor and set sail and dust away from here. But if, looming up against the sky-line, they saw a nice, well-made gallows they'd say to one another: 'This island must surely be inhabited by Christians; we'll just have to look into this thing a little further!'

"Well, I guess that'll give you a rough idea," says Man Friday, and at that I begin to notice how his figure is growing dimmer and that his voice is growing thinner. "That Los Angeles call has just come in," he says, and by now he's only a sort of faint blur in the background.

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"Hope to run across you again sometime," he says. Then he speaks again, from a long way off, seemingly. "Say," he says, "on his account it's too bad, ain't it, that Crusoe flourished as far back as he did? If only he'd been born about three centuries later than he was, think of how he could have cleaned up, once the book was out and going into the ninth or tenth edition, by touring the States and giving lectures. You'd be eating his stuff up right now. Well, so long," he says, and he's gone, leaving me, as you might say, flabbergasted.

Ray, I'd like for you to go round with me to that medium's next time I go. Maybe if we had luck we could summon up somebody, say, like Héloïse. I've always had an idea that living with Abélard wasn't altogether duck soup for the two of them, the way he let on it was. Or maybe we might get Damon to give us the real inside dope on Pythias. Or somebody like that. Anyhow, it'll be worth trying, don't you think so?

## Unknown Lands

(Continued from page 41)

suspect that her lover's first wife was still living in Portugal. Suddenly he announced that he was going to Lisbon, and the young girl thought she was never to see him again. He explained the journey by saying that the King of Portugal again had expressed interest in his plans. The real reason was probably the death of the first wife.

This departure was really the end of Beatrice's happiness with the father of her child. On returning to Cordoba, Master Cristobal seemed to have soured in temper. The disparity between his premature old age and the youthful gaiety and freshness of the Andalusian blonde made itself more and more apparent every day. There were quarrels, motivated for the most part by the sailor's jealousy. Finally he went off again, this time to the Royal Encampment at Santa Fé, before the walls of the besieged Granada.

From time to time Beatrice received indirect news of Master Cristobal, though she feared he would never appear again. It was as though it had never occurred to him to come to Cordoba—he seemed to have forgotten her and their child. And now suddenly here was this handsome young man of such courteous address who announced himself as page and valet to the former "Don Out-at-Elbows," and begged to inform her that the future Admiral of the Ocean Sea was waiting for her at the tavern of the Three Wise Men! She hurriedly closed the door of her cottage and began to dress herself and her child with all the care that the call from Don Cristobal required.

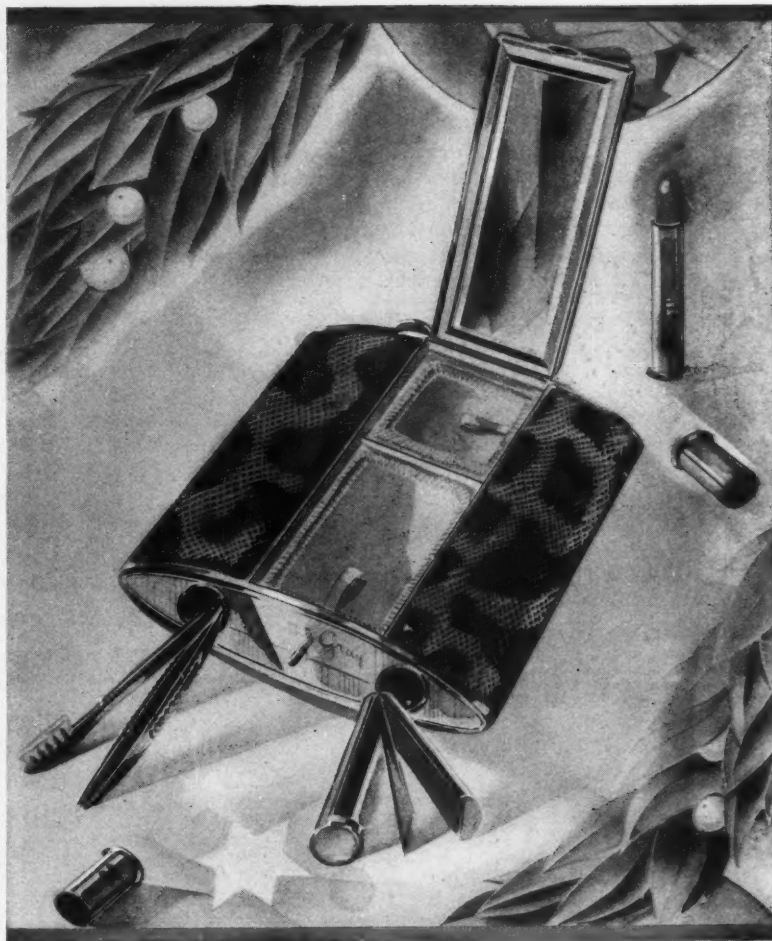
Young Cuevas, meantime, had made his way back to the tavern of the Three Wise Men, fearing at every step to encounter anew Gonzalez and the agent of the Brotherhood. However, he reached the inn without adventure, finding Don Cristobal in the hallway on the first floor in conversation with Don Alonso de Ojeda. Don Cristobal was on his way to hear mass in the Iglesia Mayor, and the valorous young *hidalgo* was attending him part of the way, that they might continue the conversation they had begun. As Fernando appeared, Don Alonso glanced at him inquiringly without interrupting his talk with Don Cristobal. The page replied with a slight nod and a smile that was intended to reveal that the errand had been done successfully.

The two gentlemen marched side by side down the stairs. Cuevas caught a few words of what they were saying.

"Just where is this Port of Palos from which you intend to sail? I never heard of the place. Is it somewhere near Niebla?"

Don Cristobal must have replied with a nod, for Ojeda at once resumed:

"You will be leaving tomorrow; but I must stay here for some days to attend to certain matters of more or less importance. But I will join you in Palos within the month. I am tired



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of being poor, Don Cristobal. In all the kingdoms you will have at your disposal, you can surely find one, not too large but not too small, where I can try my hand at being king for a while myself!"

With Hernando and herself dressed in their Sunday clothes, Beatrice proceeded to the inn. Never had Buenos Airos received her so cordially. There was something deferential about his first words, as though part of the importance which their Highnesses had just conferred on the once "master" and now "Don" Cristobal were reflected somehow upon her. The tavern-keeper was in the best of good humors since "the captain," mindful of kindnesses in the days of his poverty, had chosen to lodge at the Three Wise Men, selecting the best room in the house.

It was there that Beatrice saw her man again. There was a moment of diffidence. He was not the same person: he had grown older—his hair was now almost white; but he was taller, perhaps because he now held himself more stiffly erect. And he had a different bearing—masterful, self-assured, imperious, as though henceforward he were to command and all about him were to obey.

His clothing especially caught the girl's eye. It was the costume of a court grandee—an embroidered coat, hose of finest wool, slippers of rich cordoba. A sword swung at his belt even indoors—now he was a captain of the King! And a necklace hung down over his chest, a double string of amber beads!

After a moment's hesitation Beatrice threw herself passionately into his arms, kissing him on the cheeks but without finding his lips. Reserved, dignified, Don Cristobal gently repelled her caresses. He seemed to be oblivious to Beatrice's presence, so wholly was he engrossed in the child.

While Beatrice seated herself before him on one of the leather chairs, Don Cristobal held Hernando on his knees, his eyes glued upon him. The little fellow, entranced by the rich vestments, the fragrant necklace, the shining sword-hilt of this man, looked back at him timidly, without daring to speak. Beatrice also kept silent before the demeanor of haughty reserve in her lover which seemed to chill any impulsive affectionateness. Finally, with an effort, she ventured to stretch out her hands in search of his.

"Oh, Cristobal!"

She had never lost faith in his star! She had never doubted that one day or another the world would have for him the admiration which she had felt though she had found him despised of men, his eyes wet with the tears of a lost hope! Her voice trembled with sincere love as she said these things; then it fell silent again, smothered under his chill aloofness.

At last he deigned to speak, but as though he were a perfect stranger. He would never forget her! She was the mother of his child! But it would be useless to try to resurrect the past. He was long past his youth. The enterprise he now had in hand counseled him to forget forever the pleasant frivolities which some people call love. Love was for the young folk—not for him! Besides, he had to keep himself in spotless purity, in a "state of grace," for the great labor he was about to undertake.

"God has designated me," he said solemnly, "to carry His word to countless peoples of Asia who have been waiting vainly to hear it for long centuries!"

And to show that he had done with women in earnest, he seemed deliberately to ignore Beatrice for a time, devoting all his attention to his little one.

"Who knows what the future holds for you on the other side of the ocean?" he murmured softly, as though voicing unconsciously thoughts he had often expressed in secret. "Perhaps some day you will be king of a country bigger than Spain. Others have gone as far without doing half that much!"

Then, apparently repentant of his irreverence toward the fortune that still might thwart him with the countless difficulties to be overcome,

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he set the little boy down, and Hernando sought refuge at his mother's knee.

They talked for more than an hour, quietly, cordially, as though Beatrice were a lady from among his patrons who had honored him with a call. He talked, with the agile restless imagination characteristic of a mind ready to grasp each new aspect of things, of all that he had to do at once to get started on his great enterprise. He trusted that God would vouchsafe him a safe return from the dangerous voyage. At any rate he was counting on devices which he had never chosen to reveal—he was certain he would not lose his way on the great ocean! However, a man who set foot on a vessel could never be sure of a safe return! It might well be that this would be their last hour together!

"Oh, Cristobal!" sobbed Beatrice again, and she came toward him and threw her arms about him, the tears streaming from her eyes and falling upon his cheeks. He did not avoid the embrace, but held her in his arms a long time, the child gazing at them in wonderment. Gently, at last, Don Cristobal pushed her from him toward her chair.

He was sorry that before risking his life in this way he had never legalized, to accord with Christian law, the situation in which they found themselves. It was too late now—he could think only of boats and men! Perhaps—on his return . . . But whether she became his wife or not, she would be rich, very rich, and their son would be a powerful prince.

He did not revert again to the matters which seemed to be on his mind at first, so enthralled was he in the future splendors of the life of which he now felt assured. He had dinner with Beatrice and Hernando in the room where they were, served by the waitresses of the inn, in order to give his two pages further opportunity to rest.

Lucero, in fact, had slept until midday in the sack of straw which had served as bed for herself and Fernando. She had barely time to wash herself at the courtyard well, the sole hygienic convenience of the menials of the tavern, when Cuevas came to get her to take her to the kitchens. There they ate, along with a company of servants and mule-drivers.

At the suggestion of Fernando, Lucero at once returned after dinner to their garret bedroom. Cuevas was still under the impression of the encounter he had had that morning on the streets; and though he said nothing of it to Lucero, he thought it wiser for her to keep out of sight. He himself, so he thought, could trust his own courage and lightness of foot to escape or find some hiding-place, in case of another meeting with the man Gonzalaz. Meantime it was better not to arouse suspicion by too obvious avoidance of people.

Fernando was sitting at the door of the inn when again Don Alonso de Ojeda came down the street. Cuevas stepped forward to meet him, smiling, cap in hand. The *hidalgos* likewise smiled on recalling the service the young man had done him that morning, and put a hand to his purse.

"Here, boy," he said, offering a coin of small value. "By the Virgin, I wish I could be more generous, but all good soldiers are poor these days, now that the Moors are done for!"

Cuevas declined the gratuity, and stammering with bashfulness explained to the valorous youth that he had done the favor for the pleasure of serving a man whom he admired so much, and that he would always be ready to do similar errands in case Don Alonso should need his help. What he regretted was that he could not take regular service with Ojeda.

"No," the latter replied, "stay with the master you have—he is worth much more than I. But if you ever get into trouble, call on me. My wealth lies not in my purse but in my sword, and my sword is ever at the service of my friends!"

Fernando's eyes again followed the velvet cap as, rising and falling with each of Don Alonso's strides, it made its way toward the mansion of the jurist Herboso. But they were rudely disturbed in their feast on such gallant splendor. Advancing along the street toward

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the inn came the former royal butler, attended by the same gentleman in black.

Cuevas thought that he might attract attention as he rose from his seat and entered the inn, so he moved away from the two men down the street, stopping at another wall bench on the corner. From this vantage-point he could see that as the butler and his companion stopped in the doorway of the tavern Buenosvinos came out to meet them, and stood in conversation with them for some time. Finally Gonzalez went into the house, leaving the agent of justice still talking with the innkeeper.

The suspense was to last a full hour, Cuevas peering around the corner toward the inn in continual fear that his enemy had entered the house and found Lucero. At the same time he was reassured by the fact that the hotel showed no signs of excitement. The two men continued talking casually at the door—nothing, therefore, had arisen to call Buenosvinos inside. Finally, when God willed, Gonzalez himself appeared, exchanged a few more words with the master of the inn, and went back up the street again, taking his friend in black with him.

As soon as they were out of sight, Cuevas sauntered indifferently up to the door of the tavern. Buenosvinos could not repress, on catching sight of him, an exclamation which clearly showed the purpose of the butler's visit.

"What is your name, boy?" the innkeeper asked.

Cuevas had his answer ready: "Diego Alcañices."

"And the boy who is with you?"

"Pero Salcedo."

"Where did you come from?"

"From Osuna."

"Were you in Andujar last week?"

Cuevas denied that he had ever been in Andujar. The names he had given, without the slightest hesitation, were those of schoolmates at home. He could truly say that he came from Osuna, since that was the birthplace of his father, the dead squire.

Buenosvinos, talkative by nature, and a simple-minded soul, proceeded to recount the conversations he had had with the two men.

"The one in black," he said, "is a constable of the Brotherhood of Cordoba. Everyone calls him 'the weasel'! For my part he is the kind of man I have as little to do with as I can, though we innkeepers have to stand in well with the agents of the Crown. The other one is a certain Pero Gonzalez, we all call him 'the butler' because he held that position with their Highnesses for a time. He is a skinflint from whom the Good Lord deliver us!

"It seems they are looking for a young fellow from Andujar who has run away with a Jewish girl, daughter of a certain Cohen, with the idea, it would seem, of evading the royal edict against people of her race and beliefs. This man Pero Gonzalez has complained to the Inquisition in the matter in order to get the girl and her lover put in jail. For a moment I thought it might be you—the description of the lad fits you more or less. But at your age one boy is like another. Besides, you are not with a girl—you are with a boy and he is your brother!

"Anyhow, I am not going to borrow any trouble, either in this or any other case, for the sake of doing a favor to men like Garduña and the butler. Let them attend to their own dirty affairs! But I can tell you, that boy from Andujar and the Jewess who is with him have made two very bad enemies. It won't take those customers long to find them! I understand warnings have been placed on the doors of the churches, with descriptions of the runaways; and tomorrow morning the city herald will cry the same thing for the benefit of those who don't know how to read."

Cuevas did his best to control himself, that the innkeeper might not become aware of his uneasiness. Buenosvinos continued:

"While Garduña was questioning me about the two fugitives, the butler went upstairs to see Don Cristobal. This Pero Gonzalez seems to be very much worked up over the captain's

# Surprising

## what this idea did for catsup



Wine of  
tomatoes  
gorgeously  
spiced!

NOTICE that delightfully different flavor of Snider's Catsup. The mulling does it.

How Snider, following its secret recipe, blends spices with tomatoes, is a story now forty-odd years old. But the effect on the appetite is always new—a surprising pick-up

to the palate, an added zest to the most savory food.

All catsups do not taste alike. The person who relishes unusual blandness and mellowness specifies "Snider's", the mulled catsup. In the niceties of eating of course it is important to be selective.



People of good judgment prefer Snider's

# Snider's

## The mulled catsup

CHILI SAUCE ~ ~ ~ COCKTAIL SAUCE  
FRESH-KEPT VEGETABLES & FRUITS IN GLASS & TIN

# Digestive relief—and no raising of gas—no hiccups —from Gastrogen Tablets



*"In recent years I have been troubled somewhat with indigestion," writes Mr. H. Van Bausen of 116 West 82nd St., New York. "But even more I had been troubled by the gas and rumbling caused by doses of soda. So when I heard that Gastrogen Tablets relieve indigestion quickly and quietly, I tried them. They relieve my indigestion promptly and with absolutely none of the after-effects of gas and hiccups I had come to dread."*

When you take "bicarb" or a preparation containing it, you are likely to substitute for digestive distress the discomfort of gas and the embarrassment of internal rumblings.

Any chemist will tell you why this is so. Soda being highly alkaline, releases gas in the presence of acid. This brings on the hiccups and rumblings that are so distressing and embarrassing. And the slightest excess of soda acts as an irritant to the stomach, hampering normal digestion.

Gastrogen Tablets are free from these objections. For Gastrogen contains antacids which act only in the presence of acid. After neutralizing the acidity that causes your discomfort, they cease their work entirely and any excess passes harmlessly on. You get the relief you

wish—and avoid the embarrassments of eructation (the doctors' term for the social error of belching).

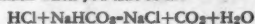
Gastrogen Tablets do not in the least retard normal digestion, yet they work so quickly that they ordinarily drive away the discomforts of indigestion, heartburn and gas in 5 to 10 minutes. Two or three tablets are usually effective. Get them today and try them next time your dinner brings you discomfort. You'll be delighted with the comfortable relief they bring, and you'll thoroughly enjoy their spicy, aromatic flavor.

Druggists have Gastrogen Tablets in handy pocket-tins of 15 tablets for 20c and in cabinet size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c.



## Of Special Interest to Physicians and Druggists:

This reaction shows what happens in the stomach when you take soda:



Notice the quantity of carbon dioxide set free, then compare it with this equation, which pictures the action of Gastrogen Tablets:



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. C-128  
73 West Street, New York City

Please send me your FREE introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

voyage to the lands of the Grand Khan. He is anxious to join the expedition, hoping to bring back a dozen barrells of gold, at least. I hope he goes, and may the Holy Angel of Cordoba see that he stays there, so that he won't be troubling honest folks at home again."

Some guests were calling Buenosvinos from the doorway of the tavern, and Fernando was left alone. He could see only one hope of escape. Fortunately Don Cristobal intended to depart for the little seaside town called Palos as soon as possible.

He ran up the stairs to the garret to talk things over with Lucero. She too was in great alarm. During his absence she had felt the need of air and had decided to go down to the patio. There she had found Beatrice with the latter's child.

Others had told Beatrice that Lucero was in Don Cristobal's service as page and valet, and the Arana woman had called to her with a certain tone of authority to which she seemed to feel entitled by her relations with Lucero's master.

It did not take Lucero long to lose her composure under the inquisitive gaze of the woman, who was by no means so readily deceived by her disguise as men had been, and felt instinctively that there was something extraordinary about this delicate youth. The news that the two pages had been with Don Cristobal for only two days seemed to reassure Beatrice, but she nevertheless persisted with her questions.

Fortunately the innkeeper's wife had engaged her attention for a moment and Lucero had seized the opportunity to take refuge again in the garret room where Cuevas found her still half hysterical from the danger she had just been through.

Clearly, he thought, Lucero should not be told of the dangers that were gathering about them. She would have to be kept in ignorance of everything in order to have the poise and the effrontery which they would need to preserve their secret in the midst of all the stratagems Gonzalez would employ to effect their arrest.

Evening came on and Fernando decided it would be imprudent not to appear downstairs among the others for a time at least. The garret was very dark, and the air close. It would be more comfortable on the benches in front of the tavern. They appeared at Don Cristobal's door together, to bid him good night. He was to be absent for the evening, paying a last call on Doctor Acosta.

In making this visit, Don Cristobal pretended to himself that he was performing a duty of good manners: now that he was better off he could not afford to appear ungrateful to one who had stood by him in his early days at Cordoba. In reality, the force working underneath, in that complex spirit where virtues and defects operated side by side, was a rancorous pride, incapable of forgetting or forgiving, a vanity wounded of old and which must now seek its balm. The physician had been the one most soundly to assail his arguments at the conferences of the commission at Cordoba. It would be a good idea to let the man have a look at him under a new light, now that he had signed his contract with the King and Queen!

When, at nightfall, the physician was informed that Don Cristobal was calling and desired to see him, he hurried to greet him in the atrium of his mansion with outstretched arms and at once escorted him to the library.

Don Cristobal began on the subject of his two sons, on whom he begged the doctor to keep an eye while he should be away. But then, abruptly ending the long formulas with which he expressed his gratitude for Acosta's consent, he came to the real purpose of his visit, which was to announce, with an affected modesty, the triumph of his ideas.

"As you probably know, sir, their most Christian and most exalted Highnesses, the King and Queen of Spain, have been informed by me as to the lands of the Indies and about the prince of those countries, the Grand Khan, and as to the efforts made by the Grand Khan

# Tooth paste starts Baby's bank account with a \$3 deposit

Sounds strange, doesn't it? But it really isn't. Figure it out this way: by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c the large tube, instead of ordinary dentifrices costing twice as much, your average saving per year is \$3. With this \$3 you can open a savings account for your youngster. Or you can buy yourself gloves, or hosiery. There are countless items to choose from—the choice is yours.



*A remarkable tooth paste  
at a remarkable price*

*You be the judge*



**Large Tube  
25¢**

AS makers of Listerine, we learned much about the requirements for firm, healthy gums, and beautiful gleaming teeth.

We felt that there was room for an improvement in the quality of tooth paste—and a real demand for a lower price.

Therefore we created a first class dentifrice suitable for all types of teeth. Listerine Tooth Paste is its name, and its price is but 25¢ for the large tube. Such a price for such a paste is possible only because of ultra-modern methods of manufacture and mass production.

The moment you begin to use Listerine Tooth Paste, you will be conscious of the delightful, fresh, clean and healthy feeling of your mouth and gums. And in a very short time you will note a marked improvement in your teeth—a new gleaming whiteness.

\* \* \*

And remember, Listerine Tooth Paste accomplishes an average saving of three dollars a year per person, assuming that a tube a month per person is used. Think how substantial is the saving, when there are several in a family. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

# LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



and his predecessors to be instructed in our holy faith—efforts which all proved fruitless since the Holy Father in Rome was never successful in providing such teachers, whereby countless souls have gone to perdition through idolatry and false belief. So their Highnesses have thought of sending me, Cristobal Colón, to the said Indies, to see the said rulers and their subjects and domains, and to report on the best means of converting them to our holy faith."

Doctor Acosta had, indeed, been acquainted with all this, and nodded without speaking.

"Obedient to the commands of their Highnesses," Don Cristobal continued, "I am not to follow the routes which others have been accustomed to follow—by land, east. I am to follow the route to the west which, according to my best information, no one has ever traversed. Their Highnesses are sending me with a fleet sufficient to reach those parts of the Indies, and have shown me many favors the while, elevating me in my station so that henceforth I shall be called don, and hereafter, when I shall have arrived on the other shore, naming me Admiral Major of the Ocean Sea and Viceroy and Perpetual Governor of all the islands or mainland which I shall discover and conquer, and of all lands which those with me shall discover and conquer—and these graces shall descend upon my elder son, and so on from generation to generation forever."

The doctor replied quietly, congratulating the adventurer on such an inviting prospect, though with an ironical glint in his eye.

"But what I am afraid of, Don Cristobal, is that you may be mistaken, and that you will go sailing on and on without ever reaching the coasts of the Grand Khan, which are much farther off than you say or even imagine. The earth is really several thousand miles greater in circumference than you believe it to be!"

The future Admiral stiffened and he lost some of the reticence and mysteriousness which he always manifested whenever he was asked for the grounds of his belief.

"I shall sight land seven hundred leagues west. I know what I am talking about—and that is all there is to it. Others have actually seen such land—people who are no longer living." Then he checked himself, as though his habitual prudence had reasserted itself.

Acosta answered with the frankness of the scientist willing to admit the possibility of any surprise from the unknown, insisting merely that such possibilities be made to conform to ideas already solidly established.

"Well, if there is land seven hundred leagues west, or even a thousand or fifteen hundred leagues west, you must admit one thing: it cannot be the land of the Grand Khan—it cannot be Asia. It must be some new world of which no one ever heard, a world which has existed from the first days of creation, but which we, poor sinners that we are, have not been allowed to know!"

The doctor smiled at his own hypothesis, so absurd did it appear. Don Cristobal also laughed aloud, but in derision, at the straits to which his antagonist had been reduced in order to escape admitting that Cathay and Cipango were there!

THEY were interrupted by an uproar in the street—cries of women, shouts of alarm, the sounds of violently hurrying footsteps. The doctor and Don Cristobal stepped to a window and shouted to people who were passing to learn what it was all about. The answers that came back were not very clear.

"A fight—knives! . . . Several people hurt! . . . In front of Herbo's house!"

As Acosta and his companion were going to the door to get better information, the doctor remarked: "This certainly has something to do with our friend Don Alonso de Ojeda!"

He was not mistaken.

Fernando and Lucero had found seats near the tavern door, on one of the stones that were

used by travelers for mounting their horses. Fernando was full of all that he had seen, heard and done during this exciting day in a strange town. Lucero listened in happy comfort in that cool evening air.

Cuevas had just completed his portrait of the grave and stately Doctor Acosta when chance offered him a much more impressive opportunity to display the important acquaintances he had already made. He called Lucero's attention to a young *hidalgo* who was coming down the street, keeping close to the wall as though he were trying to avoid being seen. There could be no doubt about it—it was Don Alonso de Ojeda! And Fernando made haste to tell all he knew of the distinguished warrior and to relate the service which he himself had performed that morning for the great man.

Now, however, there was something new in the hero's attire. In the faint light of the street, a metallic sheen could be observed under the flaps of Don Alonso's cape! He had put on a cuirass for this evening stroll!

The youth vanished into the dark under the overhanging eaves farther down the street. But Fernando knew where he was going!

"He's already at one of the windows of Herbo's house, talking with Doña Isabel! The letter I handed her this morning must have been about a meeting tonight!"

And Cuevas began to describe the splendors of the Cordoban beauty whom he had glimpsed for a second beyond the window-gratings of the mansion. Then, as though he needed to see the outcome of an adventure in which he had had a share, however humble, he stepped away from Lucero to see what Don Alonso was doing.

Don Alonso had drawn himself close to the wall at the window; but at the sound of Fernando's footstep he turned about as in alarm, while Fernando saw a face disappear from behind the grating.

Ojeda gave a grunt of relieved satisfaction: "Oh, only you!"

And Cuevas thought the knight had sensed the good intentions of this eavesdropping; for he at once turned again toward the window.

His curiosity satisfied, Cuevas went directly back to the inn, without taking any particular precautions to pass unobserved.

He suggested to Lucero that they move into the courtyard. And in order to look over the ground in advance for the proper seats he stopped for a moment in the entrance to the tavern, at a point where the red lights of the *patio* played full upon him.

Suddenly he felt a heavy hand fall upon his shoulder, the fingers sinking into his muscles. "At last I have you, imp of Satan!"

He did not need to turn to recognize that voice. It was Pero Gonzalez, the former royal butler, and at Gonzalez' side, Garduña, and with them still a third individual, also dressed in black, like the constable, but a larger and more powerful man, and armed with a broadsword which hung from his belt.

All this Cuevas took in at a glance while, in a spasm of alarm, he tore loose from Gonzalez' clutch with a violent bound and broke through the circle the three men were drawing around him. Instinctively he turned in the direction of Herbo's house with a confused thought that there he had a friend and that by running away he would entice his persecutors farther from Lucero. Recovering from the surprise occasioned by the suddenness of the boy's dash, the three men followed rapidly in pursuit.

"Don Alonso, Don Alonso!" cried Cuevas. "Help me! Help me!"

Running as he was, he nevertheless heard the hurried closing of a window-shutter and a figure clad in a coat of mail interposed itself between him and his pursuers.

"Just a moment, gentlemen," said Ojeda. "Let this boy alone! He is a friend of mine! Otherwise, defend yourselves!"

And in the flash in which all this had occurred, Don Alonso had thrown his cape over his left arm, drawn his sword with his right

hand, and stood facing Gonzalez, who had halted before him.

The butler recognized the famous Ojeda, but, strong in the feeling that he had the law with him and that, anyhow, it was a case of three against one, he was not sparing in his language.

"All you have to do, sir," he answered, "is to mind your own business and not interfere with officers of the law. I belong to the King's household. Only from him do I accept orders!"

Unluckily, given the character of Ojeda, the butler had made the mistake of drawing his sword, an example followed by Garduña and by the latter's assistant, a man who had been nicknamed by the town as "the bumbailiff." A threat made under conditions of superior force was all that was needed to provoke Ojeda, whatever the merits of the cause. Cuevas meantime had gathered up a handful of stones and was pelting his adversaries with them, though he was soon obliged to cease for fear of hitting Don Alonso. For that matter, he shortly became so absorbed in the magnificence of his hero's attack as quite to forget his own interest in the outcome.

OJEDA was as good as a dozen men. He was everywhere at once, parrying blows from all directions and attacking in his turn. His agility seemed to translate itself into time, giving an impression of long duration to a combat that was probably over in a few seconds. Cuevas stood there with his stones looking eagerly for a chance to throw one. But suddenly he saw the royal butler hurled back, as it were against the wall of the house, letting his sword fall, and throwing both hands to his head, while blood began streaming down his face. The man's knees seemed to sag under him and he sank to the ground, calling feebly for "help" and "confession."

The other two men were also on the defensive, backing off for a short distance but finally turning frankly and taking to their heels, with Don Alonso in hot pursuit. Cuevas followed behind, stopping every few feet to send a stone after the fugitive.

As the combat moved pell-mell down the street the whole quarter seemed to come to life. Doors and windows began noisily to close, people scampered from their doorways into the interiors of their houses shouting and calling for "the King's Peace!" As Fernando ran past the inn of the Three Wise Men, he observed Lucero standing upright on her stone, somewhat frightened but still fascinated by the prowess of the young knight whom her lover had so much admired. Farther along Cuevas saw Don Cristobal and Doctor Acosta appearing at the entrance to the latter's house.

Don Alonso really had little interest in pursuing the fleeing officers of the law. Rather his principal thought was to remove himself from the neighborhood before any consequences of the fighting arose. Catching sight of Don Cristobal he halted, and Fernando could see his whole sturdy figure standing clad in mail under the red lantern that illuminated the doorway of the doctor's house. He had lost his cap and in order to fight with greater freedom he had thrown his cape away. His face was pale, his eyes flashing. The lower third of his sword-blade was red with blood.

Bowing in salute to Don Cristobal, he nevertheless addressed his first words to the physician, his voice still shaking with the excitement of the fray:

"Doctor," he said with a sarcastic smile, "a few doors down the street I believe you will find someone who needs your help. And if I'm not mistaken, another one has just dropped down this way, at the next corner." Then turning to Don Cristobal, he added: "And you, captain, may expect me in the Port of Palos within the month. With the help of my Lady, the Blessed Virgin, I shall be there before you sail, and we shall depart together on the road to the Grand Khan."

*Fate and the arch-plotter Gonzalez have an unpleasant surprise in store for the lovers—in the January Instalment of Blasco Ibañez' great novel*

# This Clipping may give you a SILVER CHRISTMAS too

The new Legacy Pattern is as modern in style as a *Pionnet* gown or a hat by *Mme. Agnès*. . . But it is as ageless as the *ma Lisa* in its quality and good taste. With its lovely simplicity of line, with its lithe and slender silhouette, Legacy is dated today. . . But it reflects eight decades of illustrious years in 1847 ROGERS BROS. silversmith craftsmanship. For, along with modern motifs, the Legacy Pattern comes to you dowered with a quest of the designing artistry that has kept 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate in its place of leadership through four generations. Take the free, daring lines of a skyscraper. Take the sleek of a plane in flight. Take an emeraldware-cut by Cartier and a gown by Paul

Parrot. Take all their beautiful, modernistic simplicity, their clean, lovely lines. . . express it in silver. . . and you have—*The Legacy*. A new pattern, mid-age of 1928, yet ageless in social and

istic correctness. Heir to 80 years silver skill, guaranteed without limit, the most triumphant America's oldest and finest—silverplate. *Legacy* is view at all leading silverware counters. Styled in a modern manner but heir to a time-honored craftsmanship. *Cor the Legacy!* Come the new day in silverware. . . And come a new thrill for every hostess who is modern. . . For, in the *Legacy* Pattern the modern motif has been captured silverware. . . *Legacy* is as new in style

## Suggested Minimum Set of FLAT SILVER

### Basic Flatware Service

- 8 tea spoons
- 8 dinner forks
- 8 dinner knives

### Supplemental Essentials

- 8 extra tea spoons
- 8 salad forks
- 8 butter spreaders
- 1 pickle fork
- 1 berry spoon

- 8 dessert spoons
- 1 sugar shell
- 1 butter knife
- 8 orange spoons
- 8 coffee spoons
- 1 cold meat fork
- 1 gravy ladle
- 1 dessert server



ANNIVERSARY PATTERN TEA SPOONS, EIGHT FOR \$5.00

Having nothing else to do at the moment, but this and that, John K. Husband picked up a copy of his wife's favorite magazine.

And his eye lit on an item about silverware (see above) listing the silver a self-respecting home must have.

This was passing strange . . . for John was not given to thinking very deeply about his wife's household needs, excepting by way of rebuttal . . . At first, the item affected him pleasantly. "How lucky," he thought, "that Molly inherited her Aunt Minnie's silver service. That certainly was a net gain to me."

But as he read mirth was succeeded by sobriety. "Molly's service doesn't seem to be so much," he mused. "She's giving her social shows with only half a troupe for her silverware cast. I'll have to look into this drama."

The very next day he paid a visit to a silverware counter. He learned that it doesn't cost the price of a seat on the stock exchange to gratify all of a wife's fondest silver-

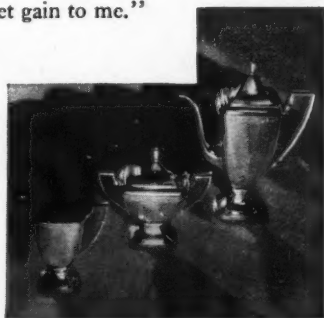


ware dreams. He learned that fine silverplate is the least expensive of home refinements.

A set of flatware with covers for eight was \$49.85, including a gorgeous Treasure Chest. He bought it. Extra tea spoons at \$5 for eight. He bought them. Salad forks in eights, \$10. He bought them, too. (Prices slightly higher in Canada.) And being a thoroughbred, he did the job up brown . . . adding a tea set to

The basic service came in the gorgeous Pieces of 8 Chest . . . \$49.85

the flatware . . . in the same pattern. All in 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate. For John has an unerring eye for quality. He always spots the best. So Molly's Christmas was silver indeed.



And, as a final inspiration, he added a three-piece tea service at . . . \$65.00

*L'Envoi* . . . Of course, we can't guarantee that if you leave the above clipping where your husband can't miss it, that it will do to him what it did to John. But it ought to, if he loves you as of yore . . . Besides, Christmas is coming.

# 1847 ROGERS BROS.

## SILVERPLATE

### INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

GENERAL OFFICES:  
MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT

SALESROOMS: NEW YORK . CHICAGO . SAN FRANCISCO

CANADA: INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONT.

# 21 ANSWERS TO THAT 1 IMPORTANT QUESTION "What to give that certain, certain someone Christmas day"

## ELGIN

Probably, the way you feel about it oftentimes, you'd just about go to the ends of the earth to find the perfect gift.

But go no further than your nearest and coziest easy-chair... with this pageful of beauty to choose from.

For an Elgin at Christmas has always been a perfect...and permanent... expression of Christmas sentiment.

And this year more than ever, for there are more Elgins than ever to choose from. More styles. More prices. More brilliant, new ideas in cases and faces...in color and shape...in line and design...than Elgin, or any other maker, we believe, has ever presented before!

All the way from \$19 to \$350. And all guarded by the Elgin guarantee.

Near you is an Elgin jeweller with the watches and prices to give a happy ending to your Christmas problem.

A—Set with 2 large genuine diamonds; 2 synthetic sapphires—\$48. B—An exquisite Elgin—\$35. C—Ladies' Sports Model—\$40. D—Set with 16 genuine diamonds—\$200. E—Set with 20 genuine diamonds—\$260. F—The famous Elgin Legionnaire—\$19. G—A new Elgin with the hours enameled on the outside of the case—\$95. H—Smart restrained style—\$35. I—Modernistic design—\$50. J—Lady and Tiger design—\$65. K—Inlaid with black and white hard enamel—\$65. L—Another distinguished Elgin Legionnaire—\$25... Upper square—Agnes model, Elgin Parisienne. Designed in Paris; made by Elgin—\$35. Louiseboulanger Parisienne—\$35. Molyneux Parisienne—\$37.50... Center square—Top watch, 17 jewel movement, 14 kt. white gold—\$100. Center watch—C. H. Hulburd movement—\$350. Lower square—Smart cushion case—\$50... Lower square—Premet Parisienne model \$35. Lanvin Parisienne model—\$35. Jenny Parisienne model—\$35.

Wrist watches pictured approximately 1/3 reduction. Pocket watches 1/2.



© ELGIN, 1923

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA



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## The Eloquence of Papa Trentelvires by Forrest Wilson (Continued from page 69)

of any prominent new hat shop within a day of its opening, especially one whose proprietor was a man. He quickened pace to see what this establishment might be.

He found the most modern store frontage on the street, all gray marble, silver and glass. The show-window presented a mounting and retreating series of cubist masses covered with silver velvet. Upon a single one of the velvet ledges reposed a terra-cotta manikin head tinted a dull olive hue, and upon this head was fitted the only hat model which the niggard Henri chose to expose to the vulgar inspection of the sidewalks.

Maltre Trentelvires stooped his shoulders to gaze down upon this exhibit, his mouth open with astonishment. It was an exact replica of a hat he himself had designed for his daughter Monique not ten days earlier.

"Why," thought Maltre Trentelvires in his first wrath, "the burglar! That highwayman! To follow my daughter about and copy her hat! And then to put it into his window! For one great sou I would enter and pull his nose."

But Maltre Trentelvires' just indignation was not proof against the flattery of seeing one of his own creations, plagiarized though it was, displayed so dramatically as this. His rage gave way to pure admiration.

"I have never seen a better in any window," he admitted to himself.

At dinner that evening in the bosom of his family, Maltre Trentelvires mentioned his discovery. At the moment he was too busy with his soup to notice the constrained silence with which the news was received.

"One must be more careful, my infants," he rumbled, tipping his plate for the last spoonful. "The best success of a creation is in its exclusiveness. This Paris is evidently full of thieves, making their successes by the talents of others."

"You have been briefed today, Papa, in the case of Suzanne Rey, as one expected?" broke in Anne-Marie.

"Eh, what?" stammered Papa Trentelvires. "But yes, naturally. Well, it is necessary to move the head a little more, my infants, when one is outside. One does not want the hats of one copied by everyone it imports not who."

"Truly, it's ripping, Papa!" exclaimed Béatrice enthusiastically.

"Ripping? To have the creations of one copied?"

"But no, Papa. I meant the brief for Suzanne. All the world talks of her. Take me to hear the process in the court, Papa cherished."

"Béatrice!" chided her mother.

"Or, better," went on Papa Trentelvires, "wear one hat only one time. That is that. I will make you each a new one for each occasion. Even a clever thief must see a hat at least two times to copy it."

"That will make you much of advertisement, is it not, my papa?" asked Monique.

"To make thee so many creations, Mimi? But how?"

"I refer myself, Papa, to that celebrated cause—of Suzanne Rey."

"All the time thou speakest of that cause," complained Papa Trentelvires testily. "Naturally it is going to make me of it the advertising."

"Meanwhile, Anne-Marie, wilt thou make for me a little research—very discreetly, thou understandest? I would wish well to gain some informations about that Henri in the Rue St. Honoré."

THE business of winning a verdict of non-culpability for the impetuous Suzanne Rey and of taking care of the press of new briefs which followed that stupendous victory drew Maltre Trentelvires' thoughts for a while from the assassin Henri, who operated a thieves' den of millinery in the Rue St. Honoré. But there came a less occupied morning, and Monsieur Trentelvires took occasion to pass the place to see what the villain might be up to.

Once more there was but a single creation

chastely displayed in the silver window, and once more that creation was a copy of a Trentelvires design. But it was more than that. It was nothing less than a replica of the masterpiece which had saved the abused Suzanne from the guillotine.

The *précis* of Maltre Trentelvires' ensuing thoughts was as follows: If this dirty one has stolen two of my creations, he has stolen many. If he has stolen many, he knows me by sight. If he sees me here, he will be warned. And, turning quickly, Maltre Trentelvires, as nearly as a man of his bulk could, made a furtive exit from that street.

He repaired at once to his house on the Ile de St. Louis and mounted quietly to his millinery workroom on the top story in the rear. From the high studio window he looked out across the court, its grass frost-killed now and its trees bare, at the rears of the houses fronting on the Quai de Béthune. Maltre Trentelvires' memory was a catalog of celebrated criminal causes for a generation. He remembered the thief who had copied Madame Paquin's dress designs by training a telescope on her studio window. There were two windows opposite which the advocate regarded with heavy suspicion. From either it was possible.

Or else, there was treachery in the house. The servants? Well, he would not punish them. They had been with him long. Maltre Trentelvires knew of the temptations which the pirate copyists threw in the way of underlings who could supply designs.

He cleared a space on the table and made scale drawings of the three hat models on which he was then engaged. Putting these into his pocket, he left the house unobtrusively, caught a taxicab and drove to a department store, where he ordered thick curtains for his studio window and light-admitting, vision-obstructing blue paint for its panes. Then he went to the Ministry of Commerce, where he deposited his three drawings for copyright.

Thereafter Maltre Trentelvires copyrighted every hat he designed. At intervals he had himself driven in taxicabs slowly past the hat shop in the Rue St. Honoré. The pirate Henri remained equally stingy and equally predatory. Each time there was but one hat in the silvery window, and each time it was a copy of one of Monsieur Trentelvires' own creations. Then after two weeks the lawyer was rewarded by seeing there a replica of a copyrighted model.

He went straight to a private police bureau. "You have women operatives?" he asked the manager.

"But naturally, Monsieur," replied the detective.

"Some ones *chic*? Capable to enter a smart shop as clients?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Until contrary notice send one to me—a different one—every day. I want them to buy hats from a certain establishment. To each I will explain what I search, and also give the necessary money."

"Perfect, Monsieur."

It had been Maltre Trentelvires' intention to secure a collection of, let it be, a dozen pirated and copyrighted hats for the exhibit that should enable him to obtain the writs, mandates and warrants to crush the House of Henri and bring its scoundrelly proprietor to justice.

At the end of a week Maltre Trentelvires, both for financial and emotional reasons, decided that six exhibits were as good as twelve; and one fine February morning, a day or so later, he and the local commissary of police descended at the gray-marble front of the hat shop from a truck loaded with uniformed agents. The big advocate flung his weight against the iron and glass door and lunged in, leading his cohort.

"Where are you, bandit?" he bellowed. "Come out of that, miserable! Deliver yourself to the prison!"

No Henri responded. There was no Henri in the room, but only a frightened salesgirl backed against the wall and two smartly dressed customers, alarmed by the invading blue uniforms, edging toward the door.

A SPARSE cove of tall *pieds-à-chapeau* was scattered about the room, each of them supporting a hat. Other models were upon the fitting-tables, where the dispersed clients had evidently just been trying them on, and there were still other creations upon the shelves of the glass show-cases. Maltre Trentelvires went about identifying them.

"Seal this one here, Monsieur the Commissary," he panted to the leader of the police. "And this one, and this, and this. In effect, every one is a model stolen from my client."

The officer was noisily proceeding with this duty, spreading out crackling sheets of wrapping-paper and calling upon his men for twine and wax, when Maltre Trentelvires' ear caught a faint voice which, heard in this place and upon such an occasion, instantly damped his fury and sent his spirits down to the depths.

"My papa, what do you do?"

Slowly, almost fearfully, he turned and saw in the rear doorway the dearest and closest to him of his daughters, Anne-Marie.

"And it was thee, Anne-Marie, who betrayed me?" he asked hoarsely. "Thee?"

"Why, no, Papa," quavered the girl. "At least, I do not think so, my papa. I have not had the intention—"

He could not bear the look of terror and pleading on her face.

"I forgive thee, cherished, whatever it is," he cried to her hastily, and then his anger mounted again. "But where is thy seducer? This Henri? Where is the one who has procured thy innocence to do this thing?"

"There is no Henri, Papa. At least, no other than you. It is your own little name, is it not, my papa—Henri?"

Maltre Trentelvires shook his great head, like a bewildered bear. "I cannot comprehend," he said. "Not yet. But evidently—" He turned to the commissary of police. "There has been an error, Monsieur the Commissary," he explained. "It will not be necessary to seal the exhibitions."

"But yes, Monsieur, it will be necessary," objected the officer. "One has already commenced."

"I withdraw the accusation," persisted Maltre Trentelvires.

"That makes nothing," replied the commissary. "I operate under the writ of the court."

"I forbid you," thundered Maltre Trentelvires. "Proceed, Monsieur the Commissary, and you will regret it, I assure you."

"Very well, Monsieur the Advocate, I obey," said the commissary, rising to his feet with such dignity as he could muster. "But I also assure you, Monsieur, that you are going to have something to regret. By denying before witnesses that these creations are evidence in a process now in train, you virtually accuse the police of making the lie."

He led his men from the shop. Monsieur Trentelvires sank into a chair.

"And now, my daughter, what is it that it is, this thing?"

"How can one explain? I told you that much could arrive in one year."

"And thou hast made this affair, my poor little one, to gain the *dot* thyself?"

"For you to gain it for me, my papa. All this is yours—this shop, even its name—and whatever it gains. One has kept the accounting strictly. We have not even touched sums as salary."

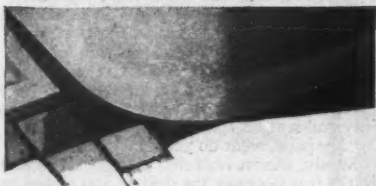
"We?" exclaimed Maltre Trentelvires. "Thy sisters, too?"

Anne-Marie looked at him with surprise. "Why, no, Papa," she answered. And then as she moved, Trentelvires saw that Marcel was standing behind her in the doorway.

That young man now stepped forward. "A



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thousand pardons, Monsieur, for the liberty," he begged. "One had intended, I assure you, to keep it secret from you only a little longer—only until one had gained the million for Anne-Marie."

"Only!" Papa Trentelvires exploded the word sarcastically. "And how much of time will that be? Perhaps five years?"

"It indicates itself that it will gain more than that the first year, this shop here," said Marcel. "Monsieur Trentelvires was stupefied. 'What commerce!' he ejaculated. 'A little shop like this here! But that has nothing of astonishment,' he went on, the memory of his wrongs during the past week returning to him. 'This brigand Henri fixes a tariff that is a shot of the gun—two thousand francs for a single creation he has made me to pay. That housebreaker!'"

"But you, Papa," broke in Anne-Marie, "are Henri."

Papa Trentelvires looked a little foolish. "Ah, yes," he admitted. "One had forgotten. Also well, my little ones, let one older than yourselves assure you that the veritable artist has reason to fix a good price for his works."

Marcel made a clean breast of it. He and Anne-Marie together had contrived the plan. They had convinced themselves that Monsieur Trentelvires' creations had merit. All the world could see that there was money in millinery. And so they had opened the shop; and since Monsieur Trentelvires designed in the classic way—first in esparto cloth—it had been easy for Anne-Marie to bring the sparterie models to the shop to have them copied by the expert milliners in the rear workroom.

"But that has cost dear, all this," objected Maitre Trentelvires, indicating the furnishings and the gleaming frontage of the place.

"I have a little of silver," explained Marcel modestly. "You can reimburse me when you will, Monsieur, or else—" He paused.

"Marcel wishes to say—" Anne-Marie came to his rescue, and then paused also.

The excitement in the street having ended, customers were again beginning to enter the shop.

"But let us show you, Papa," Anne-Marie pleaded.

The lawyer followed the two young people back to a large airy atelier, where a dozen girls and women sat around a long table fashioning hats. Beside the entrance to this room on the passage was another door, which Anne-Marie unlocked, disclosing to Monsieur Trentelvires' eyes the millinery room of his dreams. It had every equipment, including a studio window frosted against the inspection of prying eyes.

"What is this piece?" he demanded.

"The modeling-room," answered Marcel.

"But I am the modelist," objected Monsieur Trentelvires perplexedly.

"But yes, Papa," said Anne-Marie.

Then both young people looked at him expectantly.

"No, no!" Papa Trentelvires broke out into a roar of protest, though as much against the blandishments of that fascinating room as against the mute appeal of Anne-Marie and Marcel. "A Trentelvires in commerce? Impossible. You have been very naughty, my infants, and I do not make grace to you, though perhaps this affair has been necessary at the moment. But to continue it in permanence, it is not necessary to think there!"

"We had hoped to persuade you, Papa, Marcel and I," persisted Anne-Marie, "to quit the practise of rights and to become singly a designer of hats. And what Marcel had wished to say was that if you did not care to repay him his investment, he would wish well to become your partner in place of that, after—we are married."

"But yes, Monsieur," Marcel seconded the plea.

"Marcel! What would thy family say of that!" exclaimed the appalled advocate.

"In effect, Monsieur," answered Marcel stoutly, "those others of the generation of my family are become old crusts with ideas passed. It is chic now to be in commerce."

"Impossible!" repeated Maitre Trentelvires

obdurately, unmoved by this youthful insolence. "It is not a question of silver; it is a question of position obligates."

"But my papa," cried Anne-Marie, "incontestably you do not know the magnitude of your success."

She left the room for a moment and returned with a heap of fashion magazines—from France, from America, from Germany, from Spain. In all of them, at marked pages, were pictures of Henri's creations.

Monsieur Trentelvires studied them all. "Incredible!" he muttered, obviously shaken. "Enormous! Evidently one has not sufficiently esteemed oneself."

"One even begins to say that you are the most grand designer of hats of the world," added his daughter. "Has the practise of rights ever brought to you an advertising equal?"

Monsieur Trentelvires once more looked around the gleaming model-room. His eye was caught by the little *coq de la mode* clamped to the edge of the table—that upright, fistlike iron with which one smooths the interiors of hats. Even it was electric. Monsieur Trentelvires melted.

"Embrace me, Anne-Marie. Embrace me, Marcel," he boomed ecstatically. "My general pardon—*lex oblivionis!* I am vanquished. *Vale, Trentelvires, master of rights, advocate, soldier of the law—miles legatis! Ave, Henri, master of fashion, modiste, soldier of art—miles artis!* But no, I will be both—advocate and milliner!"

"Papa cherished!" cried Anne-Marie. "A modiste suspected of practising the rights?"

"Not openly," explained Papa Trentelvires.

"Not frankly. But I will establish in this shop of hats a legal department for the creation of my hats forensic. To a selection of my ancient colleagues at the bar I will dispense circumstances attenuating the crimes of their female clients—but at a price, my infants, which, rest assured, will be in measure."

If there are any in Paris ever aware that there was more than a coincidence between the disappearance of the famous Maitre Trentelvires at the height of his career and the simultaneous rise of the even more famous milliner Henri, they have forgotten it or—which is not quite the same thing—forgotten to remember it.

But nobody in Paris, except those immediately concerned, knows of those periodical occasions when a stricken hush falls over the highly modern pavilion which the great Henri and his wife occupy on that avenue of St. Cloud overlooking Paris. At these times the daughters of the famous modiste motor out from their respective establishments in Paris to sit with Maman Henri and lend each other such comfort as there is in mutual presence.

On these occasions they speak in whispers, for the pavilion is a-tremble with the pulsations of a mighty male voice—the voice, in fact, of the great Henri himself in his private study on one of the upper floors.

"Always he goes back to it again," is wont to wail Madame Henri, a usually placid woman still retaining the blond look of her slenderer youth.

"That poor papa!" sympathizes Monique, one of the twin daughters of Henri. "But an artist needs a hobby! So if he makes semblance of the practise of rights in court—"

"Chut, Mimi!" chides her mother in terror. "One might hear thee!"

"He even wears his court robe!" exclaims Beatrice, the other twin, looking darkly through the hair falling down over her eyes.

"Well, there is no great harm done, Bi, if no one finds out about it," observes Anne-Marie, the eldest daughter, with her usual coolness.

"That is just it!" cries Maman Henri. "Oh, my poor infants, this must always be your grand secret. Never even a half-word about it, not even to your husbands. Not even to Marcel, Anne-Marie. If the world ever should discover that your papa has a secret leaning for the practise of rights, nobody would ever wear another of his creations."



## The Mud-Lark

(Continued from page 93)

aces as a three-year-old and he's never gone a mile and a quarter. The odds on him should be fairly long, in view of the field against him, and of course Pilgrim's Pride is bound to be overlooked.

"Remember, a real good bet on a stable entry at good odds is the best bet in the world because you have two chances to win."

Meanwhile Fatty Milligan, in great anxiety, had called on John T. Banfield in the latter's suite at the hotel.

"Colonel P.'s entered," he announced.

"So I see," Banfield replied smilingly. "Well, don't let that worry you yet. I've just telephoned out to the track. The rain quit falling at six o'clock and there's only a light mist, which ought to clear up soon. The weather man reports that the wind has shifted into the north and that we are due for clear cool weather tomorrow and Thursday. This is Tuesday. If we do not get any more rain and if we do get some sunshine and a north wind, the track will dry out, with the result that on Thursday it will be fine, deep, stiff, heavy going, and on that sort of track Colonel P. will not even be a contender."

"Sans Souci's a natural mudder, John."

"And so is my big powerful morning-glory, Pilgrim's Pride."

"What happens in case the track is sloppy?"

"I think," said John T. Banfield, "I shall, in that event, bet on Colonel P. Or rather," he added, "on that devilish boy, Midge Macklin. Colonel P. will carry a light impost, and with a sloppy track, Macklin up and a light impost I'd suspect almost anything might happen."

"We can only watch and pray," Fatty murmured piously.

The weather man, as usual, demonstrated that he knew his business. Early Wednesday morning the mist cleared away and a brisk cool wind blew from the north, the sun came out and the track commenced to dry out. It was beginning to stiffen by the time the last race had been run.

Midge Macklin called Marion up from the track. "No chance," he reported gloomily. "When the Ponchartrain Handicap is called tomorrow, the going will be just one hundred percent the kind the Colonel doesn't like, so lay off him and if you feel sporty tomorrow afternoon lay something on the Banfield entries across the board."

He had telephoned her from the barn. After telephoning, he and Jim Merton climbed the race-track fence and went down to a restaurant back of the grand stand for dinner. After dinner Jim went into town while Midge trudged back along the outside rail of the track to his bed in the tack room at the barn.

A half-hour later Marion Henning answered the telephone. It was Midge.

"Miss Marion," he piped, "can I ride a horse in the second race tomorrow for Mr. Henry, of the Longview Stables? He's running Paperweight and it looks like a good chance to pick up a fifteen-dollar fee for a winner."

"But suppose, Midge, something happens? Suppose you should get hurt? What would we do then for a rider for Colonel P.?"

"I've thought of that, Miss Marion. Almost any other rider would stand as much chance to win with him, on this track, as I would. But I thought if I accepted this ride for Mr. Henry in the second race it would give me a chance to sort of look the track over and that might help. His own boy can't make the weight, and if I win he's liable to slip me a few bucks extra. And I'd like some extra money to bet on the Banfield entry in the handicap."

"Very well, Midge," the girl agreed.

"Miss Marion."

"Yes, Midge?"

"I got an idea, but Jim Merton isn't here to discuss it with me. I want you to enter Bedelia in the Ponchartrain Handicap—an

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overnight entry, you know. Will you get in a car and go down to the secretary's office in town and enter her? She's fit."

"She can't win on a heavy track."  
"I know it, Miss Marion, but—she might. I'm going to make some big medicine. It doesn't cost much to take a chance and I have a pretty good boy to ride her. He's an apprentice, but he's on the level and he'll obey orders. Miss Marion, I've got a notion I can win with the Colonel after all, but I'm not sure. I'll know more about it by noon tomorrow, but even then I won't tell you how I expect to do it. But you come to the barn at noon and I'll tell you how I want you to place your bets."

"Midgie, you're very mysterious, but you're at your best when you're mysterious, so I'll play your hunch, whatever it is."

At eleven o'clock Midgie walked down inside the outer rail of the trail to the grand stand, had a glass of milk for luncheon and walked back. Marion Henning was waiting at the tack room.

"Well, Midgie, Bedelia went in as an overnight entry. She's carrying ninety-eight pounds—" Midgie threw a handspiring for very joy. "And you, Mr. Midgie, carry one hundred and ten on Colonel P."

Midgie threw another handspiring. "God bless that handicapper," he cried. "Miss Marion, here's my bank roll, and he handed her a hundred dollars. "Place it on the Sycamore Rancho entry—to win. Jim Merton has five hundred but he'll scatter that himself. My tip to you is to play your own entry and play it heavy across the board."

They chattered and visited around among the horses until one o'clock, when Midgie had to go down to the jockey room and there wait until called for his ride on Paperweight in the second race. As he passed John T. Banfield's stable a familiar head was thrust out at him from a box stall. It was the former Sycamore Rancho morning-glory, Pilgrim's Pride.

"Well, old traitor," Midgie greeted him, and stroked the smooth nose. "So you're going to do your stuff this afternoon, are you? Kiss me like you used to . . . By jingo, you do remember me— You low-flung rascal, Pilgrim, you've been drinking!"

As the horse nuzzled him and snorted Midgie's keen little nose caught the unmistakable aroma of whisky. "So you'll run when you're half tight, eh?" he crooned softly. "Well, that would be wonderful on a fast track, and it may be wonderful on a slow track, but today, old pal, I think I've got you faded. Good-by and good luck," and with a pat on the horse's nose he went on down to the jockey room over the paddock.

He stood at Paperweight's head while the horse was being saddled. The trainer for the Longview Stables stood at the horse's near side, while from the off side a negro swipec stood ready to hold the saddle in place. With one hand on the pommel, the swipec freed the girths and swung them under Paperweight's belly, the trainer caught them and cinched them tight.

He turned to Midgie just as the bugle blew and lifted the boy into the saddle. "Get out in front and stay out," were his orders.

It was a race at six furlongs. Marion watched her boy parade sedately past the grand stand, saw him off to a perfect start and with her glasses followed him to the first turn, when she saw him, although well out in front, suddenly all but disappear over the near side of his mount. But he came up again almost instantly, carried Paperweight wide, turned his head over the outside rail and pulled up, while the field swept by in a cloud of heavy mud.

Marion saw Midgie dismount, fuss with his saddle a minute and then go plodding slowly back toward the starting-gate, leading Paperweight behind him. Presently she saw him stoop and pick something up, then he climbed on the rail, swung the horse in toward him, mounted again and rode back to the judges' stand. Henry, owner of Paperweight, met him as he came back into the paddock.

"What happened, son?" he queried.

Midgie looked into the man's very soul but found no guile there. "Where did you get that colored swipec who helped your trainer saddle Paperweight, sir?" he demanded.

"He used to work for Fatty Milligan, but Fatty had to fire him because his jockey, Jameson, didn't like the boy. What about him, son?"

Midgie reached into his silk blouse and drew forth a muddled roll of bandage of the sort used to wrap a horse's legs. "Your new swipec slipped that under the saddle-girth just as he passed the cinch under to your trainer, sir. He put it in high enough so I couldn't feel it, but when I got running it worked loose and fell out; then when I started to take the turn my saddle slipped. I almost went overboard. I was out of the race. I'm sorry, sir."

Henry took a half-dozen pasteboards from his pocket. "Look 'em over, son," he suggested. "That bandage roll cost me four thousand dollars."

"Oh, I knew you didn't do it, sir. Fatty Milligan had a hand in this," Midgie whispered. "The big idea was to get me spilled and hurt so I couldn't ride Colonel P. in the handicap. I'll win that race, Mr. Henry, as sure as death and taxes. Play the Sycamore entry and get back your four thousand dollars. Mum's the word. Milligan and Banfield are out to make a killing with the Banfield entry. I've got 'em faded with Colonel P. and Bedelia; they don't think so but they're taking no chances. Hence that bandage roll."

Midgie climbed up into the jockey room, to await the call to ride Colonel P. in the Ponchartrain Handicap. In the jockey room he drew into a corner the boy he had had Jim Merton engage to ride Bedelia.

It was a field of fifteen horses, the rich stake of twenty-five thousand dollars having brought out many an optimist who would not have bet on his entry with stage money but who hoped against hope that a miracle might give him a share of the purse. The field broke from the quarter-pole to a fair start and swept by the grand stand well strung out, with none of the riders seeking the lead.

Going around the turn into the back-stretch, however, the contenders commenced moving up; half-way up the back-stretch the horses were grouped as follows: Three open lengths in the lead, the favorite; behind him the two acknowledged contenders, behind them and running neck and neck Sans Souci and Pilgrim's Pride; at the latter's tail Colonel P. plodded along, with Bedelia's head at his flank and the remainder of the field strung out behind her. Already the heavy going was beginning to tell on the horses that had no real right to be entered in that handicap.

Coming out of the back-stretch into the far turn the favorite tired badly and Sans Souci moved up into the lead. Close behind him the faintly intoxicated Pilgrim's Pride thundered gamely, with Colonel P. at his tail and closing with him rapidly. Bedelia's rider, obeying orders, moved up with the Colonel, watching Midgie's every move.

Up on the near side of the Pilgrim Midgie crept, urging Colonel P. to his mightiest effort; then in the middle of the turn he commenced to carry wide very gradually, while Bedelia followed. Quartering the track straight for the outside rail Midgie went, then as he reached it he straightened out, to find himself five open lengths behind the Pilgrim who had relegated Sans Souci to second place.

But they were into the stretch now and the boy on Bedelia could hear, above the thud of hoofs and the whiz of flying cakes of mud, the voice of Midgie Macklin, crying to his mount: "At-a-boy, Colonel. Come on, boy, give me what you got. I've given you the footing, now give me the race."

And Colonel P. responded. Something had given him new courage, something had indicated to him that here was a race he could win if only he tried hard enough. He flattened himself out and flew, and behind him the fleet Bedelia followed.

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At the quarter-pole he was two lengths behind the leader and Bedelia was even with Sans Souci. At the eighth pole Colonel P. was even with Pilgrim's Pride and Bedelia had passed Sans Souci. Past the paddock the field swept, while a great heart-breaking roar that was half a sigh broke from the multitude. Colonel P. was still thudding along on the outside with Bedelia at his tail, but he was two open lengths in front now and Bedelia was half a length in front of the strangely rejuvenated Pilgrim! And in that order they swept past the finish.

Midge, through for the day, rode back, weighed in, checked out o. k. and trotted up the track to the jockey room. John T. Banfield, Fatty Milligan and Dan Bard stood on the lawn just outside the gate leading into the paddock, and just inside the gate Marion Henning stood awaiting Midge.

"Oh, Midge!" she cried. "Oh, Midge, you've won and Bedelia was second. How did you do it? When I saw the Colonel and Bedelia carry wide in the middle of the turn I thought you must be crazy."

The boy laughed and turned toward Banfield, Milligan and Bard. "And I would have been crazy if I hadn't known what I was doing," he replied, raising his voice for their benefit. "Last night, when I walked down to the restaurant back of the grand stand for my supper, I found a little dry track just inside the outer rail of the track. I found it commenced about the middle of the turn.

"It seems the negro swipes and laborers around the stables have been climbing over the fence at that spot and walking down the track to eat at a colored restaurant back yonder. Most of them are barefooted and with their big flat feet they squeezed all the water out of the mud; then they flattened it down and it dried out and furnished nice hard firm footing—almost a fast track. So I made my run just before I reached the start of that trail, carried over to it, with Bedelia following, and set a pace, on that good footing, no horse in the world could equal in the deep, heavy going next the rail.

"Bedelia would have died coming into the stretch if she hadn't followed the Colonel." He pursed his lips at the stricken trio outside the paddock gate. "Bah-h-h-h!" he jeered. "Back to the farm for Fatty Milligan and John T. Banfield!

"The stewards will be sending for you two right after the last race. I tipped 'em off to the fact that your morning-glory had took to strong drink and all three judges smelled his breath just before you brought him over from the stable, Mr. Banfield. And that colored swipe you two paid to slip the bandage roll under Paperweight's cinch has told the judges all about it, so it begins to look as if we'd begin to have a little cleaner horse-racing."

He turned to Marion Henning. "How much did you bet?" he whispered.

"Five thousand straight on our entry at six to one to win, five thousand at two to one to place and five thousand on the Banfield entry to show at even money."

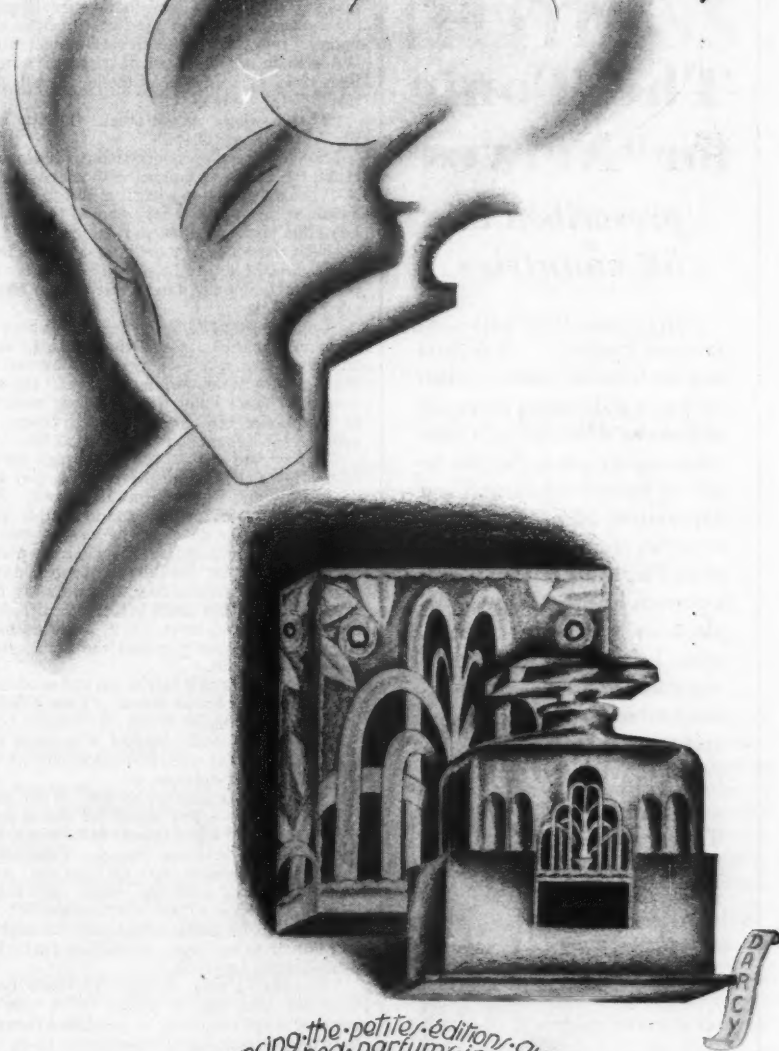
"Only forty-five thousand new bucks in the old sock," Midge chirped airily. "Not so bad. And we ought to get at least twenty thousand more out of the purse. Dear old drunken Pilgrim managed to win a little consolation money and I suppose Banfield and Milligan will split that as well as their losses. Honestly, aren't those two the picture of hard luck?"

"The way of the transgressor is always hard, Midge, dear."

A boy came through into the paddock. Midge collared him.

"This is the kid that rode Bedelia," he explained. "He's a good kid and he obeyed orders and rode a good race. He ain't got no steady job, Miss Marion, and I think we can use him." He came close to his mistress, stood on the tips of his mud-bespattered boots and pressed his lips against her ear. "Slip the kid something extra," he pleaded. "He ain't been eating good lately."

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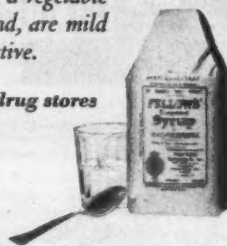
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## Devil Medicine by John Knittel (Continued from page 87)

made a row and whistled, and from all sides came a noise like tapping going on and on. Insects hummed in thick swarms around us, attacked us, and sometimes it felt like walking through a buttery substance that was alive.

"We trudged on and on and after a week of this trudging business Boothy fell sick. He had the fever. Real fever. We carried him for a couple of days, until I thought he would die. Then I looked around for some decent place to make an encampment and found a small opening among the trees of the forest, a little elevated. From it I could see in various directions. We were in an inhabited district and near a large river, probably one of the northern tributaries of the Congo.

"That is where we got stuck. Boothy was ill. Very ill, poor chap."

Mr. Swiggers stopped for a moment and looked round the Savoy restaurant with wild eyes.

"You can't imagine what it meant to me. It meant a fiasco. We'd never get to the Walla-boos Hills now. It started raining, raining in buckets; there was no more blue sky anywhere. Not a shred of it. And a series of tornadoes set in which caused the dark forest to roar like a crashing Hell.

"I put Boothy under canvas, got our boys to build huts, sent back the carriers and kept only one of the men, a tall scraggy naked hunter. I dosed Boothy from morning till night. He was shouting I don't know what. At one moment he was playing golf on a Palm Beach course, at another, gibbering about a girl called Jill.

"At any rate I dosed the first attack out of him. He came through pretty weak, but got on steadily and was soon up and about. His nice broad face had gone long and liverish, and the first thing he did when he was up was to clean his golf-clubs and put them in a dry place.

"I had all the brushwood cleared away around us and made a dike to drain away the water. Boothy got much better in health, but became more and more silent. One evening when we were squatting near the fire I asked him to have it out.

"He turned his pale face to me and scratched his young coffee-brown beard. 'Ever killed a man?' he asked me.

"I told him I had. Several of them in the South African War, and two negroes only about a year ago in self-defense.

"Ah, you! he growled at me. 'That isn't killing. I knew a girl called Jill and a man called George. I killed George in his bed in his father's house in Long Island. Killed him stone-dead because he stole Jill from me. And I got clear away from the police. My name isn't Booth Baker either. Got me now?'

"I tell you, his killing a chap looked a mighty small affair to me then. I told him that. He seemed quite surprised.

"Boothy,' I said, 'if that's all that's been worrying you, put it aside. Now you've coughed it up, forget it. If you killed George, George deserved killing. And listen to an old man. Put aside women. When you're down and out they never come near you and when you're up and sprightly they come and drag you down. They ought to be just a man's pastime, not his profession.'

"What's the use of talking such rot to me?' he said. 'You're a wild man! I've been brought up in a home. I've got a father and a mother, brothers and sisters, and you haven't. You don't know what it is to have a heart, to long for a heart. You're after gold. Blast your gold! I didn't come with you to find gold; I came to seek something else. I know it now. I never shall get out of this forest again.'

"He burst into wild laughter that made me fairly shudder. I thought he'd go mad, but no, he didn't. From that time the boy's behavior seemed to change. He kind of settled down to the situation and became quite gay at times. He started singing and whistling and telling yarns that made me laugh. He was an educated boy. Overeducated for my standards of knowledge."

Mr. Swiggers looked firmly across my head. He thought for a while and went on:

"In the place where we had camped, ants and mosquitoes, snakes and caterpillars came to fight us. Their numbers seemed to increase every day by the million and we had to move on. Tipps and Billy Hippo had been away exploring the neighborhood, and they came back with the news that about two days' march from where we were there was a large open space. So off we went and found that open space, and pitched up a new camp.

"It was on fairly high ground, but we were surrounded by forests and swamps. Still, we had more light and air. We took stock of our provisions. Now we had brought six big tin boxes which were supposed to contain flour. Boothy opened one of these boxes and put his hand in it. He brought out some yellow stuff, smelled it, tasted it and cursed.

"Curry-powder! No joke! It was curry-powder. We sampled all the boxes. They all contained curry-powder. That confounded grocer who had supplied us had made a mistake. Can you imagine what it means camping in the sickly season with no flour? Said, who cooked for us, turned pale in spite of his black skin.

"Now, Boothy,' I said, 'this is most serious. We shall have to live on meat! There's no fruit, no cabbage, no potatoes growing here either.'

"Boothy started to sing: 'A-hunting we will go' and, 'We'll live on medicines,' he said. 'Quinin, quinin, quinin!'

"He went out to practise with his mashing niblick while I sat down holding my head. He came back laughing and nicknamed me 'Christopher Caruso,' and started to make up a song about Christopher Caruso and his brother Robinson Crusoe. I couldn't even smile.

"One morning some black strangers turned up. They carried long spears and wore nothing but tufts of buffalo hair, except one of them, an old man, who had a chain of panther and crocodile teeth dangling round his neck. Our man from Wamba-Wamba's staff and said acted as interpreters. We got to hear, after a long palaver, that His Majesty Mangaboo, king of the neighboring wilds, was sick, and they had got to know about us white men on the Goodoo-goodoo tom-tom wireless system, and their Papa Sorcerer had said we had 'big white devil medicine' to cure Mangaboo the Mighty.

"We palavered and palavered for over an hour. Boothy's eyes gleamed with joy. I was quite happy about him, welcoming anything to divert his sorrow from him. Finally we conveyed to Mangaboo's prime minister that if he would send us some strong Tippos to carry us in hammocks we'd come and pay our respects to his king.

"King Mangaboo's residence was about ten miles away and he sent us an army of carriers, big stalwart fellows, on the very next day. 'What medicine are we to give this king?' I asked Boothy. 'We might need all we've got for ourselves.'

"In answer to my question he took a small empty tin and filled it up with curry-powder. 'That'll cure His Majesty!' he said.

"We stood roaring with laughter.

"We'll visit the old so-and-so in style,' went on Boothy, and he took out of one of his boxes a silk handkerchief representing the American flag, tied it to his driver and got Congo to march with it in front of us.

"We entered Mangaboo-town, Congo carrying the American flag, myself and Boothy in hammocks, our gun-bearers beside us, and Tipps carrying Boothy's golf-bag for a lark. There were shouts ringing out everywhere. A whole naked population was on its feet, and small dogs were scrambling all over the place.

"The big tom-tom Goodoo-goodoo was thumping in the air and the crowd surged around us, prancing like stung fleas. Their huts seemed fairly tidy, their streets fairly clean. I never saw a better lot of natives in my life.



"And you never saw such a king as we saw squatting on a large hollow ebony stool in front of one of the huts. He had a crushed-up silk top-hat on his head, a spear ten feet long across his knees, panther teeth hanging like pearl necklaces over his vast stomach, which he was constantly rubbing with his large ring-covered hands.

"On his right and left stood an array of women, pitch-black and glossy like organ-pipes, of all sizes and ages. They all wore big gold bangles.

"Six men suddenly darted out of the crowd. They were painted white—negroes always paint the Devil white—and were covered with reeds and feathers and bits of coarse cloth, had head-dresses like tree tops and porcupines, and they started to dance and to tumble about until they were in a frenzy. Boothy and I left our hammocks and a long palaver was started between our two interpreters and the king. Boothy went up to the sovereign and waved the American flag over his top hat.

"I dare say this is British territory," he cried out, "but the Stars and Stripes come in useful sometimes."

"He strutted up and down in front of the women and made grave eyes at them. I could see what he was up to and called him back.

"Gosh! That's a beauty!" he cried out. He turned to the king. "Now, King, what's the matter with you?" he shouted at His Majesty. "Got the bellyache or what? Curry-powder will do the trick, I guess. This is Christopher Caruso, the greatest doctor in the world."

"King Mangaboo, not without dignity, started a long and painful palaver with the interpreters. Meanwhile Boothy said to me:

"Tell 'em this powder we've got is gold powder. Make the king swallow a big dose."

"We asked for hot water. The crowds kept at a respectful distance and became very silent while we made a bowlful of curry. When it was finished I sipped some of it. It was mighty strong I tell you, and I gave it to Boothy. He presented it to the king and the king tried it. He took a few gulps, coughed and roared, but Boothy drove him on with wild frantic gestures. The king shut his eyes and drank the lot of it.

"The women then performed a dance round the king. The strange music of the wilds accompanied them and this music always gets me when I hear it. It goes with the hellish dance. Boothy was hopelessly gone on these women. I could see that. And it took all my persuasive powers to get him away in the end.

"We got home to our encampment just before dark. A couple of trackers whom I'd sent away two days before to explore the country came back and reported such swamps on our intended itinerary that the prospect of moving on seemed hopeless. I gave in. I told Boothy that as soon as the weather got better we'd have to trek our way back. He didn't seem to care at all. His youth carried him along.

"I gave him a straight talk about the women when we were in the tent, and I drew his attention to an observation that I'd made in Mangaboo-town. I told him that some of the young fellows there had their teeth filed into points.

"Boothy didn't understand. So I explained to him that they were cannibals. There were still lots of them about, though they kept their society and their rites a secret, even from their own families.

"Fine! Fine!" called Boothy. "I'd like nothing better than an experience among cannibals."

"Well, he didn't know what this expedition really meant to me. He was having a good time for his money as far as he was concerned. To me, going back, under the circumstances, was a heart-breaking disappointment.

"Mangaboo's prime minister and secretaries of state turned up in the morning. They brought us a bowl of a *fon-fou*-like flower and presented us with a number of large bangles of pure green gold. I rubbed my eyes when I saw them. They were very heavy.

"Well, from that day onward, every day, natives turned up, all suffering from the king's

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disease, a kind of epidemic of dysentery that was going around, I suppose. Our encampment became the chemist shop of the district, and we began to see the business side of things. We rationed our curry-powder, but instead of merely hoping to receive royal generosity, we demanded a price for each ration of curry-powder.

"Said did all the bartering and we were amazed at the quantity of gold the natives had in their possession. So imagine, as the curry got lower and lower in the tin boxes, other boxes gradually becoming full up with gold.

"Finally we sent a messenger over to King Mangaboo proposing to him to take a small reserve of the medicine from us for future occasions. He paid us a personal visit, brought us the quantity of gold required and took the reserve medicine away. Eighteen men carried his hippopotamus-like body away on a painted sedan chair.

"One day Boothy disappeared with Said. He stayed away all day long. I had my suspicions about him and I was right. He came back in the evening with a black girl. I had a sinister feeling of disaster when I saw them arrive together. He dragged her along by the hand, she giggling and laughing and showing two rows of big white teeth. Heaven knows where he'd forked her up, but I knew that she was going to bring a lot of trouble.

"The king's given her to me! Look at Mahoney!" shouted Boothy, when he saw me.

"Take her back at once!" I said.

"I guess I'm not boob enough for that!" he shouted. "Look at her! A black Venus she is! Some kid!" He kissed her. "I'd take her down Park Avenue as she is! I'd push her under Jill's nose, I would! A black lotus!"

"Boothy," I said, keeping as calm as I could, "I'm an old man and you're a youngster. Take my word for it she'll bring us bad days. Send her back. I don't mind what you do, but not that!"

"Say," cried Boothy, "is this your expedition or is it mine?"

"To the devil with you, young fool!" I said. "This is the last straw. We'll halve the gold in our tins and you and I go apart."

"You're no sport!" he cried. "You're jealous! I know you."

"Not of her!" I cried back.

"No—but of me!" he cried.

"I laughed at him. He was going to draw his Mauser and I punched him on the jaw. He went down. I disarmed him while he was down. He got up growling:

"Fine sport you are!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," I said, and I flung his pistol at his feet. I was so overcome that I retired into our tent."

Mr. Swiggers ate up a dish of fruit salad quickly, and went on:

"From that day we no longer shared one tent. We halved the gold, halved our rations, our negroes and our ammunition, and Boothy went to live in a hut about a hundred yards away.

"He struck me as a young fellow who suffered from a mental jar and a suffocating pride. A new sort of human product. I used up all my patience to bring him back to me. No, he wouldn't. He lived his own life, a hundred yards off, went out shooting, stayed away whole days heaven knows where, and of an evening he sat down near his fire, drawing his black lotus to him, her head against his shoulder.

"I'll tell you now about the sickly full moon. The country round about had a rancid smell. The mosquitoes buzzed and dashed against my bug-net with fury. I took a stiff brandy in my camp-bed. I couldn't sleep. It was light like day. A muggy night, it was, calling out every bit of horror in a man.

"I got up in my pajamas, lighted my big calabash and put the netting all over me down to my legs. I looked across to Boothy's tent and I saw him just going off with his 'Mahoney.' He was holding her around her waist. They went down to the big oil-palms and I thought for once I'd go and see what they were up to. I followed them at some distance.

"They went on for about half an hour, and I was just beginning to wonder, as I had no gun with me, when suddenly I saw a lot of dark fellows jump out on poor Boothy, club him down and carry him away.

"I rushed back to the camp as fast as I could—I'm not much of a runner of course, at my age—and I got out my Winchester and a Mauser pistol. I didn't call up any of the boys. They would have been of no earthly use to me. On the contrary!

"I went back in the direction I'd seen Boothy carried off. I lost my way more than once and began to get nervous. But I walked on, with my pistol ready, right into the bush.

"Presently I saw a fire from far off lighting up the trees red, and I made for it just as carefully as if I were stalking a buffalo. I soon saw what was happening. There was a crowd of blacks doing a wild ominous dance around the big fire, and on the fire was an earthen jar larger than a bass drum, steaming like a teapot, and a pair of feet were sticking out at the top.

"Would you believe it? They were stewing poor Boothy! The sight of it turned my inside round. I went down on all fours to get a little nearer, and caught sight of 'Mahoney' lying dead near the fire.

"I felt inclined to shoot, but when you've got

my experience whenever you most want to shoot you don't shoot. I might have shot ten of them probably, but in the frenzied state they were all in the rest of them surely would have come for me at once. I leaned against a tree and felt quite weak. I shut my eyes and was horribly sorry for young Boothy. I didn't want to look on any longer and yet I had to.

"At last I could hold my hand no longer. I put my Winchester to my cheek and let go at them. Six of them fell. Then I went forward, ready with my Mauser. But they were so taken aback that they dived into the forest and disappeared.

"I went back to the camp and roused all my negroes and ordered them to make a big fire."

Mr. Swiggers drew a quid of tobacco out of his pocket, bit a piece off and began to chew it. He smiled grimly.

"Next morning I went to see the king. I was heavily armed. I even took a few dynamite cartridges with me. Mangaboo was very upset and wept like a child when he gathered what had occurred. I made it clear to him that he would have to bear the consequences of the murder of my friend, that he would have to find out the guilty cannibals of his tribe and put them at my disposal before night-fall.

"Well, the king could find only two of the swine. I had them bound hand and foot, blew up their huts with dynamite and hanged them by the neck until they were dead, according to our justice.

"I made up a document very carefully, setting forth the whole of the happenings, and got the king and his ministers to put their thumb-prints on it. I put their various names against the prints. Then I took a series of photographs, made it perfectly clear that a government inquiry would follow in due course, and went back to my camp.

"Now I am in London, you see, palavering with the government. I'd like them to entrust me with the job of clearing up some of these cannibals still in existence."

Mr. Swiggers pulled a thing out of his hip pocket that looked like a short stick wrapped in paper, or perhaps a dynamite cartridge, for all I could tell.

"What are you going to do now?" I asked him somewhat anxiously.

"Do?" he said. "Pay the bill of course!"

And he broke the little stick in halves against the edge of the table. Out of the broken stick he shook a few golden sovereigns onto the tablecloth.

"That's some of the result of the curry," he said with a grim smile. "And that's the stuff that's spoiling the whole world. And yet everybody's after it!"

## A Garret in Paris by Sir Philip Gibbs (Continued from page 57)

had sad eyes when he smiled—if there's any truth in what I remember."

"Quite likely," said Sacha. "Your father was a general of cavalry. So Little Mother told me once. All his family was wiped out. Like mine. Stayed too long, because they believed in Kerensky, from what I've heard."

"Well, it's pretty good in Paris," remarked Vera with her cheerful philosophy of life. "And after all, we've been lucky, Sacha. We're still alive, and the sun is shining, and if I could sit down on a bit of grass my legs wouldn't ache so much."

They sat down on a bit of grass in a glade of the Bois, away from the crowd gathered round the lake.

Sacha lay on his back with the sun on his face and Vera sat by his side and played a tune on a blade of grass between her lips. She was rather restless presently, and Sacha growled at her and said, "Can't you keep still?"

"I've got a flea on me!" she cried. "That sacred lodging-house of ours . . . Oh, the little devil!"

"Kill it!" said Sacha.

Vera hunted for it excitedly. She found it

half-way down her back and trapped it between thumb and finger.

"Sacha!" she cried exultantly. "I've got him! Put your hand down my back and squeeze the life out of the little beast."

"Sacred name of a dog!" said Sacha grumpily. But he couldn't refuse this little service. It was absurd of him to feel shy about it, to have a kind of electric shock when he touched her warm skin.

"Queer!" he thought. "There must be something the matter with me. It's like something I read in a novel the other day . . . Love, and all that muck."

After that Vera took off her hat and shook out her black hair, and lay flat on her back and went fast asleep. Sacha sat up with his hands clasped round his knees, staring at her.

She was certainly beautiful, he thought. It was strange that he had only just noticed that. She was a Russian type of beauty, with her black hair and sharp cheek-bones. She was smiling in her sleep as though at some joke of her own. She was always making jokes, and had a laughing way with her which made life amusing.

It wasn't her body that was beautiful so

much as the spirit in her. That was what he loved really. The spirit in this comrade of his. It was certainly love that had got hold of him, for this girl who had been like his sister. She called him "little brother" when she didn't call him "my old one" or "silly old crocodile" or "big bear." She would only laugh and jeer at him if he said he loved her. She wouldn't understand. And yet he would have to try to make her understand . . .

He unclasped his hands from his knees and edged over to her on the grass and lay down by her side, and very quietly and softly, so as not to wake her, kissed one of her thin white hands. Presently she flung out an arm across his chest, and her head turned sideways against his shoulder.

The sun dipped in the sky and the clouds were flushed and there were flame-tipped feathers over the lake beyond the island. Single pairs of lovers came down the glade and smiled at Sacha and Vera lying there on the grass, but passed on discreetly. A thrush twittered in the bushes. A party of boys and girls were singing as they rowed back to the boat-house across the lake.

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## A Gift as popular as Christmas — Waterman's

ONLY the proven worth of more than forty years of demonstrated merit could bring to Waterman's writing instruments the tremendous popularity they enjoy at every Christmas Season. Then, it is, they become the "Ideal" gifts for thousands. Offered in an almost limitless variety of styles, they fit the purse and the taste of everyone. Practical gifts, they continue daily reminders of the givers throughout the years. And Waterman's new No. 7 is particularly practical at Christmas time, because, if necessary, the nib can be so easily exchanged by the recipient for another which will suit him perfectly. No. 7 is the vehicle for Waterman's new principle of scientific pen point selection—a notable contribution and a genuine boon to the popular practice of "fountain pen giving."

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Desk Set No. 6267  
Black (variegated) marble  
base, 4" x 6"  
Price with No. 67 desk pen/  
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### Gyro-Sheath Desk Sets

Waterman's new Gyro-Sheath Desk Sets are rapidly becoming the choice of prominent business executives and women of fashion everywhere. To an extraordinary degree they combine artistic beauty with practical utility. Equipped with No. 7 pen points fitted to gracefully tapering colored holders, the principle of scientific pen point selection is thus applied to Desk Sets for the first time. Waterman's products are on sale at all Waterman's dealers and Waterman's dealers are everywhere. Use Waterman's inks in Waterman's pens.



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The perfect gift  
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### Two-Tone Color Pens and Pencils

Offered in three colors,  
two sizes (large \$5, small  
\$4) with pencils to match  
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delight the eyes as well  
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# NEW

## THE 50 BOX of Gillette Blades



**EVERY TIME HE  
SHAVES IN 1929  
HE'LL THANK YOU**

A SMART, masculine gift box that's bound to be appreciated all over again each morning! Generous measure for generous shaving comfort! Not a short-lived present, not a frivolous one, but a soundly sensible, month-after-month gift that appeals to a man's practical nature.

And the distinctive thing about it is its newness . . . it is presented by Gillette for the *first time* this Christmas. You can be sure when you choose the Fifty Box for him that he has never before received a similar gift for Christmas — or any other time.

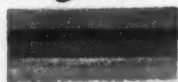
P. S. — If the little chest with its regimental stripes attracts you, why don't you make a bid for it after he's used up the blades? It makes a charming cigarette box, stamp box, jewel case or general depository for the sewing or dressing table.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

### Brand new!

Fifty of the famous double edged Gillette Blades (one hundred shaving edges) tucked away in a sturdy, compact, colorful box. An original, personal way to carry your season's greetings far into the New Year.

**\$5**  
everywhere  
**The  
perfect  
gift**



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Presently Vera yawned, opened her eyes and sat up. "What's the time, Sacha?" "No hurry," he said. "This is better than the Rue Danton."

"Get up, lazybones!" cried Vera.

On the way back she was so tired that she dragged on Sacha's arm and was glad when he put his arm round her waist like any shop-boy out with his girl on this Sunday in springtime.

IN THE room on the fifth floor in the Rue Danton, she cooked some soup on the gas-stove, and while it was getting hot took off one of her stockings to show Sacha a chafed heel.

"Regardez, mon ami! Effrayant!"

He bent down to look at that heel and then suddenly kissed that little white foot of hers.

For a moment she looked at him with laughing surprise. "Silly old crocodile!" she exclaimed.

Sacha's face flushed deeply.

"It's what Little Motuér used to do when I hurt my knees as a small boy."

"Baby stuff!" she said contemptuously.

"And there's the soup boiling over. Ciel!"

"Well, why don't you look after your job?" asked Sacha grumpily, to cover his confusion at making such an idiot of himself.

Among those young men downstairs who lay abed by day and went out on some night work of their own, was one named Adolphe Meunier who lived in a single room on the third floor, next to the blind man who sold newspapers outside Notre Dame. Vera had known him by sight and liked the look of him because of something gay and careless about him, and his black eyes in which a smile lurked. She rather liked him also because he was kind to the blind man and always gave him a hand down the wooden stairs and past the gap in the banisters on the second floor, if they happened to be going out at the same time.

He generally went out about the time when Vera came back from the drapery shop. After they had met on the stairs three times, he raised his hat and said, "*Bonjour, mademoiselle*," very politely. After they had met there six times, he made a remark about the weather. Then one day he seemed in a conversational mood, standing on the stairs above her so that she couldn't very well pass him.

"Russian?" he asked, smiling down on her.

She nodded, and said, "Refugees."

"Live with your brother?"

"Yes, Sacha. Fifth floor."

He tapped the end of a cigarette on a case that looked like silver. "Doing anything tonight?"

"Washing my hair," said Vera, who was very frank and truthful.

"No hurry for that!" he suggested. "Why not come and dine at one of the restaurants on the Boulevards? Lots of light, and a bottle of wine with a label on it. Then a little dance up in Montmartre."

"It costs a lot of money, all that!" said Vera.

"Are you a millionaire, by any chance?"

He jingled some money in his pocket.

"For a day or two. An American tourist who took a fancy to me. I showed him a bit of Paris night life. That's my *métier*—when I'm not otherwise engaged, as an artist, you know. Sometimes I make a bit of money—sometimes I don't—and when I make it I spend it. That's the way to get the best out of life, *Mademoiselle*. Don't you agree?"

"It's the Russian way," said Vera. "But Sacha and I never make any money worth talking about. No such luck."

"Oh, it's easy!" he told her. "Especially for a charming girl like you."

"Poor but honest," said Vera, half joking but half serious. Perhaps this young man Adolphe Meunier was getting a little too familiar, she thought. He was not aware that he was talking to a girl who had once been kissed by the Czar of Russia.

"What about that little dinner?" he asked. "You can bring your brother, if you like. I can find a nice girl for him."

"A thousand thanks, Monsieur," said Vera,

rather coldly, "but Sacha and I prefer our quiet life at home."

"A thousand pardons, princess!" he answered, bowing ironically, and letting her pass.

She felt that she had been rather too haughty with him. After all, it was generous of him to invite her to that restaurant on the Grands Boulevards, especially as he had included Sacha.

She would like just once in a way to wear an evening frock and to go into one of those great marble halls where the light from the candelabra would sparkle on the jewels she would wear. Her own mother had been used to that kind of life. All her ancestors for hundreds of years back. Sacha in a black suit and white shirt would look wonderful. Sacha always had a noble look, however shabby his clothes . . .

She told Sacha about that young man on the stairs and his invitation to dinner. For some queer reason Sacha became angry about it and threatened to "bash" Mr. Adolphe Meunier if he dared to stop her on the stairs again and indulge in any of his swinish insolence.

She couldn't understand why he was so fussed about it. She was perfectly capable of looking after herself, considering that she was a *midinette* in the Rue Montmartre who spent some of her time each day in answering back young clerks and elderly amorists who tried to get into conversation with her when she stood outside the shop with its trays of silk stockings.

But then, Sacha had been getting queer lately—snapping her up for nothing at all, and then becoming conscience-stricken and doing little brotherly things to make amends. Sometimes she saw him looking at her rather strangely and wistfully, when he thought she was not noticing. Once he had come over to her chair when she was doing needlework and suddenly kissed her on the neck. And one night when she had gone to bed and put out the candle she heard him standing at the open door between the two rooms, breathing rather heavily.

She called out to him, "Anything the matter, Sacha?"

For a moment he hadn't answered. Then he spoke in a husky voice. "Nothing. I thought you were asleep."

Just once or twice the odd thought came to her that Sacha was in love with her, as love is made in French novels and perhaps in real life. But she put that idea out of her head very quickly. It was idiotic! Sacha couldn't possibly love her like that. He was exactly like her brother. Besides, anyhow, she was too ugly, with skinny legs and thin arms, and rat-tailed hair. Sacha would fall in love one day with some pretty girl with shingled hair and a doll-like face which Vera would want to scratch because she would hate her violently for wanting to take Sacha away. Even the idea turned her blood cold. To be without Sacha would be to lose everything. She would rather be dead . . . But she didn't see why he should get in such a rage because that mysterious young man downstairs offered to spend his money on them.

"He's certainly a crook," said Sacha. "Probably an *apache*. How does he get enough money to afford a dinner on the Grands Boulevards? Those restaurants are only for foreign tourists and French swine who made money out of the devastated regions or as profiteers by raising the price of food for people like us."

"He's an artist," said Vera. "Sometimes he acts as guide to rich Americans. They fling their dollars at him. He's very good-natured—kind-hearted, even. I see him helping our blind man downstairs sometimes. And he has laughter in his eyes."

"Blast his eyes!" was Sacha's bad-tempered answer, but a little later, conscience-stricken again, he suggested that they should blow ten francs at the neighboring *ciné*.

Vera thought he had taken leave of his senses. Ten francs! Why, there was the gas bill to pay and they were already in debt to Mr. Felix Potin who charged most frightful prices for his tins of sardines.

Sacha practised his violin instead of going to the *ciné*. He played it now like a *chef d'orchestre*, having music in his finger-tips, and, like all Russians, in his soul. It was muted as usual because of the other tenants in this lodging-house, but it was loud enough to fill that little room with the cry of love in his heart, with his dream, with his newly awakened passion.

"What's that you're playing, big bear?" asked Vera, looking up from her needlework.

"Something I've made up," said Sacha.

"It's rather good," said Vera. "It would make a hit at the Folies-Bergère."

"Think so?" he answered with a frozen laugh, as though this compliment had cut him like a sword.

"If I could get my chance," he said presently, "I might leave that Dead Rat and all its smells and get a job in some cabaret. Of course I'd have to play jazz which is worse than death, but I might earn better wages . . . I could buy you a pretty frock now and then, Miss Vanity. With luck later on all sorts of things might happen. Something better than these two rooms. Friends of our own class. Comfort and a little beauty."

"One day you'll be a great man, Sacha," Vera told him. "If you can only get your chance those dreams may come true."

"Who's going to give me the chance?" asked Sacha gloomily. "We don't know anybody. We live like hermits after our day's job."

Strangely enough it was Adolphe Meunier who gave him his chance—that fellow whose eyes he had condemned because Vera said they had laughter in them.

He came up to the fifth floor one evening with two tickets for the circus in the Rue St. Honoré, and stood leaning against the doorpost, talking to Vera who had opened the door to him. He didn't seem to bear any grudge because she had refused to go to dinner with him.

"I have some friends who do the trapeze stuff," he told her. "They gave me these tickets for the front row. No good to me tonight, because I have a little appointment elsewhere. If they're any good to you and your brother—"

"Oh, Sacha!" cried Vera excitedly. "Some tickets for the circus. For you and me!"

Sacha came towards the door. He gave a sulky glance at Adolphe Meunier.

"I detest the circus," he said.

VERA laughed at him and pulled his ear.

"Why, it was only last night that you said you loved the smell of sawdust in a circus, and the clowns, and the spangled lady on a white horse!"

"It's amusing for children," he admitted grudgingly.

"Well, I'm a child!" said Vera. "And I want to go. And you've got to take me. And it's wonderfully kind of Mr. Meunier."

"No kindness," said Adolphe Meunier carelessly. "I just thought it might amuse you."

"Vera and I are much obliged to you," said Sacha with a very formal politeness, as though he were a Russian grand duke. "I'm afraid, however, I am too busy tonight. A thousand thanks, all the same."

"*Comme vous voulez!*" Adolphe Meunier shrugged his shoulders and smiled at Vera.

In the end Sacha was persuaded to go and vastly enjoyed himself and forgot all his annoyance in his laughter at the clowns, and glanced sideways now and then to look at Vera who sat forward in the front row of the stalls with a shining light in her eyes, astounded by the grace and fearlessness of the acrobats.

Towards the end of the show Adolphe Meunier spoiled the evening for Sacha. It appeared that his appointment had not taken so long as he thought, and he had come in to see his friends. He knew one of the men at the stage door. He could get in free any time. And he was glad to see that Sacha and Vera seemed to be amusing themselves.

"Enormously!" said Vera. "Such a change from the Rue Danton. Even Sacha cannot help laughing at those clowns."



# Give beauty

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But Sacha did not laugh any more at the clowns. He suddenly went gloomy again. But he had to be polite to the fellow. It was impossible to avoid going home with him after the show, especially as he offered to take them in a taxi with an air of incredible affluence.

"I'm feeling very rich tonight," he explained. "That appointment of mine was rather profitable."

"Take care you don't get your pocket picked!" laughed Vera. "The lady next to me lost her purse in the crush as we came in."

"*Sapristi!*" exclaimed Adolphe Meunier, clapping his hand to his pocket, alarmed at the awful thought of losing his wealth.

That drive in the taxi was a noble end to a great evening. Vera sat back between Sacha and their new friend with a sense of luxury. She put her hand through Sacha's arm and squeezed it. "Like aristocrats!" she whispered.

"I prefer walking," said Sacha.

Adolphe Meunier paid the taxi-driver with a lordly air and gave him two francs for himself. He commented humorously on the pleasure of being generous to the poor.

"We people who live in the Rue Danton," he said, "are perhaps made selfish sometimes by our luxurious surroundings."

Vera thought that a good joke. She laughed lightly as she went up the wooden stairs with her hand on Sacha's arm. From every door came a reek of food—garlic, fried onions, fish and burning fat. From the landing upstairs came the sound of a child wailing. The luxurious surroundings of the Rue Danton! Yes, a good joke of Adolphe Meunier's!

Outside his door she whispered something to Sacha and then gave an invitation which she thought was the least she could do after that evening at the circus.

"You will take a little coffee with us in our rooms, Monsieur?"

He was delighted to take a little coffee with them. "I'm as lonely as a dog in my own room," he said. "And I'm a sociable fellow when I'm not working."

He was amiable and vivacious in their barely furnished room, round which he looked with inquisitive eyes.

"You play the violin like a master," he said presently to Sacha. "I hear you sometimes when I have my window open."

"I am learning," admitted Sacha.

"He hopes one day to get a job in an orchestra," explained Vera. "And he plays wonderfully when he likes. If only he could get his chance—"

"Why not?" asked Adolphe Meunier. "If you care to have me I will speak to some friends of mine. They run a cabaret near the Place Pigalle. Not very respectable, perhaps, but one takes life as one finds it, eh? There is a jazz band for the American visitors; but the leading violinist had a little argument the other night with the saxophonist, and it was the latter who ended it with an empty champagne-bottle. It is possible they have not filled up the absent place. I should be enchanted to recommend your brother, Mademoiselle."

"It is a chance!" said Vera. "Certainly you are very obliging, Monsieur."

"It is my pleasure," he said, with an airy wave of his cigaret. "I am not perhaps a saint, but I like to do a little service to my friends now and then. It is a form of selfishness, no doubt."

"A very nice form of selfishness," remarked Vera graciously. "What do you say, Sacha?"

Sacha muttered his thanks. Certainly a place in the orchestra of any cabaret, however low, might lead to better things than his miserable job at the Dead Rat. But probably they had filled up the vacancy, he thought.

"I will let you know in a day or two," said their new-found comrade.

On the landing outside the door he smiled at Vera and held her hand for a moment longer than was quite necessary.

"You will come to dinner with me one night?" he pleaded. "If I get that place for your brother, there will be some reward, Mademoiselle?"

"All my thanks," she answered, a little shy of his smiling eyes.

"Why not a little love?" he asked in a low voice, so that Sacha should not hear. "What is life without love, Mademoiselle. It is what makes life gay, is it not?"

"I shall be glad of your friendship, Monsieur," said Vera, getting rather frightened, but laughing at him as he stood there in the gloom.

"Love!" he said. "I am a great lover, when I am not working." He raised his black hat and went down to his own floor.

In the room Sacha was standing moodily staring at the bare boards.

"I don't like that fellow!" he growled. "Why does he push his way into our lives?"

"He wants to be friendly," said Vera. She thought it better not to mention that he wanted a little love. That was absurd, and Sacha would be angry.

She went close to him and laid her cheek against his face.

"Silly old bear!" she cried. "What makes you so bad-tempered nowadays?"

For a moment he had an idea that he would tell her what made him so bad-tempered, that jealousy which made him hate any man who tried to get friendly with her, that love which made him yearn to have his arms about her. But he was shy of telling her, and something told him that he might make her afraid of him if he became passionate. She was so young. And he had promised his mother to take care of her. He ought to wait a bit until she found out and made things easy.

"Haden't you better get to bed?" he asked. "You'll be a wreck tomorrow, after all this gay life."

"I shall dream of you in the orchestra," she told him, "playing like an angel and looking like a prince!"

"Dreams don't come true," he answered gloomily, while she slipped off her frock before him.

But that dream came true within a week. Adolphe Meunier had not been bluffing, and Sacha, after a trial at the cabaret near the Place Pigalle, was engaged as violinist in the place of the gentleman, also a Russian, whose head had been broken by an empty bottle. The salary was twenty francs a night and quite magnificent compared with the wages at the Dead Rat. But the company was not all that might be desired, and the hours were long, and the atmosphere of rank scent, cigaret smoke and bad champagne was overpowering. Still one can't have everything in life, especially at the beginning of one's career . . . Vera had a new frock out of Sacha's first week's earnings.

There was one disadvantage about Sacha's new job, among a few others. It spoilt those quiet evenings together with Vera—their home life. At the Dead Rat he had begun work at six o'clock in the morning and left at six when the markets closed down. Now, in this cabaret, he began work at six in the evening and played his last tune at four o'clock in the morning.

As Vera was selling silk stockings in the Rue Montmartre between the hours of nine and seven every day he saw her only when she was in bed and asleep, unless she remained awake to make him a bowl of soup when he crept in with his violin under his arm, anxious not to wake her, yet glad when she was awake. They had their Sundays together until the evening, and they made the most of them, but the week-days were long between those holidays.

Vera was lonely without him, doing needlework in her little room or reading until her eyes were tired. She missed her comrade dreadfully. And she was peevish with him because he would not let her go to the cabaret where at least she might have had the chance of seeing him while he played that jazz music he hated so much, or, now and then, something of his own between the dances. She had gone there once as a surprise for him, but he hadn't been pleased.

It was Adolphe Meunier who took her, at her own request. He had hesitated for



a moment, as though perhaps she ought not to go.

"The company there is somewhat bohemian, you understand, Mademoiselle? Friendly, but a little unconventional, perhaps, for a young lady like yourself."

She pooh-pooed his scruples.

"Life is life," she said. "I am Russian and not afraid to look life in the face. Besides, Sacha will be there. I can sit near him. Now and then I can talk to him, perhaps."

Adolphe Meunier was pleased to take her.

"We might have a little dance together," he suggested. "I have a passion for dancing. It is possible that I might become a *gigolo* if my other work permitted."

She inquired about his other work, but he only smiled down at her as they walked to the Place Pigalle, and said, "I am an artist, as I have told you, Mademoiselle. An artist of life."

"It sounds good," she said. "And sometimes you make enough money to ride about in taxis and dine on the Grands Boulevards."

"A little luck now and again," he explained.

"And glad to share it with good friends . . . Now how would you like a pretty thing like this? It's yours, if you would favor me by wearing it." He pulled out a string of pearls and dangled it on his fingers.

Very good imitation pearls, thought Vera. They had a sparkle and color that made them look quite real. They would cost a hundred francs or more down the Rue de Rivoli.

"You must give that to a pretty lady," she laughed.

"Exactly!" he said, glancing at her sideways. "They would look admirable on your pretty neck, Mademoiselle."

He was disappointed when she refused to take them, under the plea of having a scraggy neck, not worthy of such nice beads.

He laughed in a vexed kind of way, and held up the trinket under a lamp-post.

"They look as good as real—these beads!" he said. "Some girls I know would grab at them. One day perhaps you will be friends with me," he said sulkily, as though her refusal had hurt his pride.

"You have my friendship now," she told him. "After your kindness to Sacha."

"You're cold and distant," he complained. "It is perhaps the Russian character. Cold as ice—until love comes like a flame. How can I melt the ice in your heart, Mademoiselle?"

Vera laughed at him.

"That is the way Frenchmen talk! I have read it in novels. It is all very amusing."

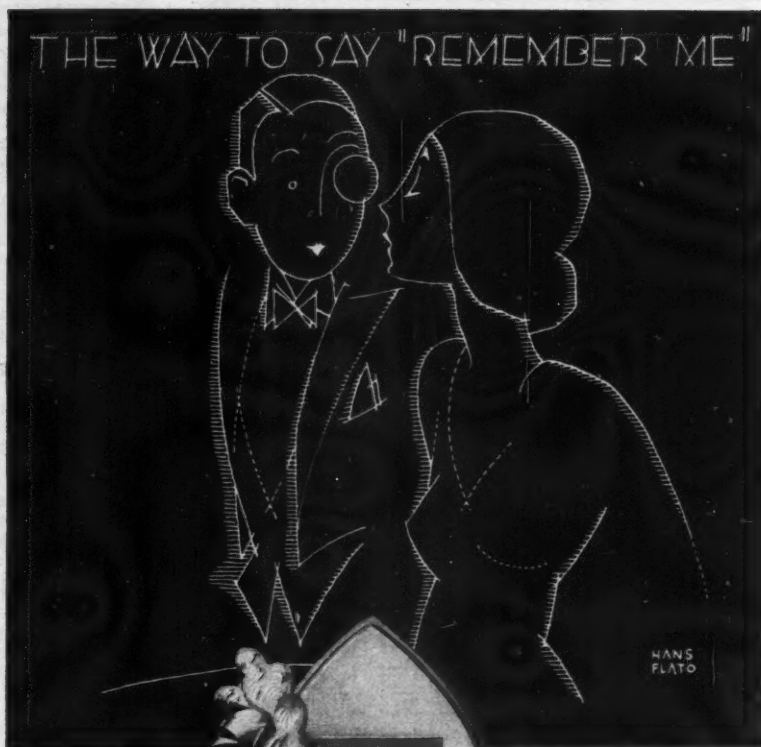
"I am, it is true, a Frenchman," he answered. "I love quickly and with passion. I loved you when I first saw you on the stairs. 'That girl is different,' I said. 'She is not like other women who have given me a little love when I have had a little money. She has a soul as well as a body. I would like to be loved by her.' Those thoughts came into my head, Mademoiselle, on the stairs of that stinking house in the Rue Danton. You see I am an artist. An artist of life. I have sensibilities, though I am not a saint."

"I think perhaps you talk a little nonsense sometimes," said Vera, very frankly and good-naturedly.

There was no time for further talk because they had reached the Place Pigalle and the cabaret where Sacha played in the orchestra.

He was playing now as they entered, at the far end of a crowded room. Vera thought he was pale, as he stood there with a lock of hair falling over his forehead. But he looked very noble, she thought, in evening clothes which he had bought second-hand in a shop near the Place de la Bastille. By his side was the saxophonist who had broken the head of Sacha's predecessor. On the other side of Sacha was the man with the "traps"—the noise-maker—and behind them the pianist with his back to them.

People were sitting at little tables on each side of the room, and between them was a floor space for dancing. Some couples were dancing now, closely clasped. The women seemed to belong to the cabaret. They did not wear



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By MAE MARTIN

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many clothes and their backs were too bare even for the fashions of Paris in high society.

This was not high society. Even Vera could tell that. It was a crowd of queer types—rather evil-looking men and painted women who laughed on too shrill a note and foreigners who stared about them curiously as though seeing life in the underworld of Paris.

As Adolphe Meunier entered two or three people greeted him. One of the painted girls waved a hand at him. One of the men—a young man with a livid scar down his cheek—winked at him and said, "How's business, my old one?" and stared at Vera with a sly smile.

Adolphe Meunier took the only vacant table near the door at the far end of the room from Sacha, and pulled out a chair for Vera.

"This place is amusing," he remarked with a quiet laugh. "This is my crowd. Some of them are artists of life, like myself. Not very respectable, perhaps, but friendly. Not saints, perhaps, but human."

Vera tried to catch Sacha's eye. But he went on playing without taking the slightest notice of the company. She felt sorry for him, having to stand there playing in this atmosphere, so thick with cigaret smoke and the fumes of wine. He looked ill, she thought, and felt a pain in her heart. This night work wasn't good for him. Lately she noticed that he coughed when he came in and tried not to wake her up. She would have to buy him some lozenges to suck while he was playing.

Suddenly that jazz tune was switched off and the dancers came back to their tables. Vera decided to slip across the room and speak to Sacha. But he stepped forward alone on the raised platform near the gas-stove and played something of his own. It was suggested by a Russian folk-song which Vera knew, and it was very plaintive and pure and innocent, like a breath of fresh air in this stifling room, or like a little stream of melody in which these souls of the underworld might find refreshment. Some of them were touched by it. Even two or three of the painted women ceased their shrill chatter. Some sense of beauty silenced them. Sacha was loudly applauded when he dropped his bow.

The jazz stuff started again. Other couples left the tables to dance on the small floor space. Adolphe Meunier smiled at Vera and said, "Shall we get going?"

She allowed him to lead her to the floor and danced with him, and knew that he danced like a *gigolo*—perfectly. Over his shoulder she tried to catch Sacha's eye as she passed, but he stared at the floor as he played. Then she called softly as she passed again, "Sacha!"

He looked up instantly, startled, and when he saw her smiling at him over Adolphe Meunier's shoulder, he went dead white as though thunderstruck. For a moment he went on playing. Then in the middle of the tune he dropped his bow and came off the platform towards her. She saw that there was an angry fire in his eye.

"You mustn't come here," he said in a low voice which quivered with emotion. "Go back at once. This place is horrible. The people here are horrible. It is no place for you, Vera."

"What's good enough for you is good enough for me," she answered. "I'm not a child. I'm not afraid of life. . . . And Sacha, the music has stopped. Everybody is staring at us. Don't make a fuss—please!—for my sake."

He made a fuss, contemptuous of the other people. "I won't play till you leave this place. You must never come here again. I insist."

"But my dear friend, I protest!" said Adolphe Meunier in a low voice. "I am here with your sister. I promise to protect her. In any case there is no harm here. It is a phase of life. It is Paris. . . ."

"It is abominable of you to bring her here," said Sacha, white with anger.

There was a painful scene. Some of the people who wanted to dance protested at this interruption of the music. The manager came over to Sacha and swore at him.

"Sacred name of a dog, what is this absurdity? Don't I pay you to play that fiddle. Get

back to the music-stand or I'll throw you into the street."

"Not before I break your head," said Sacha fiercely.

"Take me back, Monsieur," whispered Vera. She was very white now because of Sacha's unkindness. "It is best that we should go."

"C'est idiot!" exclaimed Adolphe Meunier, shrugging his shoulders. But he grabbed his hat and handed Vera her jacket which she had taken off to dance. As they left the cabaret they could hear the buzz of conversation, and a gust of shrill laughter from the women, and then the sound of jazz again.

"Well, that was a comedy!" said Adolphe Meunier in the street outside. He laughed heartily, forgetting his annoyance.

"It's a tragedy," said Vera, blinking some tears away. "I am ashamed," she told him. "Sacha is ridiculous. I must ask you to excuse him, Monsieur."

"He's like a jealous lover!" said Adolphe Meunier.

Sacha nearly lost his job because of that scene in the cabaret. But it was for a different reason that he gave up work just at the very time when a new chance had come to him. The chance had come from a pleasant-looking man who had said one night that Sacha was too good to play in that *sale boîte*, that low dive, as we should say. He had spoken to Sacha one evening and offered to introduce him to the manager of a restaurant shortly to be opened in the Champs Elysées. He was looking for a real artist and it would be a great lift up for Sacha. It would bring him to the notice of the best people in Paris. Even Sacha was excited about it, and thought it too good to be true. Then he came home one night and complained of a headache and pains in his legs.

"It is perhaps a touch of the grippe," he said carelessly, not wanting to alarm Vera. But she was alarmed, especially that night when he became light-headed and kept talking after he had gone to bed. It was strange wild talk about his love for her. He had an idea that she had gone away from him, and kept calling her back.

She sat by his bed in her nightclothes with a shawl round her shoulders. She had put her own bedclothes on him because he was shivering so much, except when he was very hot and kept tossing about with a flushed face.

It was perhaps a chill he had caught coming back from the cabaret in his thin suit—from an overheated room into the rain-swept streets.

"Pneumonia," said a doctor whom she went to fetch next day. "You will have to take care of him. Both lungs, I'm afraid, and dangerous."

That word "dangerous" frightened Vera terribly. To lose Sacha would be more than terrible. It would kill her. She would kill herself rather than be left without him.

Of course she couldn't go to work now. That was impossible. Sacha needed her. She couldn't leave him alone even for an hour. So she gave up her job in that shop up the Rue Montmartre, simply by not going. They would get some other girl. It was, of course, awkward, because she was not earning any wages now that Sacha was ill and not bringing home any money. It was an anxiety, because unless Sacha became well in a few weeks the gas would be cut off and the concierge downstairs would want the rent. In any case the doctor had to be paid every time he came—that was his habit for patients in the Rue Danton—and there were other expenses of various kinds. . . . But what did all that matter compared with her anxiety about Sacha? What did anything matter except his health and life?

Unfortunately his health and life depended upon money. That was the cruelty of the thing she had to face as she nursed him during those days and nights of terror, until, at last, he had passed the crisis and was no longer in extreme danger, but very weak in the convalescent stage, and needing all sorts of little things which the doctor told her to get as though she had all the wealth in the world instead of an



empty purse. Empty! Not even five francs at last, after the fourth week of Sacha's illness. Not even two sous after she had bought a bottle of wine, and some beef extract, and the medicine which he needed as a tonic. What was she going to do now? Tomorrow, and the day after tomorrow, and for weeks ahead?

She slipped away to her own room and wept, with terror in her heart, kneeling by the side of her bed with her face down on the mattress to stifle her sobs. That morning the concierge had come up, a gruff man, sorry for her, but having to do his duty by those who hired him.

"You'll have to clear out," he told her. "They won't wait any more. Four weeks overdue. That's too much in the Rue Danton. You know that as well as I do, Mademoiselle!" "Another week!" she pleaded. "I have a friend who will help me."

"Ah, now you're talking," said the man with a grin. "But you'll have to be quick." "Tomorrow," said Vera. "Without fail."

The only friend who could help her was Adolphe Meunier, and he was willing to help. But he wanted something in return. He wanted her love, and that was Sacha's, as now she knew. As he had lain there very close to death the revelation of love had come to her. Her heart just beat for him. A thousand times she had leaned over him, trying to make him understand.

"I love you, Sacha! I love you! I cannot live without you, my dear. You and I belong to each other."

But now she would have to go to Adolphe Meunier who was good-natured and willing to give her all the money she wanted—if she would be kind to him and love him just enough to make him happy.

He had told her so, smiling down on her on the dark landing outside the room where Sacha lay ill. "I've been in luck lately," he said. "I'm shifting from the Rue Danton. I've taken a fine apartment in the Rue Montmartre. It's too big for a single man."

"You ought to marry a nice girl," she told him rashly, knowing as soon as she had said the words that he would be ridiculous again. Lately he had been very ridiculous, worrying her with talk about love when he came to inquire after Sacha's health, which he did every day.

He was ridiculous then.

"That's what I'm looking for! Someone to share my luck. And it's you I want, Mademoiselle. I can make it worth your while to be kind to me. Fine frocks from the Galeries Lafayette . . . Strings of pearls round your little white neck . . . The cinema, every night if you like . . . Nice little dinners in respectable restaurants . . . Dance clubs where you meet the right sort . . . A wad of notes for that brother of yours until he gets well enough to take that job they offered him . . . All yours, and lots of love besides. I'm a great lover when I'm not working! Other girls could tell you so."

"Take one of the other girls," she told him coldly. "I'm staying with Sacha."

He smiled at her and tried to put his arm about her waist, though she retreated into the doorway of Sacha's room and said, "Hush!"

"One day you'll come to me," he said calmly. "I see it in your eyes. It's on the third floor front, next to the cinema in the Rue Montmartre. I shall be there after Monday. Waiting for you. Just pull the bell-cord twice and I'll know it's you. After nine o'clock . . . And if you want anything to go on with, you can say so now. Household expenses, eh? That sacred old concierge pressing for rent! The doctor who has to be paid on the nail! Oh, you're very brave, Mademoiselle, but it's a poor game, when love's waiting for you and all the money you want!"

He pulled out his pocketbook. It was stuffed with notes, and one of them was a thousand-franc note which he showed her.

"Any good to you?" he asked, carelessly.

All the good in the world, for Sacha's sake. But she dared not take it. It was the price he offered for her love. If she took it she would



It isn't the years that make  
a skin grow old  
. . . . it's weathering

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## FROSTILLA

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exposed and  
irritated skin

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have to go with him. She couldn't take it for nothing. Life isn't like that in Paris.

She closed the door against him until he kept it open with his foot, laughing at her softly.

"Pull the bell-rope twice," he said. "Nine o'clock. After Monday, I'll keep this note for you. It might be useful."

Once she had liked him. She had liked the laughter in his eyes and his kindness to the blind man, and his good-natured service to Sacha in getting him that job at the cabaret. Now she was afraid of him. He tempted her, because of all the money he had—because she wanted it so desperately for Sacha...

It was after that talk with the concierge who threatened to throw them out that she knew she would have to go to Adolphe Meunier and ask him for that thousand francs and pay the price of it by a little kindness and a few kisses and a woman's comradeship. She would have to do it. It was for Sacha's sake, whom she loved more than her own life.

It was a little before nine o'clock that she stole away from Sacha, pretending that she had been invited to the cinema by a girl downstairs.

"You don't mind my leaving you for once?" she asked. "You will go to sleep and be good?"

She hoped he would not notice that her eyes were red after a fit of weeping in the other room.

"I mind you leaving me," he said with a smile, "because I shall feel lost without you. But I'm glad you're going to that cinema. You need a change from these two rooms and a sick man."

"Home about midnight," she said cheerfully. "And I shall be angry if you stay awake."

"Give me a kiss before you go," he asked shyly, and when she leaned over him he put his weak arms about her and said, "Oh, my dear! How can I ever pay back? All your love! All your kindness!"

She felt that his cheek was wet with tears. "My Sacha!" she said. "My own Sacha!"

"When I get well," he told her, "we mustn't be brother and sister any longer. We must be husband and wife, my dear. It is time. I'm your lover, you know. Do you mind? Do you understand?"

She understood, and there was a sharp pain in her heart. "My love!" she said. "My dear love!"

She slipped from his arms and hid her face from him lest he should see the grief in her eyes. She mustn't be late for Adolphe Meunier. He was expecting her at nine o'clock.

"Have a good time," said Sacha.

She kissed her hand to him and tried to say a laughing *au revoir!* But something choked in her throat and outside the door she leaned against the banisters and clasped her hands over her head with her face against the wall.

But afterwards she went very quickly to the Rue Montmartre and wiped her eyes furtively and blinked the tears away. It wouldn't do for her eyes to be wet or red when she saw Adolphe Meunier. He wouldn't like to see her like that. He might regret having offered her that thousand francs.

She found his room on the third floor front of that house in the Rue Montmartre, next to the cinema. There was no name outside, but she pulled the bell-rope twice and he opened the door, after calling out, "Who's that?" and getting her answer.

"I thought you would come!" he said cheerfully. "It is an honor, Mademoiselle. It is the first time a lady has been to see me here. What do you think of my little box?"

He meant his apartment, and certainly it was very different from the rooms in the Rue Danton. It had polished floors on which lay two or three rugs. There were silk window-curtains, and mirrors on the walls. In the center of his sitting-room was an oak table on which stood a silver bucket holding a bottle of champagne in ice.

"It's the apartment of a millionaire!" exclaimed Vera. "You have come into a fortune, Monsieur?"

"Not as much as all that," he answered, as though pleased with this impression. "Simple apartments, but better than the Rue Danton, I admit. As an artist, of life I am not dissatisfied with my advancement. Still, one day, I hope to do better than this. Up by the Étoile! The smart quarter... Let me help you off with that jacket."

He helped her off with that shabby little jacket, and as he did so, kissed her neck. She felt a shiver run through her body but did not rebuke him. It was part of the price she would have to pay—for Sacha's sake.

"I have some sandwiches," he said, going to a small cupboard in the wall. "We'll have a little banquet together. A house-warming! I'm sure you won't object to a glass of champagne. Perhaps two! Not that filthy stuff of the cabaret brand. This is non-poisonous, Mademoiselle."

He had good manners, an easy way with him, a touch of shyness, in spite of his self-assurance. She watched him as he moved about the room getting those sandwiches and finding a cork-screw. His hands were thin and delicate. There was something perhaps a little wrong with his clothes, cut too smartly, slightly too waisted, but he was a type which Vera could hardly place from her experience of life.

He called himself an artist, but the artists she had seen in the Luxembourg Gardens were shabbier. He looked rather like some of the commercial travelers who came round to the drapery shop in which she had served, winking at the girls, rather flashy. But there was something alert and resolute about his movements and the quick turn of his head and the litheness of his body. She noticed the quick turn of his head when somebody came up the stone stairs and seemed to stand for a moment outside his door. He stood listening intently and then turned to open the champagne as the footsteps passed.

"I don't know my neighbors yet," he remarked.

She nibbled one of his sandwiches and pretended to drink some of his champagne. She wondered how long it would be before he made love to her. But he chatted about trivial things very amiably and raised his glass to drink to Sacha's health...

It was an hour later before he began to make love to her. He began by going to a drawer and pulling out the rope of sham pearls which he had shown her that night on the way to the cabaret.

"You might care to have these beads," he said. "I would like to see you wear them. Good imitation, eh?"

"They look almost real!" exclaimed Vera, letting them fall over her fingers. "They are full of color."

"They'd deceive an expert," he agreed. "Put them on, my dear. I make you a gift of them. Everything I have is yours, if you like it."

She hesitated to put on that string of beads. It would be like a chain round her neck, binding her to Adolphe Meunier. She fumbled at the clasp and spoke nervously.

"Some other time. Sacha would be surprised if I went back with them."

"You could take them off when you go back—tomorrow," he said. "Only don't leave them lying about. People might think they were real! They might get you into trouble in the Rue Danton. Wear them now. I want to see them round that little white neck."

She put them round her neck, but her fingers fumbled again at the clasp.

"Allow me," he said. As he came near to her she could see that there was a queer look in his eyes. A kind of excited animal look, which frightened her. She knew that the time had come when he was going to make love to her.

But something happened to prevent it. There were other footsteps on the stairs which seemed to stop outside his door. She saw that quick turn of his head again. He was listening.

"You seem nervous of your neighbors," she remarked, glad of this respite.

There was a heavy thump at the door, and

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she saw that the color of his face changed slightly.

"Qui va là?" "Ouvrez!" shouted a stern voice, and there was another heavy thud against the door.

Adolphe Meunier was very quick in his movements. He opened the cupboard in the wall and in a second held something clasped tightly in his right hand.

Vera stood up, and the pearl necklace fell to the floor at her feet. For some reason she had a sense of fear as though something dreadful might happen.

"What is it?" she asked.

"It is perhaps a little unpleasant," he said, quite cool apparently, though his face had gone a grayish tone. "I'm sorry, Mademoiselle, for your sake. But as an artist of life—"

He touched an electric switch and plunged the room in darkness. "Be very quiet," he said.

In the darkness there Vera stood trembling. Such things happened in Russia. She had not expected them in Paris. She could hear Adolphe Meunier breathe rather jerkily.

Suddenly the door was burst open with a rending smash and half a dozen men seemed to fall inside the room. One of them did fall, after staggering against the oak table and sending the champagne in its silver bucket with a crash to the floor. It happened after a sharp report and a flash of light where Adolphe Meunier was standing, before he went down in the darkness under a rush of men.

Afterwards Vera remembered the picture she saw when the light was switched on again, though she tried to blot it out of her vision. The room was filled with *agents de police*—six or eight of them. Two were still on the body of Adolphe Meunier who lay on his back, handcuffed. One of the policemen had been wounded in the stomach, and was groaning feebly. Bits of glass gleamed on the polished boards where the bottles had smashed in a puddle of champagne, and among them lay the pearl necklace which Adolphe Meunier was going to fasten round her neck when he was interrupted.

A sergeant of police stooped and picked it up. "Very nice too!" he remarked. "I must say our friend there was an artist. He knew the real goods when he saw them."

He turned sharply to Vera. It was the first time anyone had taken notice of her.

"We shall want your evidence. It may be a case of 'Madame Guillotine' for Mr. Adolphe Meunier—and he has only missed it once before by a hair's breadth. No need to ask if you're this man's mistress. What's your name?"

"I live with Sacha," said Vera. "In the Rue Danton. I'm nobody's mistress. I belong to Sacha. He's very ill and I must go back to him."

She did not go back to him that night.

Sacha felt lonely without her after she had gone that evening. He could not go to sleep, and felt restless when she had been gone an hour. Stronger too. He was thankful for that. His strength would soon come back to him. He owed his life to Vera. She had dragged him back from the dark valley of death. Soon he would be able to play again. It was a pity he had lost that job in the new restaurant up the Champs Élysées. The chance of his lifetime! They would have found someone else by this time. Still he might get another place somewhere.

From his bed he could see his fiddle lying on the shelf where he kept it. He had a great longing to play it again. It might pass the time while Vera was out. Back at midnight, she had said.

But it seemed a mile away, that fiddle. He doubted whether he had strength to get out of bed and as far as that shelf. Still he might try. He felt stronger—though very weak. Absurdly weak, when he flung the bedclothes back and put his feet on the floor. Ridiculously weak, when he stood up holding on to the bed-rail. If he once let go of that rail he would feel as helpless as a new-born babe. It was ten

minutes before he dared to let go of the rail and moved towards a chair.

Suddenly there was a ring at the bell, and he stood and listened. Surely it couldn't be Vera back again so soon. Besides, she had her key.

The bell rang again, more loudly, rather insistently. Who the devil was that?

Sacha held on to the chair and moved it a little way towards the door. Then with an effort of will he let go of it and walked a pace or two—not so weak now, after all!—and opened the door.

"Good evening," said a friendly voice. "Glad to see you better, my friend."

It was the rather pleasant-looking man who had offered him that place in the orchestra up the Champs Élysées. The chance of his lifetime, which he had missed!

"Yes," said Sacha, "I have been a little unwell. Now I am well again. In a week perhaps— You will come in, no doubt. A glass of wine—"

There was still a glass or two left in that bottle of Beaune which Vera had bought a day or two ago.

The man smiled and shook his head.

"No, no!" he said. "I was just passing up the Rue Danton. I came to tell you that you can still take that place in the orchestra, if you are well soon enough. There have been delays in opening the restaurant. The manager asked me to send you word."

"It is good of you," said Sacha gravely. "A thousand thanks, Monsieur. I shall certainly be well in a few days."

He spoke in that grave, cold, courteous way which Vera called his "grand duke" style. But beneath that shyness of his—for it was shyness—he was deeply stirred by joyous emotion. So he had not lost his chance! God had been good to him. All was right with the world. His dream would come true. His dream for Vera, his dream of success that she would share with him.

"Au revoir et bonne chance!" said that friend at the door who was like a messenger of God in the Rue Danton.

"Mind the gap in the banisters," said Sacha. He held the door open for a minute or two so that the light should shine downstairs.

Then he went into his room and shut the door, and gave a strange cry of joy . . . It is curious what success does as a tonic! He felt stronger on his legs. He could walk about the room without a sense of faintness. He could even play a little on his violin. There would be great news for Vera when she came back from that cinema. Wonderful news! Perhaps he would keep it secret for a little while, until she guessed by his eyes that something wonderful had happened. There were still two hours to wait for her . . .

Two hours, and then four, and then a night of terror, until the dawn came through the cracked window-panes with a pallid light which fell on the face of a boy—he was still only a boy—agonized, because of this abandonment by the girl he loved. She had left him, tired of a sick wretch.

No, that was a devil's thought. Something terrible had happened to her. She had been run over. She was dead. If she were dead he would die, too. God had mocked at him, offering him success, fame, wealth, and then killing Vera in the streets of Paris. Curse success! Curse fame and wealth! Vera! His little Vera!

He wept, and cried like a wounded animal. He lay on the floor, writhing in his agony of soul. He dragged himself up on his knees and opened the door and shouted down the stairs, harshly, but in a voice so weak that nobody heard. He crawled back again, and lay huddled up by the chair in the middle of the room.

And he was lying there when Vera came back.

She called to him, "Sacha! My love! My dearest love!"

The police had not wanted her after her night in the cells. They were quite satisfied with their capture of Adolphe Meunier, that artist of life. God had not mocked.

# Nicked neck!



THE sly nicks of the wayward razor are more plentiful in snappy weather. That's when the skin is roughened by wet and wind—that's when Frostilla is a friend and ally.

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## FROSTILLA

for  
exposed and  
irritated skin



## Ether for Husbands, Too by Rube Goldberg (Continued from page 59)

there to summon doctors and nurses to other parts of the building. The thing kept belching strange, inarticulate noises. When it said, "Doctor Scrams is ploov woff urk," I imagined it meant, "Send twelve more doctors to the operating-room. Everything has gone wrong."

Every time I heard a footstep in the hall I thought it was a white-robed messenger coming to tell me that I could give one of the nurses my wife's hat and bag. She wouldn't need them any more. And I had to fight this battle all alone!

I was practically in a state of delirium when at eleven-fifteen they wheeled a white mass back into the room. In my befuddled state I gazed at the mummylike figure and asked, "Have they found King Tut's brother?" I don't know how long my unsettled condition lasted. When my brain cleared up, I was seated in a corner where I probably had been swept and a nurse was bending over me saying, "Everything is just fine."

I think it is cruelly unfair to give a wife a painless operation and let her husband do all the suffering. He should be given ether, too. The party is one-sided unless the anesthetist passes around the ether in the form of a loving-cup.

**B**UT my period of martyrdom had really only just begun. At six o'clock that night, when I was told that my wife had come out of the ether, I said to myself, "Well, old boy, here's where you step into the picture and command the respect due a person of importance. There will be many important things to attend to and you must handle your end of the case with fine intelligent acumen." I figured out in my mind the exact words of the opening speech I would make when I entered the sick-room.

When I entered the sick-room, sure enough my wife was out of the ether. But she was also out of sympathy with any views I had to express regarding the latest achievement in the art of surgery. She gave me a forlorn look that seemed to indicate that I was using up space in the room that could be occupied more advantageously by someone who was officially connected with the case.

The nurse was doing a juggling act with gauze, queer-shaped bottles, pillows and adhesive and adjusting the bed with a small crank attached to the dashboard. The bed was really a mechanical marvel that could be changed alternately with a few turns of a crank into a steamer chair, a stretcher, a chaise longue, a flat-bottomed boat and a pool-table.

The room was small, but it seemed to get smaller the longer I stood there. I finally said "Good-by" without getting any reply from either the patient or the nurse. As I slunk down the hall like a person who had just been blackballed in the lodge, who should I see coming my way but the doctor who performed the operation! At last I could get into the picture.

I threw my shoulders back so he would not suspect the crushed state of my soul. But he walked right past me without the slightest sign of recognition. I called after him, "Hey, doctor, I'm the husband of the lady you just operated on." As soon as the words were out of my mouth I felt they sounded strangely humorous like, "Who was the lady I seen you with?" or "I'm the guy that just came in," or "It must have been two other fellows."

But I had no more to lose. I was beyond insult by this time. I ran after the great man of science, grabbed him by the arm and said with forced nonchalance, "Well, doc, is she all right now? Is everything just as you expected?"

He looked at me in an impersonal way and answered, "Well, I must admit it was even a surprise to an old-timer like myself. I hadn't the slightest suspicion it was going to be twins. You are the father of two beautiful girls."

He started away and I gurgled, "But my wife was operated on for appendicitis!"

He burst out laughing, the first sign of

emotion since he looked up my bank balance. "Pardon me. You said you were the husband of the lady I just operated on. That was confusing. Now I remember your face. I have operated on seven other women since your wife was taken off the table."

Just imagine! He had them cleared off the table like a lot of dirty dishes to make way for the next course! And my wife was only an entrée in his surgical meal!

However, I would not give up. I questioned him again and he said with a sign of impatience, "I have only a minute. But if you have a pencil and a piece of paper I will draw you a diagram of the whole condition as I found it."

He even made me furnish the pencil and paper. But I was satisfied because I was at least getting somewhere. He quickly drew a sketch on the back of the envelop. To me it was a fine map of a new real estate development. When he had finished his work of art he explained it in terms that sounded something like this:

"Your wife really had a remarkable condition. The magoozium valves were all crowded around the appendix, causing adhesions which affected the screeves duct and completely shut off the woff. This pressed up against the imik gland and twisted the gadget around forty-five degrees, filling the goofle with carbon and causing a slight infection of the yonkle. It was a clear case of ovis poli."

"But doctor," I said, wondering whether he intended having the drawing framed at my expense, "what is that round thing with the mark on it that makes it look like the number six ball?"

"Oh, don't bother about that," he answered, "I took that out."

"And what is that oblong thing with the bay window in it?"

"I took that out, too."

"And how about that barn over there and that bunker here, and that hedge there and all those artichokes lined up in the corner?"

"I thought I might as well take those out, too, as long as I was at it."

From what I could gather he hadn't overlooked a thing. He was simply a cutting fool and there was I with a hollow wife on my hands. On stormy nights the wind would whistle through her with a sad, sad moan, and the children would think she was haunted. To put it mildly, my domestic outlook was comparatively empty.

The nurse told me not to bring flowers for a few days, but she did say I could bring a soft pillow from the house, and the radio and a dozen grapefruit and a few bottles of Castoria and some alcohol and a folding card-table and eight or ten other minor things. For several days when people saw me walking along the street they thought I was a pack-mule that had strayed from the desert.

And all the time I was dying to bring flowers. There seemed to me to be a touch of romance hidden somewhere beneath this strangely confusing affair, and I craved to express it with something beautiful and fragrant and sweet.

When I finally did select a box of roses with the utmost care and carried them triumphantly into the sick-room, I found that all of my wife's friends had beaten me to it. The room was filled with candy hats loaded with gardenias. Vases longer than golf bags were bursting with American beauties, and carnations oozed out of fancy urns and bowls. My two dollars' worth of flowers looked like the parsley you push off the plate after the chops are served.

I was to endure still more mental anguish. When visitors were allowed I sank deeper into the realm of unimportance. I would dash up to the hospital full of good news about the children, myself and my work, only to find the room crowded with women talking about their own operations.

There was not a woman who called on my wife who did not have the same thing—only worse. She was on the operating-table for an

hour and a half and all the others were on the table for two hours and up. She came out of the ether about six hours after the operation and all the others were under it for a week. The doctor said her case was unusual, but each of the female visitors had a case that was unheard-of in the annals of surgery. Each said her case was really a miracle.

One friend dug up an operation she had twenty years ago and displayed a remarkable memory for details. She told about her last words before going under the ether and the color of the doctor's eyes, and listed every pain she had in all its thrilling details. She even described the paper on the wall of the operating-room. The way she hung on to that ancient operation was actually pathetic. It seemed to be her only friend.

And if the doctors only could hear the way their ex-patients praised them they would blush with embarrassment. Every one had the finest doctor in the world. So gentle, so smart, so skilful, so wonderful—and so fair when it came to the bill!

Of course, there was a slight infection in the wound that kept one of the girls in bed for a few extra months; and another had to have her operation done over again because the doctor dropped dead right in the middle of his work; and still another's husband had to hire six lawyers to fight the doctor's bill; and one more discovered six years later that the doctor didn't operate at all. He simply put her under the ether and collected his money. From her rambling conversation, it was safe to conclude that she was telling the truth. She was still under the ether.

I have figured out a list of unanswerable boasts in connection with my wife's operation. Of course, they are not true. But why consider veracity when we get together and try to outdo one another? I consider the following items almost impossible to top for conversational purposes:

**M**Y WIFE was on the operating-table three days. She was operated upon on the Fourth of July and did not come out of the ether till Christmas.

Her case was the only one in which the big toe on her left foot pierced her appendix, causing acute inflammation of the ear-drum.

When her case was reported at the universities in Germany a whole shipload of eminent surgeons came over here to get first-hand information.

Sixty-three books have been written about her case.

She had the two best nurses in the world. They were so devoted neither of them took a wink of sleep during the whole six months she was under the ether.

She got more flowers than any patient in the hospital in sixty-eight years. Four florists became millionaires during the first week of her convalescence alone.

She had the best room in the hospital. In fact, they built a special wing for her and ordered sunshine day and night.

Her doctor was the greatest specialist in the world, in all forty-seven different things for which he was operated on.

He was so pleased to have my wife for a patient he not only didn't charge me a cent, but he sent me a check for \$4000, two cars and a season pass to the operating-room.

I will not tell the actual truth about the final bill when it actually came. It is too harrowing. My wife had not been home from the hospital for more than five minutes when the letterman arrived with the bill. I had just enough strength left to stagger to the writing-desk and make out a check. Then I fell into a swoon from which I did not recover until I heard a familiar voice near me, saying, "It looks pretty bad. Guess we'll have to operate."

That brought me out of it. I would have no more to do with operations if I had to die to prevent it.



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Hearst

tiny safety diamonds

"Put it something the frenzy his coat sleeve

Incredibly he could so beyond any over him in cause, as he closed his he was, com hand again

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The narrow blue blouse fashion in shoulder, wa At least not was more!

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"I'm being "Bah!"

"There's a "You're ly "Well, th

## The 3rd Husband by Fannie Hurst (Continued from page 47)

tiny safety-chain set with specks of alternating diamonds and emeralds, emphasizing its value. "Put it back for me, Stopes," she said, with something that for her, at least, amounted to the frenzy of closing her narrow fingers about his coat sleeve.

Incredibly, then, he was right! The anger he could sometimes feel towards her, intensified beyond anything he had ever known, came over him in a flash of colored lightning. Because, as if to shut out sight of her, he had closed his eyes and, without volition of which he was conscious, crash went the palm of his hand against her cheek.

When he tore his eyelids apart again, there she stood unwavering before him, with the faint replica of his fingers in a tinge against her cheeks. But his revulsion endured. Why, she was just any little stenographer, only minus any of the decencies that made most of them nice people. She was infinitely less than just any stenographer.

She was not only of their usual clay, but minus their caliber. Dozens of thousands, superior to her, took dictation in sky-scraper hives, and misspelled "receipt" and "occasion" and "disappoint" and kept a towel and a cake of perfumed soap and a box of breath pastilles in the drawers of their typewriting desks.

No, she was not by a long shot just any little stenographer with a pale face and a narrow body, a desk-stoop and the shallow herd-desires of the dozens of thousands of them that tapped out "Dear Sirs" and "Yours truly's" for fifteen dollars a week. She was a thief. A thief, who a few years back, on that day when they had stood together on the spiral staircase in the office-furniture salesroom, had confessed also to being a—

Well, well, well, what business was it of his? The world was filled with such. Damnation, let her mother face the music! Why he? Her mother or her sister Genevieve was as capable as he of coping with viciousness. Why he?

And yet, even with his palm stinging and the sick feeling of reaction setting in, Stopes knew that once again, secretly and furtively, it would be he who would somehow bear the lonely brunt.

The narrow ivory girl before him, in the irish-blue blouse with its neck-line cut medieval fashion in a straight line from shoulder to shoulder, was not just any little stenographer. At least not to Stopes. Never could be. She was more!

DAMMIT, a man could be honest with his miserable self! She was the soul and the meaning of life, in a world that was almost unbearably exciting because she lived in it. She tipped his days with flame. She ran along his consciousness as if it were a wick being chewed by that flame.

"It must have been somebody outside of myself did it, Stopes. I'm not quite clear about it all. I never took anything in my life before. Or wanted to."

"You're sick," he said. "Or crazy."

"I hate the darn thing," she said, and looked at him with the clarity of her face undefined.

"I know you do," he said. "That's what makes you a—a devil-on-wheels." And then because of a sense of impotence that was too embarrassing to be borne, he took her by her flimsy shoulders and began shaking her.

"You're just bad. I could do something terrible to you. I could break your legs or twist out your arms or— Oh, I don't know."

"Please, Stopes, put it back for me."

"Back where?"

"In stock. I'll tell you how."

"Put it back yourself or take the consequences."

"I'm being watched."

"Bah!"

"There's a detective."

"You're lying."

"Well, then, it's not me he's watching."

That's the terrible part. It's a fellow named Harry Simon. A Jewish fellow. He's got a wife. There are babies, too."

"You devil."

"I couldn't stand Harry getting into trouble for what I've done. It'll ruin him. I'll have to confess, Stopes, if you don't put it back in stock for me. And then—"

And then . . . She had him there. The simultaneous desire to twist her arms and to stand between her and a world not precious enough to comprehend the tangled gold wires of her nerves, made him coarse.

"You'd better have been born dead, Maravene," he said, slowly trying to force himself, as he had done for years now, to see her as she must appear to the world that milled casually about her during a business day. Bah! a second-rate stenographer who hung her hat on a peg six days a week, took her dictation in potholes and hurried home to the commonplace pleasures of her middle-class existence and possibly to a middle-class courtship. There were half a dozen such in his office. He scarcely knew them by face.

And yet Stopes realized that he lied to himself. It was his way of preparing himself to be denied. There was a quality about Maravene that might not be easily discernible.

Now Genevieve was just any little stenographer. Nice girl, Genevieve. Comprehensible, regular girl with a genius for making corned beef hash. But this one here before him now, with the stolen bauble on the chair between them . . .

Good Lord, was this the way men were supposed to be caught in the toils of lustrous women? That was what they were usually called. The toils. You never heard much about the toils of anything else. The toils of women. Was this attraction, which he had been secretly fighting during the years when Maravene was attaining her maturity, one of those unhealthy and persistent infatuations that can carry men down?

Why, as she stood before him, smeared with the memory of a four-year-old soiled affair, and now daubed with the unspeakable act of theft, was she not despicable to him? It seemed to him that he put actual physical effort into trying to despise her.

"I know just how you feel, Stopes," she said, taking up the pin; "it is asking a lot."

Not a wile to her. Not the ordinary wile of a tear or a repercussion from the hard thing he had just said to her. "You'd better have been born dead." She had never as a child cried for what she wanted.

"Well, well, what is it I am expected to do? Creep in by night for the purpose of putting back stolen goods and possibly being caught red-handed, like any common thief."

"It's simple, Stopes. Do it for me. Otherwise I'll confess tomorrow. I can't stand their shadowing Harry."

That was true. Anything hurt was anathema to her. Everyone in the household had grown accustomed to shielding Maravene, who could pull fly wings, from the sight of anything wounded.

How sweet she was, how drenched with a quality of mercy when she said that. And she meant it. Suddenly the situation with all its alarming ramifications rushed over Stopes.

"That breastpin must be expensive."

"Our price-list is two thousand five hundred."

"What in heaven's name possessed you?"

"I don't know. Mother is always looking at pins like that in show-windows."

Bosh. Cheap sob-stuff! And yet he knew that it must have been something as inchoate as that which prompted the taking. Mrs. Tutwiler set great store by a star-shaped pendant with a pearl in its center from which hung a small, blue-enameled watch. She was a great one for bangles and he could not recall ever having seen her without two little gold tassels that hung from a brooch she wore at her throat.

"I happened to be in the showroom, Stopes, when I took it. I think it is the first time I'd ever been in there. My boss sent for me to take dictation from a customer."

Her boss! Bah, just any stenographer!

"I daren't put it back myself, Stopes; if you could come to look at brooches—they're not particular like some firms about retail customers. You won't need a card. They'll show you the stock. You could slip it back onto a tray."

"You mean—I am to go into that salesroom with stolen goods in my pockets that detectives are out for?"

"It's the only way. All you have to do when you have a tray or two of the brooches before you, is to slip this one in. They will put them away after you've gone. It will seem as if this one must have been caught in the velvet of one of the cases. Or that two were stuck together. Or even, Stopes, if they should suspect that it has been put back, they will never dream it was not someone from the inside. And they'll have no proof. Against Harry, or me, or anybody. I'll see to it that you come at a time when Harry is out to lunch, and one of the bosses himself will have to wait on you! Harry mustn't get blamed, Stopes."

He looked at her, sick with the knowledge of so-be-it.

AND so it was. Looking back, after the indescribable ordeal of leaving that brooch lying on the trayful of them spread before him in the salesroom of the jewelry firm that employed Maravene, it seemed to Stopes that his clammy faltering hand and his pallor must have betrayed him.

How otherwise than clammy with self-distrust, and no small sense of fear, could the business man Stopes, who had by then succeeded old Mr. Clark as vice-president of the large and well-established firm of which he was eventually to become head, have approached the sneaking role?

There had been important conferences the forenoon of his visit to the jewelry concern, with the largest firm of roller-top desk manufacturers in Grand Rapids. Afterwards, Stopes had plunged a nervous hand into the pocket of his conservative business man's gray sack coat, for the feel of the bauble there in its tissue, clapped on his hat and rushed into the turmoil of Nassau Street, working his way rapidly to Maiden Lane in order to arrive there at the hour when the salesman Harry would be out to luncheon.

Anger mingled with his sense of degradation. Self-anger. Stopes, whose cautious integrity and inviolate methods had carried him far in business, was not the man for this mission.

And yet he carried it off in a manner to excite neither comment nor suspicion.

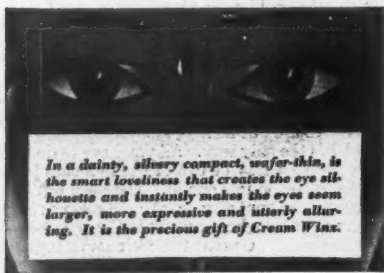
The brooch, it was later decided in the offices of the jewelry firm, must have adhered to the underside of one of the velvet cases. The rather high improbability of that, considering the amount of searching that had been done, went down before the evidence of the brooch in hand.

Walking out of these offices, drenched with a perspiration that made his underclothing crawl along his back in warm damp ridges, the sight of the faint silhouette of Maravene through a ground-glass door, bent beatific at her typewriter, filled him with horror of himself. Not because of the incredibly equivocal position of Owen Stopes as he walked out of that office, but because the very frosted glass that bore her image became precious.

And as if this situation and the dangerous and compromising position were not sufficient unto themselves, there occurred in the elevator going down from the jewelry firm an encounter between Stopes and a young fellow named Ridgely Clark, that ironically and innocently enough was to swerve their two destinies, to say nothing of that of the lambent figure



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# WINX



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## Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm

upstairs with her silhouette reflected preciously in the ground glass of the office door.

The Clark boys, Ridgely and Lorenz, were sons of the late old Ridgely Clark, Senior, into whose place Stopes had stepped, following his death. Both the Clark boys, due to indifferent health and still more indifferent enthusiasm, had passed by their opportunities to succession. There was considerable talk that the size of the old man Clark's fortune had been largely a myth and that of it which was not, had been dissipated by his sons, following their inheritance.

Be that as it may, the young Clark who encountered Stopes in the elevator still gave evidence of the slim effete elegance which a grim and penny-wise old father had detested in both his boys.

The result of this chance encounter was a visit, one Sunday morning, of Ridgely Clark to the rooms of Stopes, who had in his possession a certain photograph of his late father which an executor of the estate was anxious to lay hands on.

It was on the occasion of this visit that Ridgely Clark and Maravene Tutwiler met for the first time, introduced by Stopes, as she was standing in the lower hall buttoning her gloves and the men were leaving the house together.

They walked, the three, as far as the nearest subway hood. There was talk of a casual sort and very little of that. So little in fact and so little memorable that for the life of him, rack his tortured brain as he would, it was impossible for Stopes to conceive how, in that tiny interlude between the house and the subway station, these two had managed the magic telepathy of arranging another meeting.

And what another meeting! There was little time for Stopes to brace himself for what he always must have known would sooner or later, unless his courage or the gods interceded, descend devastatingly and shiver the very rivets of his being.

The Tuesday following the Sunday of the chance encounter in the Tutwiler hallway, while Stopes and Genevieve and Mrs. Tutwiler were having their usual weekly dinner of the corned beef hash at which Genevieve was past master, Clark and Maravene, who had met after business hours, were sitting in a chop-house off Cedar Street, becoming engaged.

Stopes, to whom the incongruity of circumstances was always dramatic, afterwards let such thoughts as these flagellate him:

While we were eating corned beef hash—drat Genevieve's incessant chatter—Clark, toothpick of a ne'er-do-well fellow if ever there was one, was sitting in a restaurant off Cedar Street inheriting the earth.

Confound it, why the earth? Why not an unscrupulous little—Bah, of what good this despicable self-deception! Clark was inheriting Maravene. He was inheriting the earth. Clark, of all people!

Why, the old gentleman, his father, had as much as told Stopes, on more than one occasion, that he had borne two crosses in his lifetime. His two sons. He had never, in his bitter pride, admitted as much to anyone besides Stopes, whom he admired; whom he often regarded with frustrated eyes that hankered for what Stopes might have been to him as son.

To think of it! To think of it! In the watches of sleepless night after sleepless night, the tormenting irony of what had happened would sweep over and drench him in misery.

Ridgely Clark! Both the Clark boys had failed miserably in the business. They had neither stamina, ability, nor much health. They were frail and with a tubercular threat inherited from the mother. Lorenz, in fact, had once been obliged to live for six months in the high altitudes of Colorado. During their brief and inconsequential apprenticeship in the business, they had been tolerated only for the sake of the old gentleman.

Who—who was Ridgely Clark thus to inherit the earth? Who? cried Stopes to himself in the bitterness of these nights. What did he know about Maravene? What did anyone know about Maravene, except Stopes.

On that thought, Stopes had once raised his head from his hot pillow and grinned in the dark. Maravene, sleeping in an adjoining room under the very roof with him, how strangely she was in his power!

Before Maravene had come to him with the telling of her love for Ridgely and of his love for her, Stopes, who had sensed it with his pain from almost the very start, had known that eventually she must come to him. First.

Literally, indeed, she was in his power because Ridgely was not the man to span with his understanding the story which Stopes had endured hearing that day on the spiral staircase. Neither would he hold up under the knowledge of the mission that had taken Stopes into the building on Nassau Street the noonday of their encounter in the elevator.

His standards were the careful ones that divided women into ninety-nine and one. Indiscretions and his wife. How like a pale moon Maravene must have risen over the heated years of Ridgely's follies. Stopes had worked out in his own mind the machinations of a mind like Ridgely's. Maravene was a careful madness to Ridgely. Wives were made of her demureness, but seldom tipped with her flame. She was not only desirable to Ridgely, she was desirable to him as a wife.

The thought made Stopes toss and turn in his bed. But how little Ridgely knew; how little he understood, silly fellow, that this girl was subtle flame that would chew along him as if he were so much wick. Simultaneously, she would madden him with her desirability and with her perverseness. No one could handle her but Stopes. No one could make a woman of her but Stopes. His blood beat about in turmoil against his ears.

For days before Maravene came to him, as come she must, Stopes lay throughout long nights, tossing, sometimes even moaning when his face was pressed into the pillow.

She came, and it must be said for her that she came innocent of her rôle in the emotional turmoil that raged behind his four-cornered face; a face that arrested the glance and magnetized, even while it repelled. She came, perhaps fearfully, but as always without wile.

"Ridgely wants to marry me, Stopes." Braced as he was for what was about to descend upon him, her words set up such a clatter within him, that he felt as if coals were clattering down a long chute into his brain. So Ridgely wants to marry Maravene. So. So. So.

If she detected the flash of something evil in his eye, the flash of his sense of power to snatch her happiness from her, not a ripple of that apprehension crossed her pallor.

As for Stopes, he never really had visualized beyond this moment, except with the consoling thought that he could, if he would, save himself from losing her to another. That he could really permit her marriage to Ridgely to take place had been just as inconceivable as the fact that he was letting it happen now.

"I'm going to be a good girl, Stopes. Just as good as Ridgely thinks I am. As good as I must be, to deserve him."

Who could have stated her particular case more subtly! Her way of pleading his silence in a matter of gravest jeopardy to her, was to command it in a softly declarative sentence. Either he, Stopes, must rise now and crash down the structure of her happiness with this much-vaunted power that was his, or acquiesce in the key of her subtlety.

Numb with the sense of his impotence when crossing her was concerned, he did less than either. He began to protect her from the unworthiness of Ridgely.

"Ridgely is a sickly fellow, Maravene."

"I love him."

"He must have gone through most of his inheritance by now."

"I love him."

"Ridgely has been something of a bad egg, Maravene."

"I don't believe all that," she said. "But anyway, if it is true, all that was before he had me."

She was him! Bah! bothersome! She could and now a riddance, keep down backward throat w

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She was going to marry him, then, to reform him! Bah, she was just any woman in love, bothersome with an access of maternal instinct. She could nag at her mother and Genevieve, and now she would nag at a husband. Good riddance, cried Stopes to himself, and tried to keep down a desire of years, to bend her head backward and cover her face and her cool throat with kisses.

"Have you thought of income and Ridgely's prospects and the possibility of children and what it all means?"

"I have thought of everything and nothing is insurmountable. I love him."

Lived there a man so blessed as this toothpick of a fellow who was too tall, too lean, and wore his inconsequential blond mustache clipped like a tiny hedge? Lived there a man so blessed? Or was he cursed? A wick which was to be teased by the flame of this ceaseless gnawing little Maravene. How she could gnaw. At one's peace of mind. At one's peace of spirit.

The man who married her would be cursed and blessed simultaneously. And who was Ridgely thus to be blessed? Who was Ridgely to be blessed even with the curse of her?

"Ridgely is only a little boy at heart, Stopes. It would kill me ever to do a thing that would hurt him."

It would kill Maravene to hurt Ridgely. It would kill Stopes to hurt Maravene. It made one feel a little crazy. This is the house that Jack built . . .

"Well, now," he said, in the high false voice of a horrid old Poll-parrot, "it would never do to kill you and hurt your little boy. Now, wouldn't that be just awful! Guess that settles that. You've got to have your little boy."

"Oh, Stopes!" she said softly, in the key of being ashamed for him.

Queer that he should have chosen to give, in this horrid, rather dreadful vein of mockery, a promise that had its roots in decency.

It can scarcely be said that one single aspect of the marriage of Maravene and Ridgely—and there was no aspect of it that he was not to know—came as a surprise to Stopes. Except perhaps the element of his surprise that his wisdom before the event could have been so impeccable.

The marriage took place in Mrs. Tutwiler's small front parlor, which contained a three-piece set of unused-looking marquetry furniture, a false fireplace filled with dried lotus flowers, and framed photographs of both girls, on an upright piano.

There were eleven guests, water-ice, lady-fingers and claret punch. The bride and groom, who had found a small furnished apartment on Ninety-sixth Street, departed first for a weekend at a pretentious hotel in Delaware Watergap. Mrs. Tutwiler cried onto the glass of her husband's framed photograph and Genevieve, in an old-rose dress, kept the stiff upper lip of a less attractive sister at the marriage of a fairer one.

A Mrs. Thomson, sister-in-law of the late Mr. Tutwiler, tossed a cup of rice down the stairs after the young pair. Lorenz got rather tipsy by supplementing his claret punch from his hip pocket, and was taken home by his brother's best man, Guy Fitch, a wealthy young fellow whose father had made a fortune in a nationally known orange drink.

Beginning with the rather unsteretyped procedure of the groom, who had forgotten his wallet, borrowing twenty dollars from Stopes to pay the clergyman, it became thereafter as stereotyped a wedding as ever took place in the neat parlor of a respectable widow whose daughter was accomplishing the welcome miracle of marrying out of stenography onto a social plane above her own.

The Clark boys might be said to have barged into their inheritance, but scarcely through it. They owned jointly a mauve speed-roadster, with special body and rumble seat. Maravene's ring was a star sapphire supposed to match her eyes, and the small furnished apartment was two hundred a month, still allowing



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them a margin of income to live on, while the brothers were casting about for a business connection.

The incident of the twenty dollars to pay the clergyman caused Stopes to smile on what might be said to be the wrong side of his mouth. As it happened, Ridgely repaid the twenty dollars one Sunday evening a few weeks after the marriage, when the bride and groom were having Sunday-night supper at the Tutwilers'.

But it appealed so to Stopes' sense of irony that he folded the bill away and kept it locked in a drawer along with some canceled insurance policies. Stopes had paid literally and figuratively for that marriage. And he was to continue to pay and pay.

Because almost from the start the young Ridgely Clarks were in bad waters. All within the first year, Maravene's premature baby was born dead, in a sky-writing advertising enterprise the brothers lost a larger sum than either of them would admit. Lorenz went down with a cold that bordered on pneumonia and after the still-birth of Maravene's child, the Ridgely Clarks moved to a small apartment hotel where Maravene, as she regained her strength, might be free of the responsibilities of housekeeping.

It was along about this time that the paying and paying began. With what was left after the venture into sky-writing, the Clark brothers, inspired no doubt by the success of the Fitch Orangeola enterprises, invested in a small chain of street stands selling a pineapple drink called Pinola. Guy Fitch's father was a conspicuous example of a man who had started small and whose system of soft-drink stands ultimately had netted millions. The Clark boys started with four of the Pinola stands, and six months before they would admit it, the fact of failure had become obvious to everyone except perhaps Maravene.

Well might Stopes ask himself again and again, lived there a man so blessed as this tooth-pick of a fellow, Ridgely Clark!

With her face blocked into plane surfaces of the pallor of distaste for her mission, Maravene called on Stopes one morning at his office for the first loan.

Their capital was temporarily tied up in the Pinola enterprise. Profits were sure but slow. Ultimate success was certain, but the idea of confiding in Mrs. Tutwiler, who was pretty certain to have crying spells from worry, and of returning to the petting atmosphere of her mother's house during this brief period of financial stress, was distasteful to both Ridgely and herself. Would Stopes oblige with five hundred? There was some of the Pinola stock for security.

Pinola stock for security! Stopes could have laughed as she stood there in the torment over money matters that was to hold her in its grip from the very first months of her marriage; could have laughed as he went through the gesture of accepting the handsomely engraved papers. The Clark boys, futile fellows, were riding for another fall.

It was well known down at the office-furniture concern, where they had tried to raise collateral, that the soft-drink venture, feebly managed, had lost ground from the start. It was months before this realization of failure was to dawn upon Maravene.

It came by the time she was in Stopes' debt for something like eleven hundred dollars, and Ridgely, who had not been without enterprise, came down with septic sore throat.

How debonair she was in her explanations to Stopes. All Ridgely needed was a little more coarse-grained stuff in him to enable him to cope with the average American business man. All the boys needed was time and more capital. The Fitch enterprise had not started on a shoe-string, don't let anyone deceive you on that. All the boys needed was time and a little encouragement.

Ridgely had the making of a successful business man in him and Maravene intended to see that he got his chance. With due respect to old Mr. Clark, he never had understood his highly strung boys.

Just you wait! The Clarks were going to

ride around in high-powered motor-cars yet, the kind Ridgely and Lorenz had been used to. Mrs. Tutwiler, who loved gewgaws, was going to wear diamond ones and Genevieve was going to thumb her nose at the Brooklyn vaccine firm and study interior decorating as she had always yearned to do.

Standing before Stopes, in what must have been excoriating humiliation, her high-handed little air of indomitability never deserted her. Ridgely would have come himself this time, but it only seemed natural that she should have volunteered. Old friend of the family like Stopes—known him all her life—old hotel bill always falling due just as notes were to be met—did you ever know a new business enterprise that did not lose money the first year? Just a matter of time.

Dear old Stopes, hate to have Mother or Genevieve or anybody know about it, but could you let us have another five hundred? That will make—let me see—well, whatever it is, Stopes, you know that Ridgely is good for every penny of it, interest meanwhile.

Interest meanwhile! That was part of the inscrutable wonder of her. She spoke in terms of the interest that would be paid with the same high-handed assurance that she spoke of the interest that had not been paid.

She was in love, and no maneuver on behalf of Ridgely was too lowly. Fortunate for her, during those days of the travail of her still-born child, her subsequent nervous irritability, and the ailing health and perilous investments of her husband, that Stopes too was in love!

He found himself waiting, and to his self-disgust, hoping, for her almost certain monthly visits to his office and the invariable attitude she assumed, with her tranquil hands interlaced, the forefingers in a point.

Stopes was practically carrying the Ridgely Clarks by now, and most probably Lorenz too. This marriage ultimately must end on the rocks. Ridgely, who could send her out on such missions as this, would be the kind to turn ugly as his passion waned. How much of it had waned by now, as worn down by the unsuccessful birth of the first child and tormented by money matters, that pale luminosity which at best was discernible only to the few began to wane in Maravene?

An old battered hope, that on the day of her wedding had all but died, began to lift its head in Stopes. And ashamed of it and to beat it down again, he continued to give and give, even after the plight of the Clarks had begun to make inroads, noticeable inroads, on certain financial habits of his life.

It was Ridgely's septic sore throat, threatening dangerous development, which finally precipitated the surrender that Maravene, with all her strength of purpose, had been fighting off for months.

To recover from the additional strain of doctor's bills, night-nurse and Ridgely's sustained period of inactivity, the young couple came home to Mrs. Tutwiler's to live, forcing out the student-lodger who had occupied Maravene's room since her marriage.

Maravene was once more under the same roof with Stopes, and in a way that was torture to him of a kind he never had dreamed. A heavy folding door, with a wardrobe against it, separated his bedroom from theirs. Maravene as a girl had occupied it, but barely the sound of her light movements had been audible.

But now, especially with Ridgely confined to his bed, the two layers of their voices came through to him. Maravene's light, steady, of gradual infection. Ridgely's querulous, repetitious, and sometimes sharply imperative.

They talked a great deal, with nervous constancy, Stopes thought, but never loudly enough for what they said to be distinguishable. Sometimes the voices sank to what was unmistakably the key of endearment.

If ever a man schooled himself to endure agony of the spirit, that man was Stopes.

During the long stretches of the lonely evenings in his room he used to listen to them together, every muscle of his face rigid against pain. The return of Maravene into that



household was a curse to one already cursed. And yet, not alone because of the dependence of the Tutwiler household upon the presence of its eighteen-year lodger, but because by now he had developed a sort of Sadistic pride of endurance, the thought of running away from a spectacle which inflicted pain upon a pain already there, was not allowed to enter his head.

For two months, while Ridgely grew steadily better, they occupied that room adjoining, and then when the collapse of the Pinola enterprise was perforce an admitted fact, Lorenz moved in, occupying Genevieve's room while she made out on the davenport in the parlor.

Maravene had come home all right, bag, baggage, husband and brother-in-law.

And here for both Mrs. Tutwiler and Genevieve be it said, Maravene had come home to a welcome. What of Genevieve's girlhood may have been warped and made bitter by the machinations of a sister she was never to understand, was forgiven by the grave and personable Genevieve. She gave up her pretty room; she gave of her salary, she gave of her effort to put this marriage on some sort of equitable basis.

She pitied Maravene, she grieved for her, she even pampered her, which same could be said of Mrs. Tutwiler, whose agony of spirit was the only thing in her life that had succeeded in keeping her quiet. And in her turn, Maravene had two men on her hands who let her drain of her faint strength, pampering them.

Ridgely and Lorenz were two dispirited and sometimes sullen boys and there were times when through the folding doors, Stopes, with his finger-nails clenched into his palms, could hear Ridgely's voice rise from querulous into the out-and-out abusive. Once it seemed to him, so that on his side of the door he grasped a chair as if to fling it, Stopes heard the sound of a blow and a woman's quick cry of pain.

Sure enough, there was a dull red mark to the left of Maravene's chin at dinner, which she explained as a bruise from walking into the edge of the mantelpiece.

How valiantly she lied. Such pity for her smote Stopes that to continue to eat his dinner, which was his favorite one of corned beef hash prepared by Genevieve, was an ordeal.

Poor Genevieve. This weekly Tuesday-evening occasion, when she could rush home from the office, to season and concoct the meat dish which she had already boiled and chopped before leaving in the morning was labor-of-love. It amounted to the peak of her week.

An old dread began now to come to life in her again. Was it possible that, after all, Stopes had been in love with Maravene? Was it possible that even now—?

It was.

And yet there leaped up in him no resurgence of real hope until the event which gave him concrete reason was almost upon them.


It was on a Saturday morning that Ridgely, who had been unbearably sullen of late, surly to Mrs. Tutwiler, noncommunicative at table, given to ignoring questions put to him by Genevieve or Maravene, and even Stopes himself, towards whom he usually observed a sort of debtor's courtesy, came home with what seemed a reappearance of the sore throat.

Lorenz, whose resemblance in appearance and behavior to his brother had always been something to remark, brought him home in a taxicab from a club where they had been lunching together on a courtesy-card extended in the name of their late father. Stopes, by the way, had extended the money that had paid for the last bill of sundries of luncheons, cigars, drinks and theater tickets that had accumulated against the courtesy-card.

On this, of all Saturday afternoons, the raw February one when Ridgely came home with the stubborn throat symptoms reasserting themselves, the furnace had developed a defective flue and Mrs. Tutwiler, Genevieve, Maravene and Stopes were gathered in Stopes' small sitting-room, the only room in the house that boasted a gas-grate.

It was seldom, except on the grounds of her embarrassing financial needs, that Maravene

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entered this room nowadays. Sitting before the small nervous flames of the gas-grate, ostensibly reading his afternoon paper while Genevieve and Mrs. Tutwiler discussed the exasperations of the furnace difficulties, and Maravene bent her long fair neck over a piece of hand-work, an old game of pretense was staging itself behind Stopes' newspaper.

Maravene, sitting there in that luminous area of placidity which her presence never failed to create, belonged to him. This was the hearth of his home. That pale nape of neck, beatific, sweet to him beyond the saying, was his to circle in necklace after necklace of kisses. Her nearness and her dearness were privately and preciously his own.

They might be sitting here casually in family circle, but one glance across the top of his newspaper into her eyes and they were in the private sanctity of their love. Presently, they would be left alone—together.

Actually though, one glance across the top of his newspaper and it was to see Maravene cocking her head for the sound of Ridgely's key in the lock. That cocked and listening look was in the manner of a woman waiting for her lover. Stopes did not deceive himself on that. They were in love, those two. Ridgely in a nervous querulous way that kept him passionately her lover, and irritably her lover. Maravene with the slow tenacious quality that apparently kept her desirable to him.

And yet, from the time they put Ridgely to bed and covered him with blankets as chill set in, and Lorenz was dispatched post-haste for the doctor who did not respond to his telephone, a monstrous thought that grew into a hope took form in Stopes.

Long before it had even begun to dawn upon any member of that household, it was clear to Stopes that here was Ridgely's last illness. And suddenly it also dawned upon Stopes that, during these months of Maravene's marriage, he had merely been waiting. For what he was waiting had never dared to take shape in his mind. Now it was quite clear. During all these weary months subsequent to the calamity of Maravene's marriage, Stopes had been waiting. Not hoping, but waiting.

And now that hope crept in too, there came with it the crushing weight of self-disgust. He became anathema to himself. And as if to redeem the sorry spectacle that he presented, no act of reparation was too much.

Consultant doctors of first eminence were called in at Stopes' expense. He gave up his suite to nurses and slept on a lounge in the dining-room. But as the illness rose to its grave climax, days before the doctors gave their first intimations of danger, Stopes was braced for an event, which, in spite of himself, was to cause life to begin to thaw and flow in his veins as if it had been frozen there since the day of the wedding of the girl who was about to be widowed.

Ridgely died at midnight, three weeks to the day following the afternoon he had come home with the relapse of the symptoms of septic sore throat. He died with his face against Maravene's hand as she slid it between his cheek and the hot pillow. Stopes and Lorenz and a night-nurse were in the room.

It was incredible, the placidity with which Maravene watched this man die. He was her lover, whose weakness had been dearer to her than his strength could have been. It was as if she had kissed him into his eternal sleep, her lips, unrepelled, resting against his, long after the feeling of life had departed from them. It was with the same placidity that she waved aside the nurse, folded his hands and drew up the sheet.

Heartrending acts that should have been for other hands. What tears were shed came from Lorenz, who sobbed aloud as he knelt beside the bed.

When Maravene walked firmly and quietly out of the room after she had kissed her husband as if she would penetrate with him into the strange first moment of death, the dignity of her grief seemed as massive to Stopes as death itself.

She made it seem that same way to the household. The constrictures of money pressure, the embarrassments of certain financial obligations, business complications, were not permitted so much as to skirt the edge of the dignity of Maravene's grief.

Mrs. Tutwiler sobbed fresh hysteria as each fresh evidence of the confusion Ridgely had left in his wake began to present itself for adjustment to what, in Mrs. Tutwiler's opinion, was ironically called "the estate."

Estate indeed, as if Ridgely had left anything except debts.

For weeks, Lorenz kept so closely to his room that Mrs. Tutwiler would frankly paste her eye to the keyhole, in an effort to ascertain what could occupy a man there nineteen hours of his day. As a matter of fact, what occupied Lorenz was the simple act of lying flat on his back, his way of meeting catastrophe.

Upon Genevieve and Stopes fell the burden of what adjustments could be made. This slender sister of Maravene put her frail shoulder to the wheel of this situation, and tried to drag some of the debris out of the main road.

She prevailed upon the eminent firm of lawyers which handled business for the vaccine concern to adjust, for a nominal fee, some of the more pressing claims. She managed to recoup a pawned chest of fine old Clark silver by selling a sapphire and platinum set of Ridgely's cuff links, and it must be said for Genevieve that certain adjustments of her sister's tangled affairs, worked out by Genevieve's tidy mind, were quite brilliantly conceived.

For instance, she saved the Pinola concern from some of the onus of an ugly bankruptcy. She cleared her brother-in-law's name, and Lorenz too, for that matter, of involvement in a spurious but difficult claim that had to do with back rent on two of the Pinola stands, by a strategic return threat of producing documentary evidence which did not exist.

She was splendid throughout all this, impressing Stopes, who was easily irritated by a certain air of positiveness characteristic of her, with the business brain which she had developed during her years with the vaccine firm.

It was Stopes, however, who made whatever financial adjustments seemed imperative, sometimes without even telling Maravene or Mrs. Tutwiler, whose tears of gratitude were not only appalling to him, but so offensive that sometimes he was gruff with her.

"I know what I am doing, Mrs. Tutwiler. It's idiotic to cry over it. Cut it out. I expect Lorenz to pay back every penny."

"Yes, of course Lorenz will repay," was Maravene's large calm way of meeting these issues. "Lorenz has been stricken more than any of us realize. He and Ridgely were inseparable. He needs time to pull himself together."

Apparently he did, because the weeks dragged into months, during which time Genevieve still slept on the davenport in the parlor and Mrs. Tutwiler's bewildered eye to the keyhole continued to reveal him lying under covers, hours on end.

It was a stricken household, however, only in the sense of the pressure of money circumstance occasioned by what had been the complicated financial procedure of Maravene's marriage. Outwardly, she demanded no special dispensation for her grief, although both Mrs. Tutwiler and Genevieve gave of it freely.

She was the old pale, faintly luminous Maravene, a little washed-out, but intent on regaining her strength and taking a position in an office. It was as if she wore the death of her lover in a secret medallion under her heart. You sensed rather than saw her grief. Stopes, whose heart within him was raging these days of hope resuscitated, treated that grief with all the delicacy of which he was capable.

Watching him, with the careful passionate intensity with which she observed everything he did, the old nervous fear that had been laid by the marriage of Maravene began to reassert itself in Genevieve. Certainly, however, without outward reason. No matter what Genevieve may secretly, oh so secretly, have



suspected of the hopeless passion of Stopes for Maravene, nothing in his behavior either before or after the marriage had ever made the whole thing more definite than a mirage.

Just why the marriage of Maravene had given her reason to feel a sense of release in that locked, tight, yearning little bosom of hers, was clear least of all to Genevieve herself. She only knew that something within her had eased. The pain of frustration was chronic and bitter within the area that boxed in her heart. There never had been a time, in all the years of her gnawing heartache for Stopes, that somewhere deep down in that pain she had not feared Maravene.

And Maravene's marriage, although it had not meant one iota of change in the demeanor of Stopes, had somehow given her that sense of release. And now—

Poor Genevieve. Her castles had always been mere ruins, but now here she was once more seated among the ruins of her ruins.

Was it possible that Stopes was aware of the widowed Maravene in a way that Genevieve would have given her soul to have him aware of her?

It was, of course. The marvel was that this still could have rested a question in Genevieve's mind, so outwardly casual Stopes had schooled himself to be where Maravene was concerned. Heavy with intuition lay Genevieve's heart, but that was all.

The fact was, that with life thawing in the frozen veins of Stopes, he was determined, after the decent period of Maravene's mourning, not again to play clown to destiny.

Stopes had let slip out of his hands, into the frailer, yes, and unworthier ones, of Ridgely, jewels of happiness that might just as well have studded life for him. He meant not to do it again.

Perhaps not just in those concrete terms did these resolutions harden into his mind and heart, but certainly this time his eye was fixed upon the jewel of his happiness. He meant not to let life elude him again, at least not without making tangible effort to capture it.

Stopes meant, after the decent period was past, to sweep Maravene off her feet by the quality of the declaration of his love. And what a love! He wanted to pour it out to her and deluge her in its leaping glory.

The secret inner tortuous places of Maravene's heart were not secret and inner to him. He knew and loved what made her bad as he knew and loved what made her glad. The labyrinths and quirks in her make-up that had maddened and angered Ridgely, who had never understood, only loved her, were the tortuous places of her spirit, into which he, Stopes, could creep with healing understanding.

No one but God and Stopes and Maravene knew these bad places in Maravene. Perhaps Maravene least of all. Certainly no one else in the world in which she moved, where she was just a rather unpleasantly quiet young woman with a curious quality of charm that was more puzzling than anything else.

Mrs. Tutwiler, who knew faintly the bad places in Maravene, used sometimes to think of her, crossing herself in the dead of night while she tried to worry it all out in bed, as a cross between the nun and the harlot that had asserted itself in her own unreal youth, as she had struggled her way out of the novitiate.

Maravene, born of the conflict of passion and spirituality of those years, had been the sort of child who, when she had been good, had been very, very good, and when bad, had been horrid. Mrs. Tutwiler was not without her own secret sense of tortured responsibility for the speckled places in her daughter's make-up, half sensed as they were by her.

And so it transpired that as the winter wore into summer, the languid, stricken figure of Lorenz, endured by the household out of regard for Maravene, who nursed him as if doing vicarious service to his departed brother, slowly took on strength, and there was open talk now, between Mrs. Tutwiler and Genevieve, of evicting him so that Genevieve might creep back into her quarters.



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The coming awake of Maravene too, into much of her old loveliness, was something to remark. She cast aside black after a six-month and began to take pride once more in the pastel-colored little blouses that were so becoming to her.

She began answering advertisements for office work.

The pale luminosity of phosphorus-in-half-light was out over her. She was maddening, she was desirable. She was attainable!

It was one year, lacking just two days, that coming home from his office with a desire to have to himself that hour before dinner, an hour illuminated now with strange new contemplations, Stopes came upon the excited little knot of Mrs. Tutwiler, Maravene and Lorenz standing in the hallway. There was a smell of sweet peas. A clump of pink ones was at Maravene's belt.

She and Lorenz were in the act of announcing

to Mrs. Tutwiler that they had just been married.

Lorenz and Maravene occupy the room once occupied by Maravene and his brother. The sound of voices, low with caress, Lorenz' frequently querulous, comes through to Stopes.

On Tuesday nights, Genevieve prepares the corned beef hash. Certain inchoate hopes, which had been flayed back into their corner by the death of Ridgely, have crept out again. She prepares Stopes' favorite dish with the curved close hands of one whose task is sweet.

There is the same financial strain in the household, because as a damp mildewing February comes around, the bad place in Lorenz' lung is bleeding again and his position has been given up temporarily.

Almost every few weeks now, Maravene raps in her hesitating way on Stopes' door, what nervous distaste she must be feeling

lying deep beneath the snow of her placidity.

Temporary embarrassment. Silly old lung. Repay with interest. Wretched New York Februarys. Just a hundred to tide over—

Sometimes in his hour before dinner Stopes finds himself sitting erect with the hope that Lorenz' voice, as it comes through to him, will be querulous or even sharp. Because these are usually the occasions of Maravene's knock at his door, needing him.

One evening, a Tuesday by the way, the bleeding place in Lorenz' lung put him to bed. Genevieve, in the kitchen, preparing Stopes' favorite dish, was wild at the interruption of being hastily dispatched for the doctor.

Lorenz has had a bad hemorrhage! Voices rush through the corridors of the house. Lorenz has had a bad hemorrhage!

Seated beside his reading-lamp, his copy of "Barnaby Rudge" unopened, Stopes suddenly lifted his head, as if he had been called.

## Son of the Gods by Rex Beach (Continued from page 63)

me an opening to speak about something else. I've just learned about that—that Stevens girl. You see, I take all of Mr. Carter's letters nowadays. I've studied the investigators' reports, too. She and her mother have been in the office several times and I made it a point to get acquainted with her. They're nothing but a pair of grafters."

"True. You know, of course, that they insisted upon marriage at first."

"Sure! The girl took to me like a kitten to milk. But I understand they're ready to settle."

"Upon the advice of their lawyer. They have a lawyer now."

"What's their price?"

"After much reluctance even to discuss a money settlement, they finally suggested one hundred thousand dollars." Eileen gasped. "I suspect they will accept less."

"Good Lord! I'd hope they would. It's the oldest graft in the world."

"To me it is new and incredibly vile."

"I suppose you think I'm pretty young to discuss such things, but young girls know a lot nowadays. Mr. Lee, that girl is faking. I mean about her condition."

Lee Ying looked his surprise. "I wonder. I assumed, of course, that she was—in trouble. You may be right, but, even so, I'm at a loss how to proceed."

"I'll tell you how to proceed," Eileen volunteered. "Prove that she's faking. That's one thing that can be proved. I don't know just how to go about it but there must be a way . . . They know how you Chinese feel about children: women don't count much with you but children count for everything, hence the 'little stranger' and the orange blossoms. Injured daughters and grafting mothers take millions a year out of the big bank-accounts in this city."

"All a digger needs is a pair of spring heels a dimple and five minutes alone with the head of the firm. She breaks her string of beads, hollers for a cop and begins to crochet baby socks. How they run to babies! . . . Mr. Who's Who writes a check because his daughters are in Smith or son Virgil is a Delta Kappa Oops at Harvard . . . There never was a pay-streak as easy to mine as the Father Lode of New York. A college education is no protection to a business man: what he needs is a Yale lock."

Eileen was indignant and she ran on excitedly while Lee Ying pondered over what she said. When she finally rose to go he thanked her for coming and said:

"You forever put me in your debt, little Heart of Gold. Your mind works in a way which is hard for mine to follow, but there is wisdom in the funny things you say. You make me smile and you make me think. It is an accomplishment. When the gods decree that you have shed enough sunshine here, may the Celestial dragon, smoothly as a swan, bear your beloved person on high."

"Thanks! I'll enjoy a good dragon ride."

"And may lotus flowers grow from the honorable bones of your distinguished ancestors." The speaker patted her arm affectionately.

"All right. But if you let these grafters get away with this, I'll come back and haunt you. Promise you won't."

"Very well, I promise."

It was a blustery day in January. Fine hard particles of snow were falling and a cold wind whirled them into drifts and spilled them into area ways. In the rooms occupied by Mona Stevens and her mother a storm was raging, too, for Everett Himes was there and he was in a highly dissatisfied mood. Negotiations with Lee Ying had dragged unaccountably; delay had succeeded delay until the nerves of the conspirators were worn to a ragged edge.

"I tell you there wasn't any use of keeping up the marriage bluff," Himes was insisting. "The old man banks on the boy's word and he simply wouldn't have it."

"I bet he would," Mona declared.

"Oh! You'll bet?" the man queried in irritation. "What would you bet? A hairpin?"

"Girls don't use hairpins any more."

"He knows it's a gyp as well as we do, but he doesn't want any scandal. Marriage? It's a waste of breath."

"All the same, that's where the money is," Mrs. Stevens declared. "What's fifty thousand after you cut it up and pay a lawyer?"

"I see. Fifty grand is small change." Himes curled his lip. "And me paying your rent. How times do change! Four months ago—"

"Oh, it's nice money, of course, but it seems a pity when you think what we could have done. Gee! What alimony a jury would give a girl of Mona's looks, married to a Chinaman."

"They'd probably give her life for marrying him. I would. And remember, we haven't got the fifty, yet."

"Yes, and I bet we don't get it." The discontented daughter was speaking once more. "Betting again, are you?" Himes flared up.

"What a cheer-leader you'd make. Always in black, aren't you, dearie? And what a help you've been. Lord, you're a lump to carry! A ball and chain would rest me."

"Lay off of her," the mother ordered. "She went through with her part."

"Like blazes she did! She never gave me a thing to work on. She let me down like a trap-door. That's our whole weakness . . . Alone with that fellow in his apartment and him looking out of the window every minute! You'd think she was selling Bibles . . . A guy needs a little cooperation in any deal. Why, she could write her confessions for the magazines and they wouldn't censor a word."

"He was tough. He's a woman-hater," said Mona in a languid attempt at self-defense.

"Me, too, since I met you . . . Of all the janes I could have sicked onto that Chinaman I had to pick a—a mud-turtle. Well, we get that

jack today or we don't get it at all. I'm through and washed up. Understand? By the way, Esther"—Himes looked at his watch—"it's time to vamp. Marcus will meet us there at three. And for the love of Mike leave the talking to me, will you?"

"She'll leave everything to you, except the split," Mona declared. "I'm in on that myself. While you're out I'm going to a picture and give my mind a rest."

Himes shrugged. "All right, Cheerful, but it's a waste of money. Close your eyes and you're in a trance. Come along, Big Girl."

Chinatown was in something of a turmoil when Himes and his companion arrived, for the New Year's celebration was drawing to a close. Store fronts were decorated with banners, festoons of lights were strung across the streets and lanterns spun and danced in the wind. In spite of the cold there was a festival gaiety to the place, for the pavements were carpeted with confetti, gaudy streamers whipped and writhed and many doors were sealed with red paper to keep out unwelcome spirits. From somewhere came a noisy crashing of cymbals, a wailing of pipes and of Chinese fiddles; there was a popping of firecrackers and the smell of burnt powder. Plainly New York's Oriental citizens were doing their poor best to imitate the gaieties of the homeland.

The attorney, Marcus by name, was waiting in the tiled hallway next to the Palace of Imperial Bounty and together the three visitors were carried aloft.

Lee Ying was waiting and with him, to the surprise of the others, was his son. With his usual suavity, the father bade the newcomers welcome, and explained:

"Sam has just arrived from college to spend the New Year with me. Tonight, you know, is our Feast of the Lanterns."

"So it is," Himes agreed. It was the first time he had seen Sam and he eyed the youth curiously.

Sam, be it said, had been told nothing whatever about this meeting or its purpose, and he was as disagreeably surprised to see Mrs. Stevens as she was to see him. He turned a worried gaze to his father, but the latter ignored him and addressed Himes saying:

"You told me you had been to China, so you probably know that we make it a practise to settle all our accounts on the final night of the old year. It is the universal Chinese custom. Those who can pay must and those who cannot pay must expiate. The lanterns are not put out until the last debt is paid."

"Righto! It's a good custom." "Not so good for us," Mr. Marcus declared with an affable smile. "It would ruin the law business. But what do you mean, a man who can't pay his debts must expiate?"

Lee Ying shrugged his shoulders. "Some expiate by suicide . . . Now then, it appears there is an obligation due you—"



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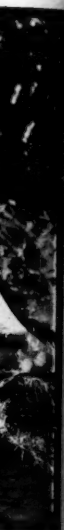
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Unable to restrain himself, Sam interrupted with heat, "Nonsense! The whole thing is—"

"Please!" His father did not raise his voice but there was a command in it. "I have taken this matter into my hands."

"It's nothing but blackmail, I tell you. It's an outrage and—"

Mrs. Stevens uttered a sound: Marcus raised his hands and broke in:

"Don't let's argue. We've passed that, eh? We've come here to close this matter up one way or—"

"Nobody is going to call me a blackmailer," the woman exclaimed. "I'm perfectly willing to take this thing to court."

"Esther!" Himes cautioned.

"Humph! Get an innocent girl in trouble and then—"

"Esther!"

"I suppose you didn't have her up in your apartment?" Mrs. Stevens blazed at Sam. "I suppose I didn't find you with her right in my own home? You didn't try to buy her off, either? Oh, no! Wait till she tells a jury what she told me."

"Will you be still?" Himes implored.

"No, I won't be still. They can keep their money: I want him to make an honest woman out of Mona. I don't care if he is a Chinaman. I'm willing for her to—"

"We arrive nowhere," Lee Ying observed, without feeling. "You believe your daughter, and it is natural that you should. But marriage is out of the question. As Mr. Marcus says, we have passed all that. I have agreed, without consulting my son, to a settlement and I do not quibble. Here is a document, drawn by my attorneys, setting forth the facts and reciting the terms. I ask you to read it carefully."

From a portfolio Lee Ying took a type-written document and handed it to the lawyer; he removed also a sheaf of new one-thousand-dollar bills which he passed to Himes with the request to count them.

At sight of the latter Sam uttered a sound, but his father turned upon him. For an instant they eyed each other. The young man's face whitened, a sick look spread over it, he gestured helplessly, hopelessly, and walked away. He went to a window and stared blindly out over the bleak, wind-swept house tops. In the roof-garden, the porcelain figures were frozen in grotesque attitudes but they were no colder than he. Lee Ying believed him to be a liar! The blow stunned him.

With frowns and pursings of the lips and shakings of the head, Marcus read the document, and meanwhile with poorly assumed nonchalance Himes ran through the bank-notes.

"I don't like this," the attorney announced finally. "Carter and Pelz are good lawyers but this is out of their line. It's too elaborate. I can't advise my client to sign it in this form."

"I am sorry. It seems we have met for no purpose."

"Let me run over the thing," Himes took the paper; and he and Mrs. Stevens scanned it.

Lee Ying waited imperturbably while the two held their heads together. Himes finally announced:

"I'm no lawyer but I say sign on the dotted line and let's end the agony." He took a fountain pen from his pocket.

"Make sure that you understand what you are signing," the importer cautioned Mrs. Stevens.

"I suppose it makes me out a grafter," she said irritably, "but I'm tired to death. It's an outrage but—" She affixed her signature; Himes and Marcus witnessed it although at the cost of another protest from the attorney.

Mrs. Stevens possessed herself of the money and rose, whereupon Lee Ying stayed her, saying:

"A moment, please. Business is over, you are now my guests and I would be lacking in politeness if I permitted you to leave my ignoble dwelling without some hospitable ceremony. New Year's is a carnival season: you must join me in some trifling refreshments." Ignoring



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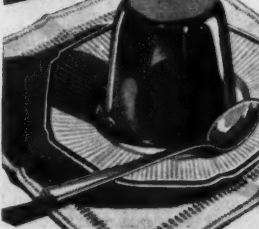
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the woman's protest he clapped his hands and a house boy appeared: the two exchanged words in Chinese.

Sam, whose back was to the room, started, grew rigid. Attentively he listened.

With the conclusion of the business matter, Lee Ying became a punctilious and a gracious host. While his servants were carrying out his orders he maintained a flow of pleasant conversation about the many Chinese New Year's customs.

Trays were brought in after a while, some loaded with fragile china and others with a lavish assortment of strange delicacies. Tea was poured, and Lee Ying made a good deal of a ceremony over serving it. He delayed the drinking of it long enough to recite the old folk-tale dealing with the origin of the beverage.

While he was talking a telephone bell tinkled faintly in another room, and a voice answered it. The voice was strange to Sam and he strained his ears but to no effect.

Mrs. Stevens nibbled at a crumbly cake and fanned herself. The room was insufferably hot and she wanted to be gone. How silly to humor this talkative old parrot. Fifty thousand dollars! In brand-new bank-notes! And Lee Ying was plainly delighted at driving such a good bargain. The old fox. What was fifty grand to a man like him?

The servant reappeared and exchanged a few words with his employer, whereupon Lee Ying smiled and his voice altered in such a way as to focus a sudden alert attention upon him.

"I told you earlier that today is the last day of our year! The last day upon which we allow our debts to run. We Chinese pay in full today and we insist with implacable firmness upon receiving that which is our due. Madam"—he turned his eyes upon Esther Stevens and they glittered queerly—"I asked you not to bring your daughter to this meeting and I had a purpose in so doing. I have detained you here—"

The object of his remark uttered a cry and rose, as if propelled by springs. Himes said something in a startled voice and he, too, rose.

"Wait! I have good news for you. News to gladden the heart of any mother." Lee Ying smiled. "You have been imposed upon, deceived."

"What the devil—" Himes broke out harshly, but checked himself. Marcus had paled; he cast a startled glance about the room.

"Oh, the deceit isn't mine! It is your daughter's. She has confessed, made a clean breast of everything."

"Of what?" This came from Himes. "Mona?" the mother queried. "Bah! What d'you mean 'confessed'?" In sudden suspicion she blazed forth: "Say! Have you pinched her? Where is she? What have you done to her?"

"Wait a minute! *Wa-ait-a-minute!*" Himes growled roughly. "What's this all about? What are you getting at, old-timer?"

"Only this: There is no necessity for further apprehension in regard to the girl's condition. It is not at all what we—at least I—have been led to suppose it is. She admits there is no prospect of her becoming a mother."

"Bosh! That's a lot of boloney!" "I share your evident relief." Lee Ying addressed himself mockingly to Mrs. Stevens. "I understand your agitation and your joy and your eagerness to hear from her own lips—"

"The dirty double-crossing little rat!" Everett Himes breathed.

"—but the streets are crowded so I have provided an escort to take you to her. An escort for all three of—"

"Where is she?" the mother repeated, this time almost in a scream.

In the door through which Lee Ying's house boy had come and gone, a stranger, two strangers, appeared and one of them answered: "She's over at the station-house. The inspector just rang up to tell us she was there and everything is kay oh. And don't try to slough that roll, sister. It won't do any good, for we've got the numbers and everything . . . Yeah! The girl certainly put it over on you."

Both newcomers chuckled at the humor of this last remark.

Marcus, very white and flurried now, began an indignant protest, but the other member of the pair grinned at him and said:

"Oh, give us one laugh at a time, can't you? Of course there's some mistake. There always is. And you don't know us, either. Well, we're just a couple of young policemen trying to get ahead. We've got badges and everything. No kidding. See? . . . Yes, and you'll make it tough for us. Sure! We expect that."

"I don't understand the meaning of this outrage," stormed the lawyer.

"It simply means the girl dropped into a doctor's office this afternoon—"

"That's a lie!" Mrs. Stevens gasped.

"Well, maybe she didn't drop in. Maybe she was shoved in but—"

"You can't do a thing like that," Marcus barked.

"No? Well, it's done, brother. Anyhow the little grifter came clean; she spilled everything and it's just like we thought. Nothing wrong with her at all. She says so herself and three doctors will swear to it. And by the way"—the speaker turned to Mrs. Stevens—"she says she isn't your daughter. How come?"

The woman moved her lips but no sound issued.

"All right. Don't let me pry into family secrets. Now then, Mr. Lee, we'll have to take charge of that roll."

"To be sure." The importer nodded. There was a moment of silence, then one of the officers announced:

"Well, I guess that cleans it all up, eh, Joe?"

"Looks like it," the other nodded.

"Then call the Royce and let's be on, as they say at the Ritz."

The manner in which Lee Ying had handled the Stevens matter struck Sam as dramatic and effective. It was an exhibition of adroit Oriental generalship which excited his admiration and he said so. He was surprised when his father told him quite honestly that more credit was due to Eileen Cassidy than to him, inasmuch as the idea was hers and it was she who had obtained the truth from the Stevens girl.

Eileen! That child! Sam was amazed. He had noticed the change in her that day at the office, but here was proof that she had indeed graduated into full womanhood. How she had obtained a confession from Mona mystified him, but this he learned shortly when Eileen stopped in to report.

Miss Cassidy was amused, triumphant; the outcome of the affair was comic to her and she discussed it with a complete lack of embarrassment. Blackmail, childbirth, illicit relations, medical examinations—subjects ordinarily taboo—she treated with a frankness that left Sam red-faced and self-conscious.

When he voiced his appreciation of her cleverness she told him carelessly:

"Pshaw! I didn't do anything to brag about. It was merely something that took a woman's hand. I had to get solid with the girl and that was easy—graffers never give honest people credit for any brains. I took her to a few movies and—paid for the tickets, after which we were buddies. She's a man-killer: she knocks 'em off faster than Sergeant York, to hear her tell it, so I talked about a handsome doctor I knew who was dying to meet her. Today I asked her if she'd like to step into the office—it was right on our way to the theater. Did she like it? She beat me up the steps. I didn't tell her she was a woman doctor." Eileen snickered.

"I had made all necessary arrangements," Lee Ying informed his son. "I had explained the matter to the police and had assumed all responsibility."

"Poor Mona! She was so slow-witted that I walked out before the storm broke."

"It was a daring thing to do," Sam declared with a dubious shake of the head. "If you had been mistaken; if her condition had been what she claimed it was, I assume you'd have laid yourself liable to serious consequences."

"'Serious'? Fatal, is the word. But I knew



she was faking, and something had to be done. You can't buy off blackmailers. That gang of gorillas would have borrowed a baby and bled your father for years. Gee! It made me sore. Every time I looked at Mona all I could think of was a good sock on her nose."

Lee Ying chuckled, he patted Eileen upon the shoulder, then he made her a very pretty little speech in which he expressed his gratitude and proffered her not only his and Sam's respectful affection but all their cheap, unworthy and ignoble worldly possessions. Eileen accepted the one and refused the other. The importer then confessed that he cherished no very deep grudge against Mona Stevens, who was an immature person of weak character at best, but that he did feel bitter towards the unprincipled trio who had directed her. The actions of that odious Stevens woman were particularly reprehensible in his sight and he vowed to send her and her two male companions to prison if it were possible to do so.

This determination of his, which in the days that followed he proceeded implacably to carry out, led to unfortunate and wholly unexpected results.

Himes and Marcus began a desperate fight. Their only weapon was publicity and this they used without scruple. They set a back-fire by giving a sensational story to the newspapers and they vigorously fanned the blaze.

The reputable journals made little of it, for investigation convinced them that they were being used to air a dirty mess, but unfortunately not all newspapers are reputable. One of the tabloids gave it room. In its struggle for circulation, sensationalism counted for more than journalistic ethics and here it scented a story with an odor to please the nostrils of the subway crowds. Its Oriental flavor, too, lent it a zest. Chinese college boy and cute co-ed. Fifty thousand hush money. Shanghai sheik shouts blackmail. Kidnaps coming mother: medicos make examination. Latest sex sensation from Eastern University. Student body stunned by scandal.

Here was something which the great unwashed crowd could get its teeth into; chauffeurs and shop-girls would eat it up and stories of college immorality are sure fire. Properly exploited, with editorials on the Yellow Peril in American coeducational institutions, Oriental youths in social contact with "Our Girls," and the like, this story could be kept alive for several days.

Lee Ying was a rich and an honorable man, but with the crafty use of noncommittal phrases, his wrath could be made ineffective. And after all he was only a Chinaman.

Himes saw to it that the story of Alice Hart came out, too. Her name was not used, but she was described as a beautiful art student whom Sam had "befriended" at Eastern and who was now pursuing her studies in Paris at his expense.

Whatever interest all this stirred up in New York it certainly created a sensation on the campus of Sam's college. Reporters dogged him, cameramen lay in wait; he was finally forced to lock himself into his rooms and deny himself to visitors.

One evening, perhaps a week after the newspaper had ceased to carry Sam's name and his picture, Lee Ying heard a stir in the hallway of his house and then a familiar voice. Sam was speaking; he was directing Moy to dispose of his luggage. With beating heart the father rose and when Sam entered he held out his arms. They embraced each other and for a moment neither spoke; then Sam announced:

"Your unworthy son has returned home. His quest of knowledge is at an end."

"Flowers of gladness spring up in my heart at your coming," Lee Ying told him, but the boy bowed his head and said wretchedly:

"Alas, that I bring disappointment to your Heaven-sent old age. I have failed. I am disgraced."

"No, no! Joy enters the door with you, my son. It is not you who are to blame: I am the never-to-be-forgotten cause of this disaster. Were you—expelled?"

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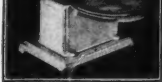
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Sam nodded, he lifted a face twisted with grief and shame; his father pressed him closer. "The mischief of robbers harms only the body. Tell me what happened."

"It was for—the good of the institution, they explained. They had the grace to be apologetic but—many of the university's wealthy friends and patrons were offended. The alumni resented the stain I had put upon—"

Lee Ying interrupted. "It is incredible! You were innocent of all wrong."

"That mattered nothing as compared with the welfare of the college, its reputation and the good-will of its supporters. Colleges must live. Innocently or otherwise I brought mine into disrepute; I am the victim of an economic necessity . . . A Chinese and a white girl. Two white girls, one a student! The very mention of such an abominable association is a scandal. Parents are threatening to withdraw their daughters as a protest against a condition which makes it possible."

"It has always existed."

"True. But these parents never dreamed that their own immaculate offspring came into actual contact with us dissolute Orientals, or were exposed to our contaminating touch. Immaculate!" Sam uttered an American oath that would have shocked Lee Ying at any other time. "They admitted that I had done no wrong, no very grievous wrong, at least. They even put the blame for the Alice Hart affair where it belonged. But a principle was involved. The races must not mix, they must not come in contact outside the lecture-rooms. It is repugnant to American ideas of social decency."

"Men, yes; women, no. The fellows can make a friend of me but my touch defiles the girls. It didn't make any difference, either, that I stood highest in my classes. Nothing counted except the fact that I am a yellow Chinaman. The dignity, the virtue of white womanhood must be preserved, even against itself." Sam tossed his arms aloft and cursed again.

"Yes, you are Chinese. Take pride in it," Lee Ying admonished sternly. "Your ancestors were men of learning when theirs were skins and speared frogs from the slime. We are different but not inferior."

"They're hypocrites and liars!" Sam cried. "A race of grafters and lickspittles! Even their religion is a sham. They preach about love, and brotherhood, and equality, but their words are empty; they even make a mock of their own Ten Commandments. One God! Bah! They worship two—Bigotry and Prejudice."

"Religions come and go, my son, and each serves a purpose while it lasts. This Christianity is still new and untried and it changes with the times. Who knows how long it will endure?"

"But do not yield to rancor, my son beloved, for venomous speech is the privilege of old age and of women. Keep your mouth clean. Your suffering grieves me, but adversity is a chastener. The virtuous man must learn to find all that he wants within himself; it is the inferior man who must seek what he lacks from others."

"Go to your room now and we will talk about this later when both of us are calm. Tonight we will feast and you shall sit at my left hand. I wish to live for a while now in the simple joy of your home-coming."

Lee Ying had eaten and drunk, he had wiped his face and his hands with a wet cloth wrung out of hot water. At the place of honor on his left sat Sam, clad like a Chinese noble. Native rites and ceremonies had governed the banquet which had run to many courses.

"I am old," the father began as a preliminary to a discussion of the matter uppermost in the minds of both. "Sometimes I think I am older than Lao-Tzu, that venerable philosopher who was eighty-one years old at his birth and who was born with an honorable white beard. Time and patient observation have taught me that evil exists only in the hearts of men and that all other things tend to show the benevolence of Heaven towards the human race."

"Your feathers are short and wrongs smart

you but adversity is necessary to the development of a man's virtue. Tonight you are downcast and dismayed. But why? Evil is nothing but a terrifying apparition, a hawk upon a painted banner. Right heart need not fear evil seeming. You lament that your quest of knowledge is over, but there are other colleges at which you can pursue your studies."

"Perhaps . . . For what life do you wish me to prepare myself?"

Without hesitation Lee Ying answered: "For the life of a good, a self-sufficient and a virtuous man. By birth you are uncommon, you will inherit a princely fortune, an important destiny was foretold by your omens and your auguries. To fill it you must learn to walk carefully, to restrain yourself with firmness and to rule with a soft hand. Those are the three princely qualities. They can be learned in one college as well as another."

"I acknowledge no desire except to follow your wishes," Sam declared, "but the lesson you've set me can't be learned in college. Not in an American college, at least. I lack the humility and the self-control to try— Oh, you don't know what I've been through! Unfortunately, I'm neither one thing nor the other. I'm white in thought but yellow in body; I'm a hybrid. No, it's worse than that: I'm a—leper and nobody will touch me. What consideration I receive is due entirely to your money and I'm begrudged even that. I must have some companionship but what I get I have to buy—the way a coolie buys a scrap of meat. He pays two prices and usually it is tainted."

"Nevertheless your education must go forward. Some men are blessed with a native intelligence which comes from the direct apprehension of truth. That is called intuition. They need no schooling. History calls them teachers, philosophers, messiahs. But such men are rare and you are not one of them. The apprehension of truth which comes from the exercise of intelligence is the result of education."

"You refer to me as a son of the gods, you insist that I was Heaven-sent, but I can't feel that I'm anything but lowly and therefore I walk in constant fear of disappointing you. I examine myself and I can find nothing except what I have acquired from the outside, things I have been taught. And those are 'white' things. I seem to have no heritage, no inborn qualities like yours. You have reared me to think proudly of myself but I cannot. If I inherited anything from the gods it is only their weaknesses. I completely lack their strength. What's more, I've leaned upon the staff of your benevolence so long that I can no longer walk alone. I'm weak and defenseless."

"How foolish!" the father exclaimed.

"Think it over. You have always protected me, carried my burdens. As a boy I was the prey of every other boy. I tried to defend myself but I didn't know how so I bought protection, with your money. It was the same in college. I bribed people to treat me with consideration. Who saved me from the folly of my first weakness? You. Who saved me from the results of this last affair? Not I."

"I come home disgraced and you honor me with a seat at your left hand and give me liberally of your courage. I grow white and tender, like a shade-grown plant. I wilt at the first exposure . . . Exposure! That's what I need and what I crave. There's no iron in my blood and I despise myself for a weakling. What is college but a hothouse, a forcing-bed? I grow spindling and my roots are thin."

After a moment Lee Ying inquired: "What do you have in mind?"

"I don't know. Travel, perhaps. I can't endure any more of what I've been through."

"Very well. I had intended it to come later, but—it is an education in itself. There is the story of Tang. Tang lived more than a thousand years ago; a very clever young man who had taken many prizes. But he resented the orders of a bold and stubborn ruler and refused to live longer in a country governed by such a foolish and unreasonable tyrant."



"You are no tyrant," Sam quickly protested. "He went on a long voyage to distant parts of the world where he saw many extraordinary sights. When he returned home he was considered the wisest man in the country and received high honors. The world shall be your college; you shall travel like a mandarin and see it all."

The young man smiled, there was a mist in his eyes, but he shook his head gravely. "You do not wholly understand me. My indulgent father hastens to grant this wish, like every other. In his usual benevolent manner he arranges to send me in state. He makes my bed soft and tempers the winds for his son of the clouds. He sends men to fetch and carry for me. But—I must go alone and on my own feet, if I go at all. I must earn my bread."

"What? Is this to be a pilgrimage? You propose to go as a mendicant?"

"Good heavens, no! I'll earn, not beg, my way."

"What absurdity is this?"

"I merely want to be a man."

"It—would mean heat and cold and hunger and hardship, strife and misery. Pain! Deprivation! Discomfort! Danger!"

"I'd like to learn the meaning of such words. Am I a bean-stalk or an oak?"

"Oh, my boy!" Lee Ying cried out in sudden feeling. "You have studied too hard. This fancy will pass. Swim for a while beside the shore, where my hand can reach you. While the father lives the son should not wander afar. The time is not long until I shall join the higher intelligences—" The speaker's voice died away.

Sam inclined his head. "So be it. I would be overpowered with shame if I were so insensible to gratitude as to disobey your slightest wish."

Slowly Lee Ying rose from his chair and began to pace the room. He was no longer imperturbable and serenely sure of himself but a pitiful prey to unwelcome agitations.

"A wanderer! A hungry pilgrim with blistered feet! Unconsidered, ignored, oppressed! . . . It's nothing more than a yearning for adventure: the itching curiosity of youth. To me your idea seems utterly fantastic."

"You tell me that I must learn to walk carefully, to restrain myself with firmness and to rule others with a soft hand. How can I learn to walk carefully if my feet are heavily shod against the stones? Or restrain myself with firmness unless I am oppressed? How can I learn to rule others with a soft hand unless I first climb to a position of authority? Adversity is necessary to the development of a man's virtue, but here I wear an armor that is proof against it . . . You were so kind and so considerate as to ask my wishes. I've made them known but yours shall govern. I shall dutifully observe the ceremonies required of the filial."

"The selfish wishes of a weak and sentimental old man!" Lee Ying exploded irritably. "They defeat themselves. Always I am accused with thoughts of myself and not of others. I fear I shall never complete my thirteen hundred virtuous tasks . . . Tell me again what you desire so that I may accustom myself to it."

The matter was not settled that night. It was discussed frequently in the days that followed. Sam's father was artful, he did not actually oppose the projected plan, he merely delayed action, trusting that time would effect a change, defeat it somehow. But he became convinced finally that Sam was sincere. The boy was indeed hurt, embittered by injustice. He was restless, aimless, and he doubted the fiber of his being. Nothing would satisfy him except a test of its strength.

Reluctantly, inch by inch, the old man yielded; he acquiesced in full at last but nobody knew the cost of his surrender.

The hour of parting came; Sam appeared before his father dressed in one of his poorest suits of clothes and with a suitcase in his hand. He carried a warm overcoat and a cloth cap; nothing more. These he set down, then he knelt three times to the motionless figure in the throne-like chair at the end of the room.



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Lee Ying looked regal in his somber robe and cap. His back was straight, his grizzled head was held erect, his face was immobile.

"Come closer," he said, and his lifeless voice was like the rustling of dry leaves.

Sam approached and made obeisance for a second time; he did not raise his eyes, for he knew the anguish he would see and his heart bled.

"Is all in readiness?" the father inquired.

"It is. The ship sails at eleven o'clock to-night. I must report at six in order that I may be instructed in my so humble duties."

"Is it a large and a seaworthy ship?"

"It is not large but it is venerable and it has weathered many storms."

"You say it carries a cargo of cattle. Are your duties hard, my son?"

"No harder than others which my countrymen perform every day. I am to assist in the peeling of potatoes, the cleaning of dishes, the serving of food, and such useful labors."

Disapproval flickered over the father's face. His noble son, his godling, at unworthy tasks like these.

"The prince fares forth in disguise," he said, "but he must remember his birth. Emperors, scholars, holy men in search of humility and the higher virtues have put on coarse cloth and mingled with the lowly. It is no doubt a training for the soul. But the road is steep, it is beset with dangers and with temptations. You will not let me give you money, so I can only fill your purse with gems of wisdom mined from the meditations of the great philosophers. Preserve them, for they are priceless . . ."

"Remember first that the princely man knows neither grief nor fear. If on searching his heart he finds no guilt why should he grieve? Of what should he be afraid? It is a thought to ponder over when the night is dark and the forest is strange. And another: a man's feet trip upon mole-hills not mountains. You should remember, also, that when there is much to be said, say less than is necessary, for misfortunes issue where disease enters—at the mouth . . ."

"Probably I should heed that and say no more, but I cannot. I speak in order to hold you here . . . The world despises that man who publishes the faults of others and whose courage is unaccompanied by self-restraint."

"I shall engrave your words upon the brass tablets of my memory," Sam promised.

"Oh, there is so much to say!" A spasm convulsed the speaker's face. "Act with kindness but do not exact gratitude. Speak of men's virtues as if they were your own and of their vices as if you were liable for their punishment, for a good word has heat enough for three winters and a hard one bites like six months of cold . . . Alas, my lips move but the words are meaningless and the advice is wasted, for who will profit by the experience of others?"

"I am the artisan who gives you compass and square but only the gods can make you skilful in the use of them . . . It grieves me that I cannot go with you. I would gladly peel the potatoes for that honorable crew and wash the dishes—"

Lee Ying choked. After a moment he rose and came forward across the polished floor. Taking his son into his embrace he strained him to his heaving breast. He stood thus for a while, then in a broken voice he said:

"Go forth on your pilgrimage, I shall wait your home-coming. Promise to write often—about the every-day things which I hunger to know—and promise to write with a brush, for my eyes will be dim with tears. There is no feeling in the scratch of pens, only words, words. Go now, while I can still see you."

Lee Ying listened until the elevator door had closed and until he had heard the last subdued whirr of the machinery that bore Sam down into the world he wished to know. With the going of his Heaven-sent son the vigor ebbed out of the old man. Stiffly he moved to the door of his shrine and with palsied hands slid back the panels. With difficulty he lighted the joss-sticks, then knelt upon the silken floor-cushions. His eyes were streaming.

Sam, too, was blind as he rode down to the

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street level. A feeling of guilt oppressed him, for he realized now how old and how lonely his father was. He wished Lee Ying had not taught him the merciless process of self-analysis, for he was vexed with questions. Was this enterprise upon which he so stubbornly persisted a mere defiant gesture prompted by resentment or was it indeed a sacred pilgrimage to find his manhood?

He was not sure. All he knew was that he must go, no matter how he hurt that gentle old man up yonder: a force more potent than a sense of duty or the demands of filial piety drove him forth.

When he stepped out of the elevator he would have passed a waiting figure without noticing it, if it had not stirred and if he had not heard his name spoken. He was surprised to recognize Eileen Cassidy. She looked smaller and younger than usual, like the little girl he used to know.

"Are you leaving without a good-by to your friends?" she inquired.

"Eileen! I didn't think anybody knew I was going. I—didn't know I had any friends."

"That's a pretty mean thing to say to me."

"It is, Eileen. I didn't mean it."

"Now then, what harum-scarum idea is this, running away to see the world without a cent in your pocket? And you with everything."

"I'm not sure I can explain it. I'm tired of having 'everything,' when, as a matter of fact, I have—nothing. Nothing worth having."

"I know. You're sore and hurt. And I don't blame you. But man dear, this is an Irishman's trick. That's how my father came to America. Oh, Sam, you'd make a noble mick, you're so fine and foolish and impractical! Is it true you're working your way across?"

"Yes. I'm a—scullery boy."

"And how long will you be gone?"

The youth hesitated. "Until I can come back first class. Until I've seen something of the world and learned something about Sam Lee."

"It's so splendidly silly that—I wish I was going, too."

"I shan't come back until I've forgotten a good many things and a good many people, Eileen."

"Me?" Sam shook his head. "I won't forget you."

Almost roughly the boy inquired, "Why not? I'm nothing but a Chinaman! We don't belong in the same street; can't even touch fingers."

As if to disprove this Eileen reached forth a rold little hand and laid it upon his. Quietly she said, "I never looked at it that way. You're a kind of a prince to me . . . I've brought you something to take along; it'll do you no harm and it may do you some good."

She unbuttoned her coat, ran her fingers into the neck of her dress, drew forth a scapular and put it in his hand.

"I don't know if my religion is any better than yours and Lee Ying's but it won't harm to mix them. He'll be praying for you and so will I. Between the two of you you'll get some good. And if you're ever down and out there's a twenty-dollar gold piece sewed inside. It's the first money I ever made."

Sam stared at the speaker queerly, there was a lump in his throat as hard as the gold piece he held between his fingers. He mumbled his thanks and stooped to kiss Eileen's hand, but she lifted her face to his. She put her arms around his neck and kissed him on the lips.

"Good-by, Brian Boru," she whispered. "Come back as clean as you go."

It was a virginal kiss, the first girl's kiss that Sam Lee had ever felt. His head was whirling when he bowed it to the wind and strode off towards the elevated station. A father's benediction, and a girl's kiss! A Catholic scapular upon a Chinese breast! What harm could come to him?

Sam was too Chinese to ignore his promise to write home frequently, but if he had realized how eagerly his letters were received he would have written even oftener than he did. This, however, would have argued a certain feeling of self-importance on his part and he was anything but conceited.

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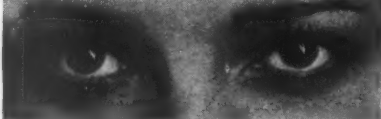


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Sam often wished that he was as thick-skinned as his father. Lee Ying was a modest man and humbly aware of his too-numerous insufficiencies, nevertheless he possessed a placid self-esteem which was proof against such slights as had been put upon his son. He was enormously proud of his race and he considered himself by birth, by training and by accomplishment immeasurably superior to most of the white people he knew and inferior to none.

Sam would have given much to acquire a similar frame of mind but he found it impossible to do so. During the first smart of resentment at his dismissal from Eastern he had thought seriously of going to China, and there becoming what nature had intended him to be, an out-and-out Oriental.

He told himself that it would be difficult but not impossible. But further contemplation of the idea appalled him; he sensed more abnormalities in things Chinese than in things American and so he set his face towards Europe where there is an "easy grace" with foreigners whatever the color of their skins. There, if anywhere, he assured himself, a yellow man with a white mind could live unashamed and unhumiliated.

His doubts about his manly fiber were soon resolved, for experiences came swiftly on shipboard and he rose to meet them in a way that quite surprised himself. To begin with, nobody dreamed that he was Chinese, and that was a relief; he was merely a greasy member of the greasy crew of a greasy tramp.

For that matter, his companions had little or no race prejudice; they were footless fellows, most of them were failures, and prejudice of any sort is rare among the lowly. Among these casuals Sam made both friends and enemies. Acquaintance with them did much to awaken an agreeable feeling of self-confidence and superiority which was doubly pleasant by reason of its novelty.

He learned the value of obedience, the pains and the rewards of labor, the necessity of self-reliance. He learned how to snatch his food like a prowling cat and how to fight for the slender privileges that were accorded him. He was his own master, for the first time, and as good as the next man. Yes, better! Something stirred inside of him and he laughed a good deal.

He left the ship in Liverpool and in the seclusion of a cheap bedroom in a dingy quarter he wrote to Lee Ying. He used a brush, which he wielded skilfully and this, too, amused him, for Chinese ideographs were unwieldy things with which to recount experiences like his; the stately, ornate language of the flowery East was poorly fitted to describe the sordid doings of a pot-rustler on a cattle-ship.

One day when Eileen Cassidy dropped in to inquire for news of the wanderer Lee Ying told her, "He is well and happy. The Celestial powers conveyed his ship safely through the storms and I am glad. I made sure that they would do so, for I paid them well."

"Who? The gods?"

The old man nodded. "If disaster had overtaken him I would have beaten them soundly."

"Attaboy!" Eileen exclaimed. "That's one way to get your wish: pray rough. But what does he say?"

"Frankly I'm both mystified and astonished at what he writes. He has completely changed. I gave him much good advice, I urged him to walk with dignity but, if you will believe me, he bids fair to become a common roisterer. Let me read you—" The speaker took from his sleeve a packet of thin rice-paper which Eileen regarded with sudden interest.

"Oh, gee! It's in Chinese!" she exclaimed. "Say! He's a smart kid, isn't he?"

"Mind you, I have admonished him more than once that the higher type of man is firm but not quarrelsome. Listen!" With eyes that shone queerly Lee Ying read from the vertical rows of hen tracks:

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soon-to-be-forgotten passions, it being a natural law that strength survives weakness. In me, alas, I fear that the opposite is true, for degraded instincts are constantly at war with my better nature. Violent impulses present themselves to me in misleading shapes. Doubtless this is the work of malicious spirits who employ themselves in this discreditable manner."

"Is that Sam writing?" Eileen broke in. "I translate his words as nearly as possible into the awkward medium of your language. He continues, 'This person is convinced of the truth that a man who strikes with a sharp point will not himself be safe for long, nevertheless he is accused with an appetite for undertakings in which no refined individual would take intelligent pleasure. Already he has engaged in two disgraceful combats of a nature which reflects no credit upon his self-restraint, albeit his reputation has not suffered thereby.'"

"For a time he endured patiently the offensive overbearing of a low-born kitchen person of abandoned manner and inelegant habits whose chief delight lay in effecting the discomfort of others. On a certain day of propitious circumstances, your son was engaged in exalted contemplation of the sublime virtues when this rapacious person endeavored by force to despoil him of his mattress."

"Mindful of the fact that he who moves not from his proper place is long lasting, the writer rose and smote him with a boot. He fell at one blow under the impression that he had encountered a class of circumstances differing radically from anything he had sought."

"A certain renown accrued to your unworthy son as a result of this regrettable encounter and to this day a diligent search has failed to reveal in him the slightest feeling of remorse at the occurrence."

"The rowdy!" Eileen cried in delight. "What's his other fight?"

Lee Ying read on, smiling: "On another occasion, he grew resentful of the unmelodious singing of a large grease-individual from the engine-room whose coarser-than-shark-skin voice and ribald verses interrupted his placid meditations. Tearing himself from his enchanting contemplations, your son addressed that person of no particular attainments likening him to a turtle and consigning him to objectionable tortures of a humiliating nature."

"Some time was agreeably spent by each in uttering remarks concerning the habits, the appearance and the accomplishments of the other and there ensued an interminable conflict. A considerable rivalry sprang up among the onlookers who vied with each other in seeing who would be the last to interfere."

"This person was at a disadvantage in regard to strength and stature but he called to his assistance the cunning and the valor of his most distinguished ancestors. Those benevolent influences graciously responded. They rendered their ignoble descendant wholly oblivious to pain and enabled him to endure acute discomforts."

"These he put an end to in course of time by smiting his enemy about the middle with blows that caused his liver to dissolve. It was only by reason of interference of a determined nature that the valiant spirits of these departed warriors were frustrated in the high-minded intention of kicking their defamer in the face and thus terminating the affair in a manner wholly satisfactory to their honor."

"Already the enviable black eye of the writer is beginning to open to the light as the shy petals of a morning-glory unfold to the dawn. Alas, in another week it will have practically disappeared."

"He's proud of his first 'shiner'!" Eileen exclaimed. "He's learning to fight and he loves it."

Lee Ying nodded. "So it appears. Those ancestors of whom he speaks with such unbecoming levity were fighters of renown. They went into battle with fans in their hands and yet they proved to be invincible men at arms. I cannot find it in my heart to chide him."

"Chide him? Give the boy a big hand. All he needs is to win a few scraps. Glory be! I called



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him Brian Boru and he took it in earnest."

Lee Ying's shoulders shook and he gave voice to his pride and his amusement. "A high spirit is an indication of moral strength, but the boy does wrong to attribute his own depravity to the beneficent powers who guard him." Still chuckling he read other passages from Sam's letter until Eileen asked:

"Where is he going from Liverpool? What does he propose to do?"

"His wants are few and he believes that his gift of tongues will afford him a living. He speaks of London, Paris, Berlin—"

"Paris! He would! That—girl is in Paris." The father shrugged, whereupon Eileen exclaimed, "So, that's where he's heading for! Gee, I'm stupid! If I knew how to wait I'd be a dumb waiter."

"He'll never marry a European woman."

"Ohio isn't in Europe. It's a frontier state."

"Have no fear, Sam is Chinese. As yet he doesn't understand all that means, but he will learn."

"You mean no—white girl would marry him?"

"Bosh! He doesn't look Chinese."

"Celestial beings assume a variety of pleasing forms. He is a son of the gods—"

"I think that's terrible!" Eileen interrupted.

"You're a nice man, Mr. Lee, and I like you, but I wish you'd have a talk with Father Deneen about religion. It would do you a lot of good, for he has the clearest way of explaining things. Sam is a dandy fellow but it's sacrilegious to talk about him the way you do. It'll bring him no luck, either . . . Say! I bet you don't know that he wears a scapular."

"A—what?"

"I gave him mine. And I sewed a twenty-dollar gold piece in it."

"So? . . . It may prove to be an efficacious charm."

"Charm!" The girl was scandalized. "That's wicked. Goodness! What a stubborn old heathen you are." The importer nodded his placid agreement to this charge. "What I'm trying to say is this, if Sam doesn't marry a white girl, who will he marry? There aren't a dozen Chinese girls—"

"Heaven sent him, it will provide him a suitable mate." After an instant the speaker went on, "You call me a pagan, but I am more Christian, more Catholic, than you are, in one sense of the word. At any rate, my views are broader. I hold that it matters little what beliefs people profess provided they themselves are sound and worthy. Neither an incorruptible man nor his creed will seriously harm himself or others."

"Your civilization is still too young to have arrived at that philosophy, but I believe Christ taught it. So much for religion. The mingling of bloods is another matter, altogether; it involves purely physical problems and one must be practical as well as philosophical. The consequences of an interracial union—I don't mean international—are not evident until the second generation. Then they assume tremendous proportions and vexatious aspects."

"Sam is an extraordinary person, he will succeed to a large fortune and to a position of much influence. He cannot be the father of half-breeds; the purity of his strain cannot be diluted. All that is sacred in the temple of my soul revolts against the thought. My pride and something stronger—Chinese pride, which is older than the pyramids—forbids it."

"Hm—! I never thought about your pride. All the same, if he falls in love with a white girl, I'll bet he'll forget everything."

"He could show no baser ingratitude. And ingratitude is a trait unknown to our people." The speaker suddenly changed his tone and apologized, "But I grow boastful. Tell me something about yourself and your honorable family, little Fragrance of Spice."

Eileen passed off the request with a careless answer but Lee Ying was insistent so she told him what there was to tell about the Cassidy and the Dalys, her mother's people. She certainly had no reverence either for the departed or for the living members of those clans, most of whom, she asserted, had left Ireland for good reason. So far as she knew they were more

notable for the size of their families than for the size of their accomplishments.

"I've got more relatives than a house-fly," she confessed, "and they're all poor. If there's any luck in our family, it's all bad."

Every week or so thereafter Eileen either telephoned to Lee Ying or dropped in to inquire for news of Sam and they became quite cronies.

Sam went on to London as soon as his honorable black eye had grown well, and there he encountered adventures and vicissitudes as interesting to him as to his heart-hungry father and, his little Irish friend. His new independence was giving him an amused and amusing outlook upon life as unexpected as it was un-Chinese. He was no longer the serious-minded, bulbous-browed student Eileen had known.

He secured some fitful employment among the Oriental importing-houses as an interpreter. He tried and failed at several jobs which he should not have undertaken and he was cheerful about his failures.

Then in a certain letter came news that startled the pair at home. He was in southern France; he had become a sort of assistant to a successful English playwright and was by way of becoming a man of letters. His salary was small but he was living like a nabob in a charming villa overlooking the Mediterranean, and he had made a friend. The how and the why of this amazing change in his fortune he set down with much appreciation.

One night in London he had witnessed, from a high-perched, low-priced seat, the reigning melodramatic success of the season. It was a lurid play of the Orient and in it were several Chinese characters played by English actors. Sam had quickly discovered that the author knew no more about Chinese customs and the Chinese language than did the actors who played his Oriental roles, and acting upon impulse, he had gone around to the stage door.

Mr. Cyril Bathurst, the dramatist, had happened to be in the theater that night and he had turned out to be a most agreeable and approachable gentleman. He had listened to Sam and had readily confessed to an abysmal ignorance of everything Chinese, an ignorance which embarrassed him the more because the success of this play had involved him in an undertaking to write another with the same background.

He was writing it now and he was both worried and discouraged by his limitations. If Sam knew anything about China his appearance was in answer to prayer.

Mr. Bathurst had invited his self-appointed critic to go to supper with him to talk about China, and Sam had gone. On the following afternoon the author had borne him off to his country home for the weekend.

It had been a great lark for Sam. Bathurst had proved to be a splendid fellow, an Oxford man, a sportsman, a tennis player; he and his guest had hit it off immediately. They had played tennis and, due as much perhaps to Sam's skill with the racket as to his knowledge of things Chinese, Mr. Bathurst had made him a sporting proposition to remain with him during the writing of the new play as a—well, as a salaried guest, an unofficial literary assistant, a tennis partner, or what have you? Naturally, the young man had jumped at the chance.

They were on the Riviera now, the play was growing and Sam's back-hand was improving. Spring in southern France was lovely, flowers were in bloom and the sea was incredibly blue. There was much social life at Paradis, where they were stopping; Mr. Bathurst went out a great deal and entertained considerably. Sam was meeting some nice people, both English and American. It was a diverting experience. The gods were grinning.

Lee Ying and Eileen discussed the letter at length, and another matter, too. All the luck, it appeared, was not Sam's, and Eileen's good-natured contempt for her "ancestors" had been succeeded by a wholly new respect. The strangest thing had happened. Her mother had come into an inheritance!

It was an astounding fact. It was just like a



story in a book, and the Cassidy home was in turmoil. One of those footless relatives she had told Lee Ying about, a cousin of her mother's by the name of Malachy Daly, had considerably died and bequeathed Mrs. Cassidy fifty thousand dollars. Or to be exact, the interest on that amount. News of this legacy had come through a San Francisco bank.

"The interest is paid to her every month—that's so Dad and Jim can't spend it—and upon her death the principal goes to me. Me!" Eileen was round-eyed, breathless. "Dad and Jim declare it's a gag of some kind because none of Ma's family ever laid up a cent. Maybe it is, but the first check has come. And the funny part is Ma can't remember that she ever did a thing for her cousin Malachy."

"The truly benevolent do not remember their acts of kindness."

"Of course she never had much to do with. But—I do hope for her sake there's no mistake about it."

"I'm sure there is none. As for the forgotten obligation of her departed relative, time brings to the truly righteous man a sense of gratitude for the favors he has received. No doubt your mother's venerable cousin was a man of lofty motives—"

"He didn't have that reputation."

"—and could not pass on high with a debt outstanding against him."

"Well!" The girl drew a deep breath. "I don't know a thing about him, for I never saw him, but I'll say he passed 'on high' when he did pass. He was hitting on all six, with the muffler open."

*Sam thinks he has found happiness at last until a terrible scene in a fashionable European restaurant again brings him bitter disillusionment—in Rex Beach's January Instalment*

## Vagabonding by Air

(Continued from page 28)

been flying for an hour. Speed 100 M. P. H. If motor runs 1800 R. P. M. in half-hour, if course is correct and I have allowed properly for winds, I ought to cross a river which is fifty miles from Bugville. Beyond that river is a railroad-track. The first town which appears to the left should be Prune City."

Wonder what a pilot thinks about? Well, something very much like that as he flies over unknown territory.

If towns were identified with names readable at several thousand feet, air passengers unfamiliar with the territory would be interested and pilots would have a double check on the course. Such marking helps greatly, too, in coming out of a fog when the pilot is apt to find it hard to pick up landmarks immediately, a single name at once providing definite location.

Crossing the continent I contrived to get lost myself, and not because of fog.

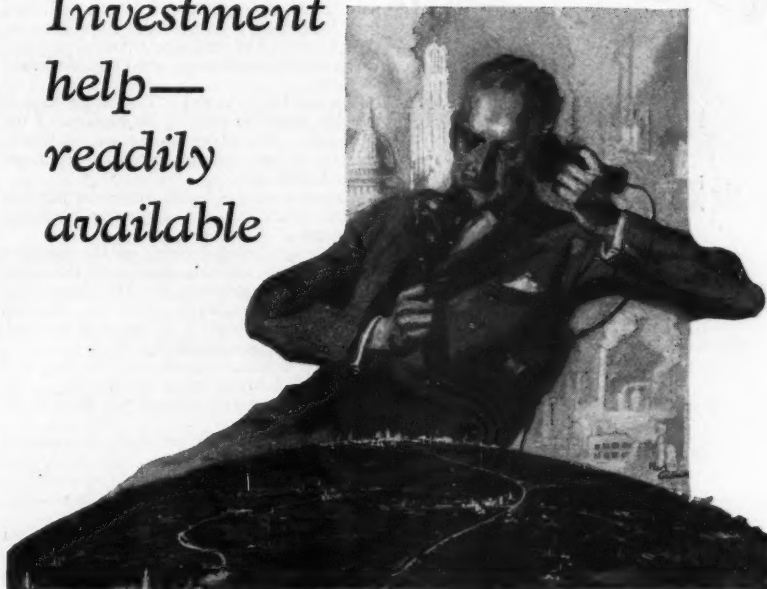
Flying west from Fort Worth I struck very bumpy weather. Air bumps act as do waves in a choppy sea, tossing one about. In a small plane it is a little like riding through rapids or rough water in a canoe.

Handling the controls through this bumpy going while at the same time pumping gas from the reserve into the gravity tank and trying to hold a compass course, kept me so busy that I lost the map. Usually it lies open on my knee, fastened with a safety-pin to my dress. But in that strenuous ten minutes and twelve miles over Texas, the pin was forgotten and the map blew overboard.

When the weather became calmer, there were no landmarks with which to identify my location. So I decided to follow the same course that I was on over the last-known location.

Parallel to it, somewhat to the north, shortly a highway with many busy cars became visible. I turned to fly beside that road. So many cars must be going somewhere, and I felt I would

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like to go there too. In all the vast rolling country below, those automobiles were the only signs of life except an occasional ranch-house or oil derrick, at intervals of many miles. I chased that highway across the state into New Mexico, passing only a few unnamed towns, and then, with misgivings, I watched the cars scatter for their homes. The road and its traveling population simply oozed away, and I was left lonely and lost.

The sun began to sink. The purple haze of the dry countries rose on the horizon. I desired food. My plane desired gas, or would, shortly. I very much wanted to get somewhere before dark.

A small cluster of houses grouped around an oil-well swam into the darkening landscape below me.

Cautiously I circled low to see the condition of the ground, zooming down over the single wide flat thoroughfare of the little community.

Convinced that Main Street was the best visible place to land, I sat down at one end. At high altitudes where the air is thin it is necessary to make a pretty fast landing, so I am afraid I broke speed ordinances as the Avian rolled smartly through the heart of the city.

At once the community turned out to see who was in the plane, and I turned out to find where I was. My friendly metropolis claimed the age of six months, an oil-boom town called Hobbs.

The citizens helped me fold the wings of the biplane and then, after sending telegrams by way of the single telephone, I dined at the Owl Café, from the much appreciated but invaluable menu of fried eggs, coffee and bread. And then the luxury of a real bed!

The coolness of that gorgeous high desert night was very grateful to my nose. Flying so much had caused a severe sunburn. For most of the journey I wore a close-fitting hat instead of the helmet which left a white unburned streak across my cheeks. Goggles cannot be abandoned on long hops. They, of course, beneath unburned rings of white around the eyes. In my log-book I noted that when and if I reached Los Angeles I would resemble a horned toad.

Down the Main Street of Hobbs I took off the next morning, everyone helping me. Unfortunately in the preparations a thorn punctured one of my tires. While I enjoyed my morning eggs the puncture was repaired. I thought, as I climbed aboard, that the tire was softening, but everyone said I was mistaken.

Then again the billowing brown areas of the Southwest stretched below me. Ocean flying is no more lonely than that over uncharted and uninhabited land. I was told that in about one hundred miles, in a somewhat southwesterly direction, there would be either a river with a railroad on the right, or a railroad main line with a highway on the left, depending on whether I was more west than south or vice versa.

You remember in your automobile touring the hazy rural directions sometimes given you? At least in such cases you had a road to follow.

In the West the rivers wriggle, cutting across country tortuously. I remember later that morning when I came to a friendly railroad I experienced much the feeling of the Friendship crew in sighting land at the end of the transatlantic flight, after twenty hours of fog and water.

Of course in a way all this uncertainty was absurd. I had blundered off my course and was flying without adequate maps or information. Under the immediate circumstances that was unavoidable, but at any army and most civilian air-ports Department of Commerce strip maps usually are obtainable and also leaflets describing fields and general characteristics along airways. At these centers, too, daily reports are available, giving weather conditions, ceiling (the altitude to which a plane can climb and have good visibility) and wind direction.

If you have any questions about aviation, write to Miss Amelia Earhart, Cosmopolitan Magazine, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City

Thus equipped, a pilot traveling a certain direction can select the altitude, other conditions being equal, at which he will gain the maximum assistance from the wind. In traveling between these main fields, too, one has the advantage of expert mechanical help.

As I prepared to land at Pecos, Texas, remembering the uncertainty of that repaired tire at Hobbs, I was prepared for a "flat" and sat down gingerly. The tire actually was flat but the light ship gave no trouble.

Pecos was very kind to me. Citizens repaired the stubborn tire and the Rotary Club, then in session, took me to luncheon. Starting that afternoon for El Paso came the first motor trouble of the trip, and I was forced down, landing among mesquite bushes and salt hills, in the best place—it was none too good—that I could see from 4000 feet altitude.

It was near a road and cars gathered at once, the women seeming especially anxious to see what I looked like. Some day, I dare say, women can be fliers and yet not be regarded as curiosities!

As I came down another plane passed and, with good manners, circled about until the pilot saw that I was safe and being cared for. Airplanes are meant to fly, and it is sad to see one towed along the road. But it was my fate to see "G-ebug" (my registration letters) thus return to Pecos.

Owing to the wheels of the plane not being made for much rolling on the ground, we were forced to hold our pace to ten miles an hour and to stop every three miles to let the bearings cool. It was late, and dark, when the little ship was stowed behind a garage at Pecos, there to await new engine parts from El Paso.

It is not all plain sailing, of course, if one chooses to step out just a bit informally over strange country, visiting unfamiliar landing-fields. But the fun of it is worth the price.

The first trouble of the flight was encountered earlier, at Pittsburgh. Unfortunately, there I did not take the precaution of flying low over Rodgers Field to examine it. From the air I misjudged the best part of the field, and after coming down satisfactorily enough, smashed my landing gear on a shallow ditch hidden in the grass. That misplaced ditch crooked up the plane a bit and smashed the propeller, but left the passenger I brought out from New York and myself not even shaken up.

The next day another plane, twin to mine, was ferried out from the East. We took the parts from it to replace the injured parts of my own plane. And there I experienced a fine example of the sporting spirit of air mechanics—the men on the field who keep the planes in the air. Bob Hancock and his gang knew I wanted to keep going the next day, and of their own accord, to make that possible, four of them worked continuously through the night; the next noon the little Avian was ready.

Incidentally my passenger, whom I had intended to drop at Pittsburgh, kept on with me to Dayton. That was just a polite—and appreciated—gesture to show his confidence in the pilot, even though she had nosed over once.

A high-light of that episode, by the way, was the resulting newspaper head-lines. In the papers I read "Amelia Earhart near death in crash." That sort of thing is too bad. I would like to plead with the press that they stop seeking to make sensational news out of minor aviation accidents.

I have heard it said that in another year or two a transatlantic flight won't even "make the first page." I dare say that is probable enough. But I do wish that equal conservatism would come in handling the news of aviation's trivial misfortunes—misfortunes inevitable in the rapidly developing and often experimental conquest of the air.

Yes, there are tribulations in air vagabonding. But the fun of it far outbalances them. There is joy in exploring a new country in new ways—and the hearts of people, which seem always ready to open to a stranger.

## Sleep by George A. Dorsey (Continued from page 83)

of the country disturb me, the very softness of a feather bed may keep me awake far into the night. I am accustomed to a thus-and-so bed. When I stretch out on it my body comes in contact with it. Wherever my body touches that bed is a source of stimulus. In a new bed, my central nervous system is assailed by unaccustomed stimuli. They keep me awake.

Does it begin to be clear, then, that the chief thing we do when we lay ourselves down to sleep is to try to shut off all the messages we can which usually assail our Central during our waking, active hours?

But even when we are asleep certain kinds of messages can and do get through and can do lead to action: that is, we wake. Even with my eyes closed and the mechanism of the eyeball adjusted so far as is humanly possible to the dark, a flash of light in the room may still penetrate my eyelids and be enough of a stimulus to rouse me. I am accustomed to the fire siren—usually several blocks away; but human voices in front of my window will get through to my Central and awaken me. The wife of the physician may sleep through a dozen telephone calls; one wheezy cough from her baby will stand her on her feet.

Note that standing on her feet is a motor activity, performed in response to a stimulus.

Note, too, that that same stimulus presumably did not get through to the doctor's Central, just as the stimuli of the telephone calls did not get through to hers.

And having noted that the motor activity above was the result of stimuli—in each case received through a sense organ—we are prepared for a definition of sleep: suspension of all ordinary sensori-motor activities whereby during waking hours we sense our environment and keep in touch with it.

However deep or profound my sleep may be, and however dead to the world I may seem to be, I am not *all* asleep or dead; part of my body is still very much awake and alive. Activity has been suspended in only a part of my body. What part? The part I did not know how to use at birth, the part I had to learn to use, the motor part, the part I use in walking, talking, thinking, et cetera.

The other part of my body, which from birth knew how to respond to vital stimuli, continues its activity during sleep. Activity in the vital organs ceases only with death. No matter how profound the sleep or how sleep is induced, the heart beats, the blood circulates, the lungs rise and fall, and the alimentary canal keeps up its movements.

These vital processes—heart-beat, respiration, digestion, et cetera—carry on without the cortex of the brain. They function through lower brain centers. Hence we may say that during sleep there is cessation of those activities only which depend on the higher nerve centers—the cortex.

Sleep, then, is a condition during which our motor mechanism is relaxed and during which only some unusual or heightened stimulus can reach the cortex and lead to action in the motor response mechanism; we are more or less dead to the world. Our highest brain center has lost its normal wakeful irritability.

Having been told that activity in the big muscles of your body stops during sleep, you might naturally infer that normal sleep is characterized by no more movement in arms, legs and trunk than in a log at rest. You may even boast that you sleep "like a log." Investigations now being made by Doctor Johnson of the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research have demolished the idea of log-like sleep, and incidentally have given us a new idea of the depths of sleep.

Suppose you lie down on a bed and never move a muscle for ten hours, what happens? The muscles which support the weight of your body, even though relaxed, must get tired; the circulation through these muscles must be slowed down by the weight on them. A tired muscle is just as capable of sending in a

message to your Central as is a bad odor or a strange noise.

As a result of some thirty thousand observations made on eighteen sleepers Doctor Johnson found, contrary to common belief, that the average rest period does not exceed fourteen minutes. A typical subject changed his position in bed on an average of thirty-five times every eight hours, meanwhile slumbering peacefully. The most restless subject moved or changed his position on an average of once in every seven and three-quarter minutes. The most log-like sleeper changed position on an average of every twenty-five minutes.

To sleep like a log, then, is abnormal. Otherwise we should never dream. Presumably we never dream in our deepest sleep. I have read many theories about dreams, and even a few dream books, but I have never found a theory of dreams which fully satisfied me. I therefore offer the following for what it is worth:

Sleep itself, as we have seen, is a variable condition and not an absolute state, like death for example. During sleep we retire from the world, but we have not entirely retired—we can be called back to wakefulness, to a state of alertness. That which calls us back, or the stimulus which arouses us, varies among us as individuals and in each individual according to the condition of the body prior to sleep.

In other words, the body "I lay me down" tonight is not necessarily the body which went to bed last night. I may be more subject to, more tuned in on, certain classes of stimuli tonight than I was last night; or, to use a common expression, I may have something on my mind tonight which I did not have last night.

The contents of my stomach may be quite different from what they were last night. There may be something in the bed that was not there last night. The bed itself may be different. And so on.

Any one of these incidental factors may modify my normal sleep procedure tonight, keeping me awake.

Having fallen asleep, the cortex of my brain the analyzer of sensation, retires, becomes inhibited as the physiologists say. It turns hot during the night, the blankets weigh me down, pressure stimuli get a hearing in my central nervous system, messages are sent out, and I kick the blankets off. But I still swelter, let us say—perspire perhaps, for perspiring also is a reflex action and not under control of any voluntary or learned act on my part; in other words, I can perspire without a cortex.

But stimuli of general bodily discomfort keep pouring into my central nervous system. If they pour in hard enough, they may wake me, and I may try to find a cooler room or an electric fan. Or they may lead to a minimal motor response: I may merely think (dream) I am looking for a fan. But as I am still asleep, and as my cortex, the organ of my critical faculties, is not on the job directing my thinking, I may dream that I am roasting in an oven or being boiled in oil.

Dreams, in other words, represent motor action, but in a low, uncritical form. Why this should be so will be apparent with a moment's reflection. A dream is prompted by some excitation of brain cells—from some organic stimulus. Such excitation during waking hours usually leads to appropriate action in motor mechanism: we do something with our hands or feet. Nerve paths from Central to the muscles which perform these acts get worn, as it were, from continuous use, "facilitated" as the neurologists say. Hence in dreams we walk—through doors or on the water, or fly over trees, or fall from housetops, and perform all sorts of incredible feats and life-saving acts. Neural energy thus finds an outlet and we sleep on—or talk or laugh or even walk in our sleep: that is, the neural energy leads to overt action.

A dream, then, is a break, as it were, in sleep. Dreamless sleep is the more perfect sleep.



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As neural excitation may be cumulative, we have our most vivid dreams just before we wake, hence they are easily recalled; and we marvel at their nonsense or smile at their absurdity. The actual walking, running, flying, falling, et cetera that we seem to do while dreaming is simply our dramatization of such action. To say, as does Freud, that all dreams are wish fulfillments and chiefly of a sexual nature, is nonsense.

Organic or visceral pressures or tensions, of course, do enter into many of our dreams. In other words, the sensations of stimuli which start the dream process are as likely to originate in the viscera and through pain, pressure, movement, position, and temperature senses as through our sense organs proper. Any internal stimulus, including hunger, thirst, and sex stimuli, may lead to dreams. In that sense, then, every dream may be said to have a meaning of its own; by "meaning" I refer, of course, to some impulse or stimulus which leads to such action as can take place in the thinking mechanism freed from the normal critical analysis of the brain cortex.

The sleep-walker seems to transcend any theory of dreams or of sleep. He may perform movements which require very delicate adjustment of muscles which are normally relaxed in sleep. Therefore we can say that the sleep-walker is not entirely asleep. Nerve centers which control action in the motor mechanism remain on the job.

Why do we wake up? The obvious answer would seem to be, because we have had enough sleep. But how do we know we have had enough sleep? "We" during sleep have passed out, as it were. What is it, then, that wakes us?

A stimulus or message so insistent that it gets through to the cortex, setting up an irritation which in turn transmits the message to our voluntary muscles: that is, the muscles we use in stretching, getting out of bed, et cetera. It may be a light so bright that it filters through our eyelids, or it may be a message from one of our visceral organs—hunger, thirst, or a distended bladder.

I may wake in the middle of the night, let us say, and it may be six hours since my last meal, yet I don't feel hungry, though it is fairly certain my stomach is empty and has performed its usual hunger contractions. Why don't I feel hungry? Simply because I have learned to disregard hunger contractions at that time.

There is no longer any great mystery about conditioned reflexes, but there is much that is not yet known about the physiological rhythms of our body. In the absence of any known stimulus we may say that the sleeper wakes through habit. The average person wakes up as definitely after eight hours' sleep as though he were an alarm-clock set to go off at the end of that period. So the physician who hears the telephone has set himself to hear just that, the mother to hear her child.

I have had a few occasions to use an alarm-clock, but can't recall more than once when I did not anticipate its release by two or three minutes. This can happen because our body itself is always marking time, through heartbeat, respiration, et cetera. We come to have a time sense; it may be so strongly developed that by giving it attentive thought we can set our body to go off after a certain lapse of time.

Suppose I decided to get along without sleep altogether, how long could I live? I cannot answer this question, nor so far as I know has the experiment ever been made as to how long one could live without sleep. In all the experiments, so far as I know, the individual fell asleep in spite of everything the experimenter could do to keep him awake. Presumably, one could no more continue to do without sleep than one could continue to get along without food.

Experiments made on nursing puppies throw light on this problem. Although they were carefully nurtured, all were dead within

a week from enforced insomnia; one was kept alive for 143 hours. As a matter of fact, prolonged complete sleeplessness rarely is met with. It is generally believed that ten days of absolute insomnia is enough to cause death. Even the insomnia which accompanies certain nervous disorders is generally broken by short periods of sleep, and it is certain that even partial insomnia is often followed by abnormal or deranged behavior.

The "third degree" insomnia sometimes practised in police stations proceeds on the theory that if the suspect is kept awake long enough, his manufactured story will break down earlier than his habits of behaving consistently and he will finally tell the "truth." But after two or three days' enforced insomnia the suspect may find the discomfort so insufferable that he will testify to anything in the hope of being let alone. One of Doctor Johnson's subjects in the Mellon Institute, after a period of experimental insomnia, declared that he dreaded future experiments more than any other form of physical pain.

As sleep is a variable, so also is muscular relaxation. Ever pick up a child in deep sleep? Such complete muscular relaxation that its body seems as though it would fall apart or break in two if not handled carefully. The average child goes to sleep more easily than the average adult because it carries to bed fewer unsolved problems—it can sleep, it does not have to think.

The Marathon dancers bear testimony to the marvelous capacity of the youthful human body to readjust itself to new and unnatural conditions. Of the thirteen couples I saw today, all but one seemed fresher than yesterday. After dancing (mostly a purely perfunctory performance) something like 230 hours, an additional twenty-four seemed to have added nothing to their distress: they were getting the habit of sleeping fifteen minutes out of each hour. Those I talked with said they went to sleep in a second—just as soon as they tumbled on their coats. Only one of the dancers wore signs of distress on his face; most of them looked as bright and cheery as you please. Some of them undoubtedly can supplement the fifteen-minute rest or sleep pauses by "naps" while on the dancing floor.

After prolonged action muscles get tired—the fuel in the muscle engines becomes depleted and fatigue products (lactic acid) accumulate. But the recuperative power of muscles is now known to be not only great but a much quicker process than was formerly believed possible. Otherwise Nurmi could not break two world's records in one day, nor could the Marathon dancers continue for twelve days with a rest of only six hours a day and that in fifteen-minute doses. That fifteen minutes is a life-saver! They drop out primarily because of bad arches or blistered feet, and secondarily because their repertoire of social manners cracks under the strain—in a word, they quarrel or fight.

Why can't they dance a thousand hours? I do not know. I suspect it is because their cortex, after prolonged continuous bombardment by similar (and hence monotonous) stimuli, enters a state of inhibition—it can no longer analyze stimuli; the dancers become "goofy," and are withdrawn.

In other words, the unsolved problem behind sleep is just what takes place in the nerve cells, their processes and their junctions, during work and rest. Something takes place—that is certain; just what will some day be known, for some of the keenest intellects in the world are engaged on that problem. When it is solved we shall know whether eight hours' sleep is a habit or a part of our nature which cannot be violated with impunity.

While it is true that we do not know just what happens to us during sleep, it must now be obvious that without sleep we die. That is, sleep is as necessary for life as food and drink. But I must infer that we can ration our sleep. Probably most of us could sleep less and work more. Mankind on the average seems to sleep eight hours a day. We could probably

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get along with six hours, or even less. It is often alleged that one famous American (though whether he himself ever said so I do not know) habitually gets along with four hours' sleep. Possibly he does, but I do not believe it, nor have I ever found a physiologist who does, although I have found no physiologist willing to assert that one could not learn to get along with four hours' sleep.

And so we come back to our starting-point—can we ration our sleep? And our answer must be, we don't know for certain; probably we could. Possibly the mother is yet unborn who is willing deliberately to experiment on her child—not to see how long she could keep it awake as the experimenters did with the puppies, but to see if she could train it to get along with four or five or even six hours' sleep a day.

The average mother, on the other hand, is strongly imbued with the idea that the more a child sleeps the better it is for the child—or if not for the child, for her own peace of mind. The child that can sleep ten or twelve hours a day is nothing less than a gem. By and by the physiological rhythms I have spoken of become fixed; the child acquires the habit of going to sleep at a certain time and of waking up at a certain time.

That was a useful habit in the early days of the human race when there was no such thing as artificial light and when even the light of the moon could be counted on for only a few nights in the month. For millions of years Man and his ancestors have been diurnal animals, functioning primarily through their eyes. Their bodily activities were mainly determined by what their eyes saw; without light they were figuratively and literally in the dark as to the source of supplies needed to keep body alive. The human eye is ill adapted for the dark. Sleep was not only a natural response to the absence of light but it gave the body an opportunity to restore itself.

Little enough, I repeat, is known as to just what takes place in that restorative process, in the brain cells, nerves and synapses of our nervous system, and in our muscles, or how fatigue products are dissipated, but we do know that we generally go to bed tired and normally wake up refreshed. Sleep is the great restorer.

Sleep is an absolute necessity, a vital process if you please, for highly integrated, high-strung animals such as you and I. We no more have to learn sleep than we have to learn digestion, for it is a reflex act and follows prolonged bodily activity naturally as night follows the day. Sleep is also a habit—an individual habit, personal for you and me. We need sleep, we must have sleep or we die. The real question, then, is: "Do I get enough sleep to keep me as alert, vigorous and keen-eyed as I should be to get the most out of life—and if not, why not?"

In the report cabled back from Paris after Lindbergh landed was the statement that he ate little or nothing during his flight because he better could keep awake hungry. Translate that idea into your own personal problem. Life for every adult is a personal problem, and more than likely these days to be fairly difficult and certainly complex. Give yourself a chance.

Pay at least as much heed to the upkeep and repair of your body as you do to your motorcar—and know it as well! No car can repair itself overnight; the body you lay down to sleep can restore you for another day's work if when your day's work is done you lay it aside with your work clothes.

As hunger is the best sauce, so the fatigue that follows action is nature's best opiate. The common complaint "I can't work because I can't sleep" should usually read: "I can't sleep because I don't work." But the difference between work and worry is the difference between an ox chewing its cud and Man the domesticated animal trying to eat his pie and keep it. You can't work best when you are drowsy; you can't sleep best when you are worried.



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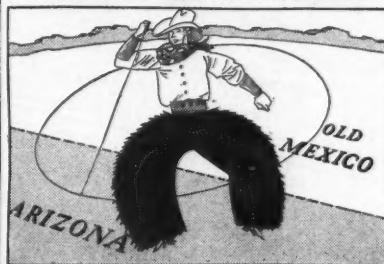
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"Just an old tight-wad," that's the way they speak of the boss—when he isn't listening—and in their dreams they see themselves stepping into his office and laying a curtly worded resignation on his desk. "I'm leaving to go with So-and-So," reads the ultimatum, "and they're paying me twice as much. *There's* a place where my services are *appreciated*."

How dumbfounded such employees would be if someone in authority should ask them point blank the three questions at the top of this page—and what a revelation if, for just an instant, they could see themselves as their employer sees them!

Little they dream how eagerly he watches the man who is able to cut costs and increase profits—who possesses the capacity for *growth*—who in spare time is striving to increase his earning power.

Does the average employer favor such a man—promote him rapidly?

*You bet he does—and by way of proof we are going to tell you about three men who put their employers to the test!*

## A LaSalle Button Won the Job It Proved His Case

A bookkeeper-cashier was wanted by a large Chicago firm, growers and shippers of flowers, to supervise the accounts of their fifty greenhouses.

More than one hundred men applied for the position.

But a LaSalle lapel button helped turn the trick for Louis Breisch. It showed the employer that Breisch had successfully completed six months' training with LaSalle Extension University. That car-

ried weight, and Breisch got the job at a salary higher than he had asked.

## How G. Roy Eshelman Said Good-bye to \$16 a Week

G. Roy Eshelman, of Decatur, Illinois—cog in a big industrial machine—was earning only \$16 a week when ambition prompted him to enroll for Higher Accountancy training with LaSalle.

"Through my training," writes Mr. Eshelman, "I became interested in the Auditing Department of my company, and often remained after hours watching the auditor at his work.

"Observing my interest, he soon placed me in his department at a 50% increase in pay, and as I progressed with my LaSalle work, I was shortly rewarded with an additional 40% increase.

"My studies rapidly equipped me to strike out for myself, and at present I have an extensive practice as a Public Accountant.

"It is sufficient to say that with the aid of my LaSalle training my present income is many times greater than when I enrolled."

## A "Raise" of 137 Per Cent in Fifteen Months!

For four years Philip S. Blessing, of the Lancaster Brick Company, Lancaster, Pa., worked hard as a clerk and got nowhere.

During that time plenty of opportunities came his way—and passed him by. He began to realize what every successful man knows—that opportunities without trained ability mean nothing. He decided to get ready.

Within 15 months after he started training with LaSalle, Mr. Blessing was made Assistant Treasurer of his company, and his salary was increased 137 per cent. It has now been increased 250 per cent.

His employer, Clarence B. Horning, General Manager, adds the vital point: "We believe he has many successful years ahead of him." His business progress has only begun.

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How does your employer size you up?

Does he see in you the trained ability to cut costs, increase profits? *Read again how Louis Breisch won out over 100 applicants for a position!*

Does he perceive by your interest in some special field that you are capable of discharging greater and greater responsibilities? *Read again how Eshelman said good-bye forever to \$16 a week!*

Can he say of you—by reason of your spare-time efforts to increase your earning power—"We believe he has many successful years ahead of him?" *Read again how Philip Blessing won the position of Assistant Treasurer at a 250% increase in salary!*

The business world is crowded with unthinking fellows who are forever looking to hard work and faithful service to put them ahead—forgetting that these are only the *beginning* of what the boss wants.

"Merely a loyal worker"—is that the way your employer sizes you up? Or does he rate you as a first-class business man—a future leader?

Prove that you have the will and the stamina to win success—by what you do with this coupon NOW!

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Present Position .....

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# Send the Backward Child to School

BY IRA S. WILE, M. D.

Author of "The Challenge of Childhood"

THE relation of a parent to a child is more than that of a creator. Parents are the social trustees of their children. The responsibility for the child's welfare legally belongs to parents. The responsibility is owed to the child and the community.

All children are not born free and equal. Some unfortunately are born fettered by defects in body or mind or even both which destroy all equality at birth and nullify any potential equality at maturity.



The more difficult the limitations of a child the greater becomes the responsibility of the parents towards the community. The self-centered and selfish parent, who

views his child as a possession for parental pleasure and enjoyment, fails to recognize his highest duty to the handicapped child and to the community into which he was born.

No duty possesses greater significance than the obligation to give a backward child every opportunity for education and vocational training. Children who are mentally dull, mentally backward or even mentally defective are entitled to the best advantages that parental judgment, attention, and means can provide. The intelligent parent recognizes the necessity of providing an adjustment in school that will promote the regular intellectual progress of his child. The greater the mental handicap of a child the more necessary a special adjustment becomes.

In meeting the school needs of backward children there may be necessity for changing from a high class to a lower one, from a regular classroom to a special classroom, from one type

of public school to another type of school, from a public school to a private school specially organized and designed to meet the needs of children with mental limitations and handicaps.

The desire to keep a backward child at home rather than to send him to a special school is founded upon indifference, ignorance, a false shame or selfish self-pitying. The happiness that a parent derives from a home-bound child is not identical with, nor as useful as, the happiness that a child can secure from proper school placement even if obliged to live away from home.

Parents cannot be expected to be omniscient, but a community has a right to demand the thoughtful consideration of their children, particularly when their education is so definitely of communal concern. To neglect the education of a backward child is to further penalize him in his social relations. Early training in the establishment of proper habits is of fundamental



importance. The attack upon the definite problems of teaching a backward child should be started at the earliest possible moment in order to attain the highest degree of suc-

cess. Schooling is required in inverse ratio to mentality. The more backward a child the greater is his need for skilled teachers, continuous pedagogic oversight and prolonged educational direction.

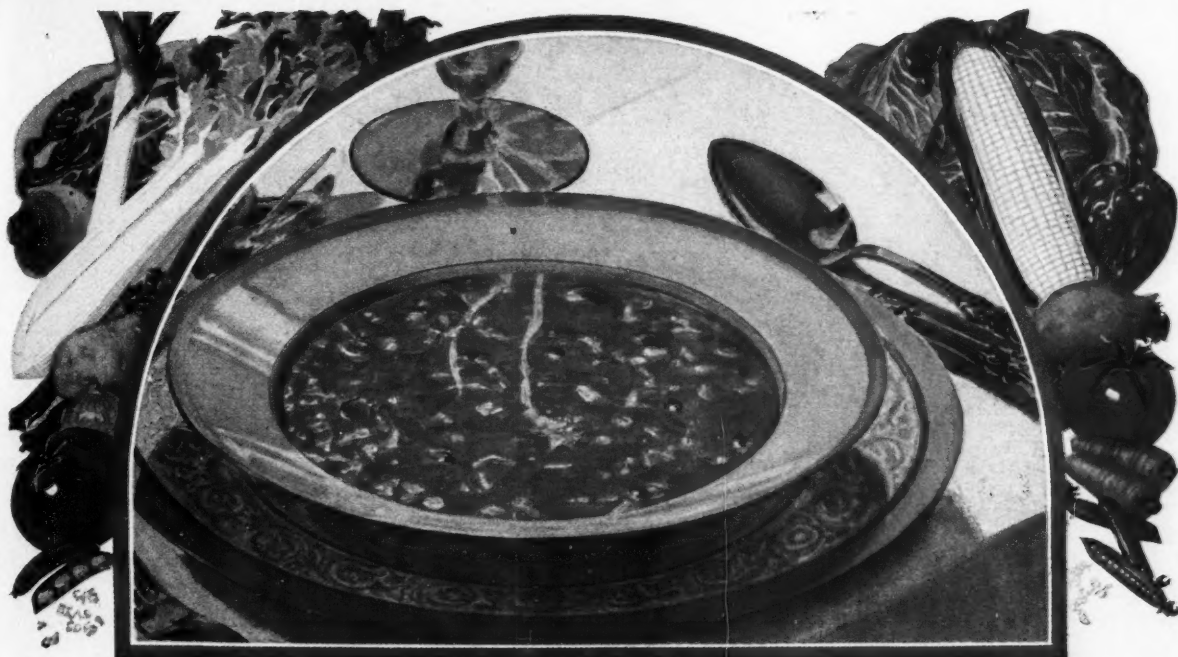
The markedly backward requires a special school, but every backward child always requires special attention and special guidance, the provision of which is the essence of intelligent and loving parental care.

## COSMOPOLITAN EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

MAY G. LINEHAN, DIRECTOR

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*Vegetable soup is so hearty  
that it can be either!*



PERHAPS you will get a new idea about soup when we tell you that thousands and thousands of women consider Campbell's Vegetable Soup "a meal in itself".

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Soup is the ideal introduction to a meal because it has such a tonic and stimulating effect on the appetite and digestion. But the widespread use of Campbell's Vegetable Soup as the principal dish proves that housewives depend on soup as useful for every kind of meal.

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WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET



#### TO MAKE DELICIOUS COCOA QUICKLY

The best and easiest way to make Baker's Cocoa is to mix 4 tablespoons of cocoa with 2 to 4 tablespoons of sugar and a dash of salt in a saucepan. Add to it 1 cup of cold water and stir it over the direct heat until it is smooth; boil two minutes. Then add 3 cups of milk, and beat. Beat well, using rotary egg beater and serve at once. This makes 4 cups.

The "good night" drink for city dwellers  
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**D**O you ever lie awake at night, tossing in bed, listening to the measured ticking of the clock, praying for the sweet release of sleep?

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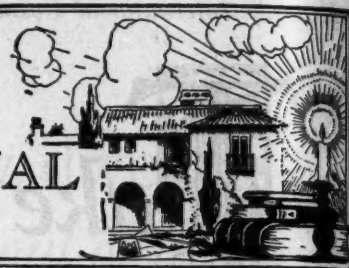
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# Cosmopolitan EDUCATIONAL GUIDE



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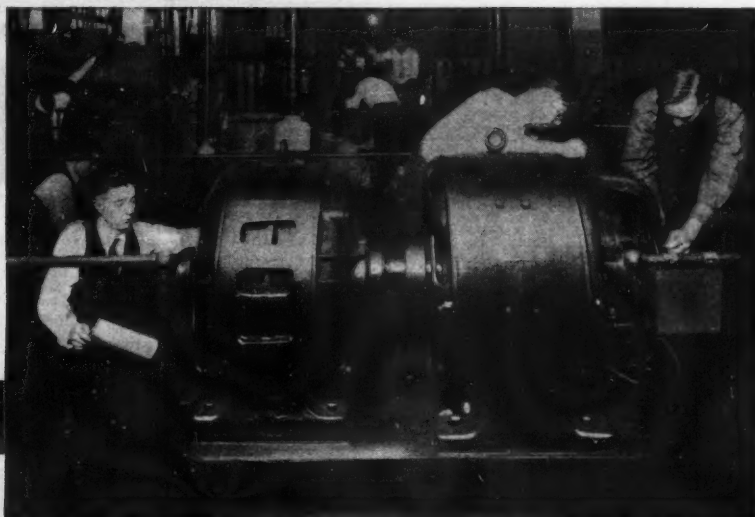
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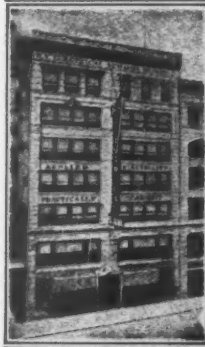
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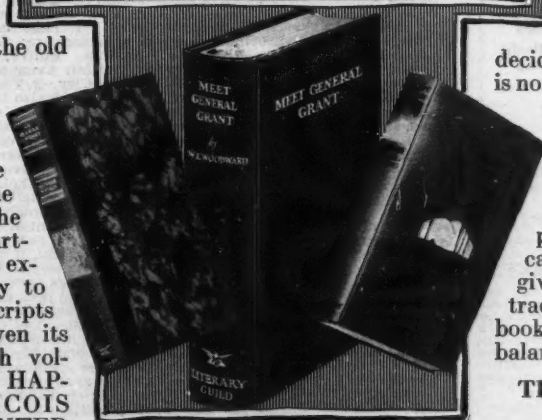
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**50 BOOKS All for \$2.98**  
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Dept. G-2, Girard, Kansas  
Send me the 50-volume Good English Course and a leather cover. Unless my remittance for \$2.98 is enclosed herewith, I will pay the postman \$2.98 on delivery.

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## Would You Like a \$15.00 Check?

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FROM boys and girls in their teens to grandmas and granddads, hundreds of folks are turning their leisure moments into good hard cash—without experience and without interfering with their regular duties.

You can too—by simply taking care of the renewal of present subscribers to **GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, COSMOPOLITAN, HARPER'S BAZAR** and our other immensely popular magazines in your locality; and by sending us the new subscriptions you take during your spare time.

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Yes, I'd like some extra money. Please send me at once a complete outfit for my easy money-making plan.

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Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Hearst's International combined with Cosmopolitan, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1928. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Eugene Foraker, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Hearst's International combined with Cosmopolitan and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, International Magazine Company, Inc., 959 8th Avenue, New York City. Editor, Ray Long, 959 8th Avenue, New York City. Managing Editor, Ida Verdon, 959 8th Avenue, New York City. Business Manager, Eugene Foraker, 959 8th Avenue, New York City. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) International Magazine Co., Inc., 959 8th Ave. Sole Stockholder, Hearst Magazines, Inc., 959 8th Ave. Sole Stockholder, Hearst Publications, Inc., 705 Call Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. Sole Stockholder, Star Holding Corp. c/o Corporation Trust Co., of America, Wilmington, Delaware. Sole Stockholder, W. R. Hearst, 137 Riverside Drive, New York City. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

Eugene Foraker, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1928. William J. Sperl, Notary Public, Queens county No. 1715, Reg. No. 3354. Certificate filed in New York County No. 911, Reg. No. 9693. (My commission expires March 30th, 1929.)

## SECOND SEMESTER ENROLLMENTS

PARENTS who were away for the summer, or who for other reasons failed to enter their children in private schools, may arrange to enroll them for the second term. At many of the best schools there will be two or three vacancies after the Christmas holidays.

The schools listed in Cosmopolitan are thoroughly meritorious—we have kept in close contact with most of them for years and are glad to recommend them.

If you do not find in the preceding pages the school you have in mind, or if you wish further information before writing any schools, we shall be pleased to advise with you.

COSMOPOLITAN EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

MAY G. LINEHAN, DIRECTOR

57th Street at Eighth Avenue

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THE NAME THAT RESOUNDS  
THE WORLD ROUND AS THE  
SUPREME GLORIFIER  
OF LOVELY WOMEN

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CHYPRE  
*Fragrance of the Exotic*  
\$6.75



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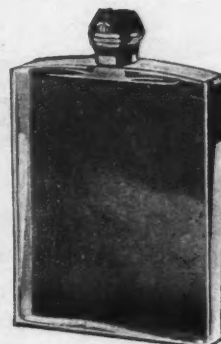


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*The Perfume of Magnetism*  
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*Fragrance of Ecstasy*  
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"PARIS"  
*Fragrance of Gaiety*  
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"PARIS," L'ORIGAN, CHYPRE AND  
EMERAUDE MAY BE OBTAINED IN  
FRENCH LEATHER BOXES FOR  
XMAS AT NO ADDITIONAL COST

© by Coty, Inc., 1928

All Odeurs  
\$3.50

These Exquisite Perfumes Are Assembled With Their Complementary Coty Creations In Attractive Gift Coffrets

# America's most famous box of candy



Best known of the Whitman assortments, *the Sampler* illustrates the reason for the success of all the products of Whitman's.

It is not enough to make candies with the finest skill and of finest materials.

They must be so handled, distributed and sold as to reach the homes of candy lovers everywhere fresh and in perfect condition.

Whitman's have combined quality and service. Over a long term of years they have patiently built up a system of distribution

direct to every store that sells Whitman's.

This is your assurance of fresh candy when you buy Whitman's. Every package is guaranteed. Candy lovers have learned that the Sampler bought in Miami or Los Angeles is as perfect as that bought in New York or in Chicago.

Quality plus Service have made the Sampler a standard by which candies are measured.

Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Philadelphia  
New York Chicago San Francisco © S.F.W. & Son, Inc.





All the glowing healthfulness  
of red-ripe, luscious tomatoes!



# SOUP

*and the  
new housekeeping*

EVERY now and then you will meet some woman who will tell you that she never, oh never, buys her soup. She will admit that she is often tempted to deprive her family of enjoying soup, because it is "such a bother to make". Some few women still believe they have to make their own soup in order to have it good.

WE FORGIVE you your smile. It does sound absurd, we admit. Especially when you think of the sacrifice in time and work and expense by the fast dwindling, comparatively small number of women who make their own soup. But you must give them credit for their zeal and their desire to give their families the best. For our part we think they should be praised for their high standards.

Soon they, too, will "see the light" of the new housekeeping. Then they will join the ranks of that vast host of American women who take advantage of every invention, every opportunity to raise their living standards and abolish useless drudgery.

THEY READ and they observe. And the more they have learned about the art and science of good food, the greater has grown the popularity of soup. Now it is used every day, not only just once in a while. Now it is known and recognized for its tonic effect on health, its aid to appetite and digestion.

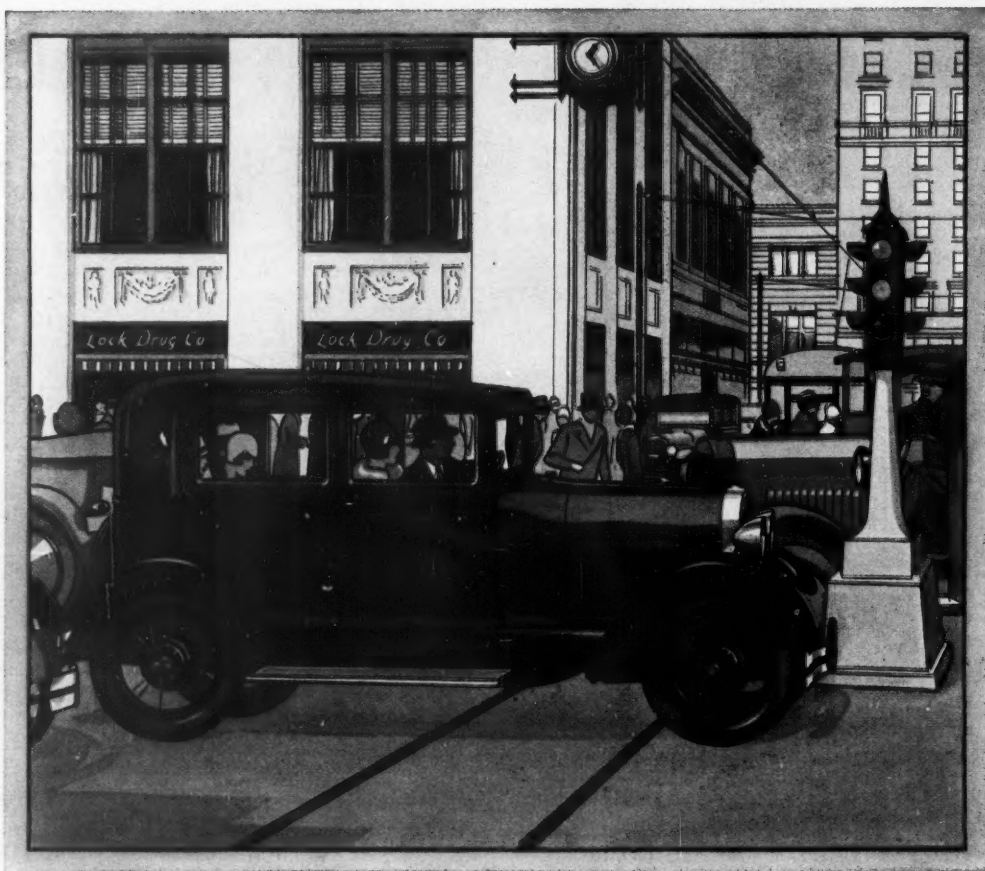
And of course, soup to these modern housekeepers means Campbell's Soup. Quality with convenience. Adding an equal quantity of water, bringing to a boil, simmering a few minutes. That is all Campbell's Soups require in the home kitchen. Yet the proudest housewife admires their delicious goodness.

Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.



Mr. Grocer, you should know, sir  
What I want today:  
Soups delicious and nutritious—  
Campbell's, right away!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET



## Remarkable Simplicity of Design Is Revealed in the New Ford

"MAKE it better—make it simpler" has always been the keynote of Ford engineering and manufacturing methods. This policy has been carried forward to its highest, fullest expression in the new Ford.

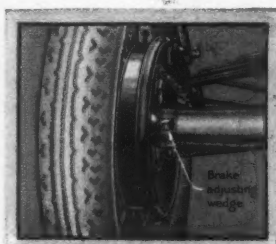
You see evidence of a carefully planned simplicity of design the instant you lift the hood. It becomes increasingly apparent as you study each detail of the many mechanical improvements embodied in the construction of the car.

A striking example of the practical value of Ford engineering and manufacturing methods is found in the six-brake system.

This system is unusually reliable and effective because both the four-wheel brakes and the separate emergency or parking brakes are of the mechanical, internal expanding type with

all braking surfaces fully enclosed for protection against water, sand, dirt and grease.

For many years this has been recognized as the ideal combination. It is now brought to you on the new Ford because an easy, simple way has been found to accommodate two sets of full internal brakes in a specially designed two-in-one brake drum on the rear wheels.



*It is surprisingly easy to adjust the four-wheel brakes on the new Ford. All adjustments are made from the outside by means of a notched regulating screw or wedge, without removing any parts.*

Another exclusive Ford development is shown in the construction of the housing which encloses the steering gear mechanism. This is made of three steel forgings, electrically welded together. Through electric welding the housing is then joined to the steering column, thus making a single one-piece steel unit of



FORD MOTOR COMPANY  
Detroit, Michigan

great strength. Many other parts of the new Ford are also electrically welded, thus giving greater strength than if several parts were used and riveted or bolted together.

The ignition system of the new Ford also reflects much that is new in mechanical design. A unique feature is the elimination of high-tension cables from the distributor to the spark-plugs, these connections being made by means of thin bronze springs. There is but one high-tension cable and this connects the coil with the distributor.

The distributor head is water-proof and has been specially designed to prevent short circuits from rain, snow, etc.

The whole idea back of the new Ford is to bring the benefits of modern, economical transportation to all the people, and to help every motorist get the greatest use from his car over the longest period of time at a minimum of trouble and expense.

# Gift Suggestions



... for the T.C.S.  
(Tired-Christmas-Shopper)  
...Planning-time = 13 minutes!

Do you want to give consistently charming presents, at a cost not-too-great in time, or energy — or coin of the realm? You can 'finish-up' the feminine side of your list, in one trip to your jeweler . . . with gifts of Community Plate . . .

For the young woman who is very 1928 there are the new 'jeweled'-handle knives of Community Plate (shown at the left) — \$14.00 for six.

Then, there's the handsome water pitcher in the flower-like GROSVENOR design (shown upper right) — \$17.50.

Or there's the suavely-shaped sugar bowl and creamer, in the BIRD OF PARADISE (lower right) — \$10.00 for the set.

For the slight gesture in exquisite taste . . . there's the PAUL REVERE olive-spoon — \$2.00. Or, the jelly-server (shown in center) — \$1.75.

This HOME AND HOSTESS set contains, in a sea-blue tray, all the essentials of smart tableware, in Community's Early-American design, the lovely Paul Revere — \$36.00.

AT YOUR JEWELER'S

ONEIDA  
COMMUNITY  
LTD.  
ONEIDA, N. Y.

NOTE: These 'Jeweled'-handle knives cost no more than the regular Community silver-plated handle knives.

## COMMUNITY PLATE

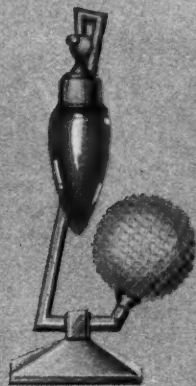
Also makers of TUDOR PLATE

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New DeVilbiss Pump Spray  
Perfect spraying mechanism—will last  
a life-time. Priced from \$5.00 up—  
The one illustrated below—

Style No. 1, 32  
\$10



The Débatante  
The very breath of modernity. Can be  
had in several colors. Packed in a  
beautiful gift box.  
Style No. 518 Illustrated—

\$5

for your choicest gifts—  
Smart new perfume sprays  
by  
DeVilbiss



T

HE selection of a Christmas Gift for HER should not be  
a subject for experiment!

You can be sure of her pleasure and sure of their smartness,  
if, for your choicest Gifts, you select DeVilbiss Perfume Sprays.

Charming and useful, DeVilbiss creations are perfect in taste,  
and in the sentiment they convey. Some are designed this  
year to artistically reflect the most modern of new art trends.

The Sprays, Perfume Lights, and other DeVilbiss gifts are  
packaged in the modern mode, as intriguing as the contents.

At Toilet Goods Counters everywhere you will find a varied  
assortment from which to make your selection. DeVilbiss gifts  
are priced from one dollar to as much as you wish to pay.

Le...  
A smart pressure...  
case air cushion spray...  
perfume. Several styles...  
colors. The one illustrated—  
Style No. 411

\$4



The upfitted bulb and curved  
air tube are new features of  
the DeVilbiss Spray.  
Style No. 2, 81 Illustrated—

\$3

The DeVilbiss Company  
Toledo, Ohio, U.S.A.

LONDON

PARIS

WINDSOR

▷ PLAY BILLIARDS FOR HEALTHFUL RECREATION ◁



## Will it or Won't it drop?

*Unexpectedly, Victory Looms! The last and deciding ball teeters at the edge of the pocket. Will it go in? If it does, the younger generation wins. Any way it goes, everybody has had a great time.*

**F**ORGET your cares and worries with billiards—greatest of all games. It's surprising how the recreation, laughter and good cheer afforded by billiards rejuvenates you! How it gives you new interest, mental relaxation. And with its twisting, walking, stretching, it affords all the sane, healthful exercise anybody needs.

It's the sport doctors and experts recommend. For instance, the Life Extension Institute, noted health authorities, say: "Billiards is an excellent indoor form of exercise."

But billiards fascinates everyone. It's enjoyable to all. Entertaining from the very start, and its interest never wanes.

And billiards is a most inexpensive game that can be played in the club-like atmosphere of the modern billiard room, recreation center or at home.

Brunswick home tables range in price from \$8.95 up. Each model, irrespective of price, is staunchly made, accurately angled, and completely equipped with balls, cues, etc.

The lower-priced models are sold at leading stores everywhere.

The more expensive tables can be bought on the deferred payment plan (only a modest initial payment required) from the Brunswick branches, located in all principal cities.

**THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY**  
General Offices: 623-633 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. In Canada: Toronto



### A Low-Priced Billiard Table for the Youngsters

The Junior Playmate is a table for juvenile use which meets the exacting Brunswick standards of construction. It must not be confused with ordinary toy tables. You will instantly identify it by its rich mahogany finish and the Brunswick trademark on the rail. Sturdily built, portable, with folding legs and complete playing equipment, it is available in three sizes at \$8.95, \$18.50 and \$49.75 at leading stores everywhere.

*Prices slightly higher west of  
Denver and in Canada*

Mail the coupon below for complete information, sizes, prices and illustrations of Brunswick tables. There is no obligation implied.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.  
Dept. B-12, 623 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without obligating me, please send your Catalog giving descriptions, sizes, prices, and your easy-payment plan on Brunswick Home Billiard Tables.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

THE KARPEN  
NAMEPLATE MARKS  
FURNITURE OF  
INTRINSIC WORTH



The Georgian Room by  
Edgar W. Jenney, illustrating  
Karpen pieces: 224  
Sofa, 224 Armchair, 225  
Wing Chair

Mail this coupon  
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"Beautiful Interiors"

Tells how to plan interiors,  
know periods, choose color  
schemes, select fabrics,  
place furniture. Illustrated  
in color. By able decorator  
Edgar W. Jenney, Mail  
coupon now with ten cents  
for mailing costs to S. Karpen  
& Bros., 801 S. Wabash  
Ave., Chicago; 37th and  
Broadway, New York; or  
Huntington Park, P. O.  
Box O, Los Angeles, Calif.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY AND STATE



## THE MODE OF RELATED, NOT MATCHED, SUITES

*imposes a sterner requirement on your choice of furniture*

THE trend departs from  
monotony in furnishing.  
As in the Georgian room  
above, related designs are  
grouped together, a refresh-  
ing variety of fabrics is  
blended. Yours is a finer, freer  
opportunity to express your-

self in each piece chosen. But  
without matching periods and  
patterns, more than ever you  
must make sure of the authen-  
ticity of each design, the cor-  
rectness of every fabric color-

ing. Your taste, whether you  
decorate in modern or tradi-  
tional manner, will find answer  
among Karpen productions.  
Your purse will buy more  
value. The Karpen nameplate  
will affirm that you have  
chosen wisely and well.





# Favorite soap and perfumes of London's smartest world . . . charming gifts for an American Christmas

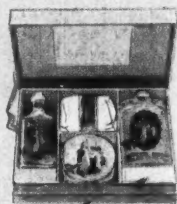
THE same fresh, lavender fragrance that sophisticated Londoners cherish will delight you in these Yardley gifts. In Paris, Yardley's soap is known as "le savon des elegantes." Here it has been welcomed by distinguished Americans.

The purity of Yardley's soap is as unquestioned as its smartness. For many years famous beauties of England and the continent have entrusted their smooth skins to its care. Fine families have considered the use of it as a precious tradition.

To be sure the Christmas gifts you give are gifts of refinement and show your own good taste, give Yardley's. Besides the separate articles, there are sets in beautiful boxes. 75c to \$12 for the separate articles; \$1.50 to \$12.50 for the sets. Yardley, 8 New Bond Street, London; 15-19 Madison Square North, New York; also Toronto and Paris.

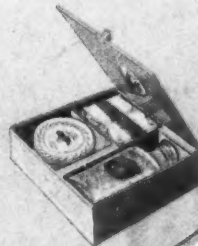


Today, the London shop of Yardley is at No. 8 New Bond Street, in the very heart of that city's most exclusive shopping district. Since the days of King George the Third, when the House of Yardley was founded, British women and men have come to this famous street to learn what is correct and new.



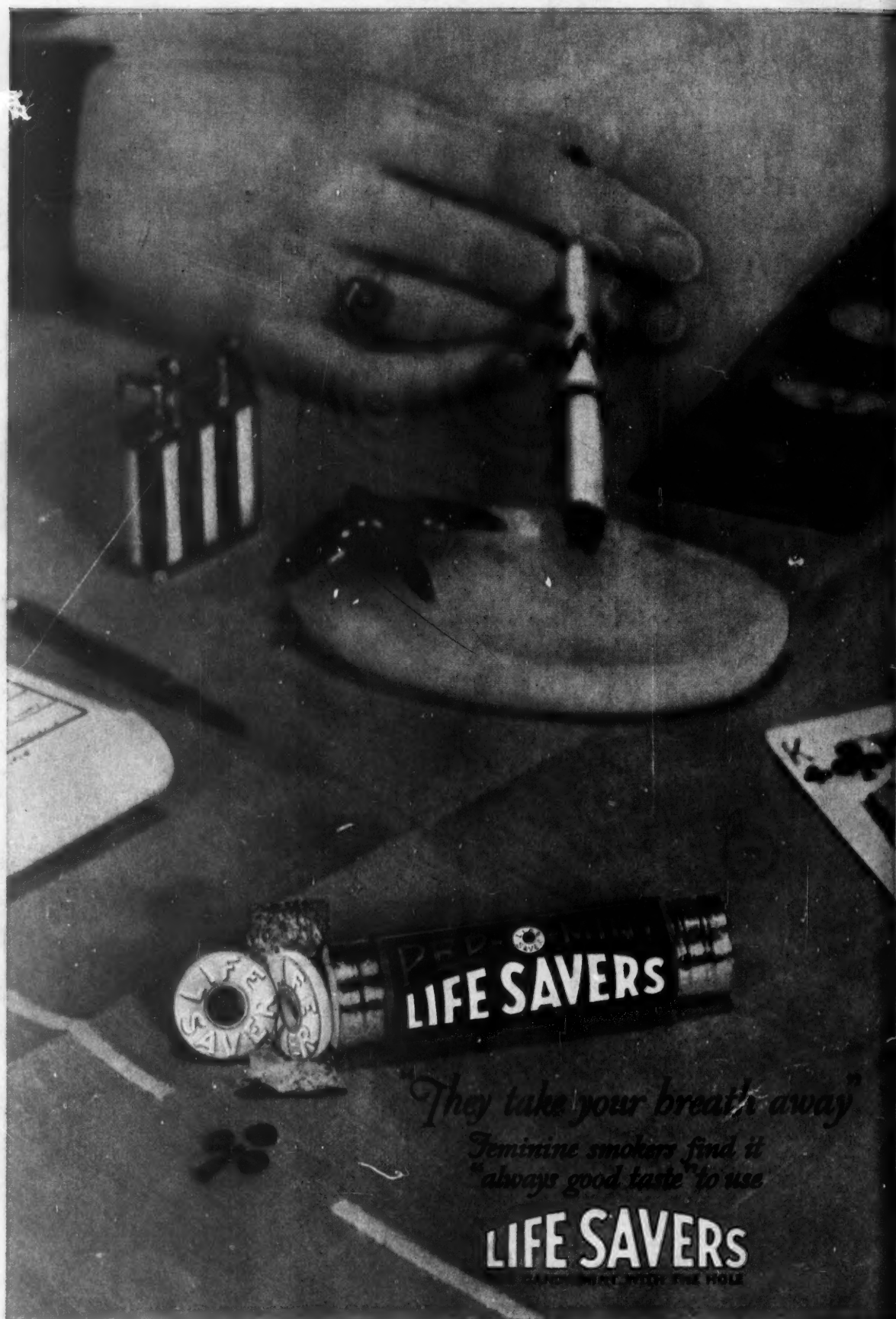
Above, combination set for smart women. It contains Soap, Perfume, Talcum, Face Powder and two Bath Salts Tablets. \$3.50 the set. At left above, set containing Soap, Face Powder, Talcum, four Sachet Tablets and cut glass bottle Perfume, \$12.50. At left, set with Soap, Dusting Powder, Lavender Perfume and six Bath Salts Tablets, \$5 the set.

Above, "The Gentlemen's Package," a fine gift for men. It contains one bowl Shaving Soap, Talcum, and Lotion for after the shave. \$3.50 the set. At right above, Gentlemen's Set, containing Perfume, Soap, Talcum and Shaving Stick. \$3. At right, Bath Set containing Bath Salts, Bath Dusting Powder and Old English Lavender Soap. \$4 the set.



Makers of

## Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap



**LIFE SAVERS**

*"They take your breath away"*

*Feminine smokers find it  
"always good taste" to use*

**LIFE SAVERS**

CANDY BUILT WITH THE HOLE

